

THE
POETS
OF
GREAT BRITAIN,

IN SIXTY-ONE DOUBLE-VOLUMES.

VOL. XXIX.

SWIFT, VOL. I. II.





THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

O SWIFT! if fame be life (as well we know
That bards and heroes have esteem'd it so)
Thou canst not wholly die; thy works will shine
To future times, and life in fame be thine. FARNELL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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1807.



THE LIFE
OF
DR. JONATHAN SWIFT;
BY
SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

AN account of Dr. Swift has been already collected, with great diligence and acuteness, by Dr. Hawkesworth, according to a scheme which I laid before him in the intimacy of our friendship. I cannot therefore be expected to say much of a life, concerning which I had long since communicated my thoughts to a man capable of dignifying his narrations with so much elegance of language and force of sentiment

Jonathan Swift was, according to an account said to be *written by himself, the son of Jonathan Swift, an attorney, and was born at Dublin on St Andrew's day, 1667. according to his own report, as delivered by Pope to Spence, he was

* Mr Sheridan in his Life of Swift observes, that this account was really written by the Dean, and now exists in his own hand-writing in the Library of Dublin College. . .

born at Leicester, the son of a clergyman, who was minister of a parish in Herefordshire*. During his life the place of his birth was undetermined. He was contented to be called an Irishman by the Irish; but would occasionally call himself an Englishman. The question may, without much regret, be left in the obscurity in which he delighted to involve it.

Whatever was his birth, his education was Irish. He was sent at the age of six to the school at Kilkenny, and in his fifteenth year (1682) was admitted into the University of Dublin.

In his academical studies he was either not diligent or not happy. It must disappoint every reader's expectation, that, when at the usual time he claimed the Bachelorship of Arts, he was found by the examiners too conspicuously deficient for regular admission, and obtained his degree at last by *special favour*; a term used in that university to denote want of merit.

Of this disgrace it may be easily supposed that he was much ashamed, and shame had its proper effect in producing reformation. He resolved from that time to study eight hours a-day, and continued his industry for seven years, with what improvement is sufficiently known. This part of his story well deserves to be remembered; it may afford useful admonition and powerful encourage-

ment to men, whose abilities have been made for a time useless by their passions or pleasures, and who, having lost one part of life in idleness, are tempted to throw away the remainder in despair.

In this course of daily application he continued three years longer at Dublin; and in this time, if the observation of an old companion may be trusted, he drew the first sketch of his *Tale of a Tub*.

When he was about one-and-twenty (1688), being by the death of Godwin Swift, his uncle, who had supported him, left without subsistence, he went to consult his mother, who then lived at Leicester, about the future course of his life, and by her direction solicited the advice and patronage of Sir William Temple, who had married one of Mrs. Swift's relations, and whose father Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, had lived in great familiarity of friendship with Godwin Swift, by whom Jonathan had been to that time maintained.

Temple received with sufficient kindness the nephew of his father's friend, with whom he was, when they conversed together, so much pleased, that he detained him two years in his house.—Here he became known to King William, who sometimes visited Temple when he was disabled by the gout, and, being attended by Swift in the garden, shewed him how to cut asparagus in the Dutch way.

King William's notions were all military, and he expressed his kindness to Swift by offering to make him a captain of horse.

When Temple removed to Moor-park, he took Swift with him; and when he was consulted by the Earl of Portland about the expedience of complying with the bill then depending for making parliaments triennial, against which King William was strongly prejudiced, after having in vain tried to shew the Earl that the proposal involved nothing dangerous to royal power, he sent Swift for the same purpose to the King. Swift, who probably was proud of his employment, and went with all the confidence of a young man, found his arguments, and his art of displaying them, made totally ineffectual by the predetermination of the King; and used to mention this disappointment as his first antidote against vanity.

Before he left Ireland he contracted a disorder, —as he thought, by eating too much fruit. The original of diseases is commonly obscure. Almost every boy eats as much fruit as he can get, without any great inconvenience. The disease of Swift was giddiness with deafness, which attacked him from time to time, began very early, pursued him through life, and at last sent him to the grave, deprived of reason.

Being much oppressed at Moor-park by this grievous malady, he was advised to try his native air, and went to Ireland; but, finding no benefit,

returned to Sir William, at whose house he continued his studies, and is known to have read, among other books, *Cyprian* and *Irenæus*. He thought exercise of great necessity, and used to run half a mile up and down a hill every two hours.

It is easy to imagine that the mode in which his first degree was conferred, left him no great fondness for the University of Dublin, and therefore he resolved to become a Master of Arts at Oxford. In the testimonial which he produced, the words of disgrace were omitted; and he took his Master's degree (July 5, 1692) with such reception and regard as fully contented him.

While he lived with Temple, he used to pay his mother at Leicester a yearly visit. He travelled on foot, unless some violence of weather drove him into a waggon, and at night he would go to a penny lodging, where he purchased clean sheets for sixpence. This practice Lord Orrery imputes to his innate love of grossness and vulgarity: some may ascribe it to his desire of surveying human life through all its varieties; and others, perhaps with equal probability, to a passion which seems to have been deep fixed in his heart, the love of a shilling.

In time he began to think that his attendance at Moor-Park deserved some other recompense than the pleasure, however mingled with improvement, of Temple's conversation; and grew

so impatient, that (1694) he went away in discontent.

Temple, conscious of having given reason for complaint, is said to have made him Deputy Master of the Rolls in Ireland; which, according to his kinsman's account, was an office which he knew him not able to discharge. Swift therefore resolved to enter into the church, in which he had at first no higher hopes than of the chaplainship to the factory at Lisbon; but being recommended to Lord Capel, he obtained the prebend of *Kilroot*, in *Connor*, of about a hundred pounds a-year.

But the infirmities of Temple made a companion like Swift so necessary, that he invited him back, with a promise to procure him English preferment, in exchange for the prebend, which he desired him to resign. With this request Swift complied, having perhaps equally repented their separation, and they lived on together with mutual satisfaction; and, in the four years that passed between his return and Temple's death, it is probable that he wrote the *Tale of a Tub*, and the *Battle of the Books*.

Swift began early to think, or to hope, that he was a poet, and wrote Pindaric Odes to Temple; to the King; and to the Athenian Society, a knot of obscure men*, who published a periodical pamphlet of answers to questions, sent, or supposed

* The Publisher of this Collection was John Dineley, R.

to be sent, by Letters. I have been told that Dryden, having perused these verses, said, 'Confound Swift, you will never be a poet;' and that this denunciation was the motive of Swift's perpetual malevolence to Dryden.

In 1699 Temple died, and left a legacy with his manuscripts to Swift, for whom he had obtained, from King William, a promise of the first prebend that should be vacant at Westminster or Canterbury.

That this promise might not be forgotten, Swift dedicated to the King the posthumous works with which he was intrusted; but neither the dedication, nor tenderness for the man whom he once had treated with confidence and fondness, revived in King William the remembrance of his promise. Swift awhile attended the Court; but soon found his solicitations hopeless.

He was then invited by the Earl of Berkeley to accompany him into Ireland, as his private secretary; but after having done the business till their arrival at Dublin, he then found that one Bush had persuaded the Earl that a Clergyman was not a proper secretary, and had obtained the office for himself. In a man like Swift, such circumvention and inconstancy must have incited violent indignation.

But he had yet more to suffer. Lord Berkeley had the disposal of the deanery of Derry, and Swift expected to obtain it; but by the secretary's

influence, supposed to have been secured by a bribe, it was bestowed on somebody else; and Swift was dismissed with the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin in the diocese of Meath, which together did not equal half the value of the deanery.

At Laracor he increased the parochial duty by reading prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, and performed all the offices of his profession with great decency and exactness.

Soon after his settlement at Laracor, he invited to Ireland the unfortunate Stella, a young woman whose name was Johnson, the daughter of the steward of Sir William Temple, who, in consideration of her father's virtues, left her a thousand pounds. With her came Mrs. Dingley, whose whole fortune was twenty-seven pounds a-year for her life. With these ladies he passed his hours of relaxation, and to them he opened his bosom; but they never resided in the same house, nor did he see either without a witness. They lived at the Parsonage, when Swift was away; and when he returned, removed to a lodging, or to the house of a neighbouring clergyman.

Swift was not one of those minds which amaze the world with early pregnancy: his first work, except his few poetical Essays, was the *Discussions in Athens and Rome*, published (1701) in his thirty-fourth year. After its appearance, paying a visit to some bishop, he heard mention made

of the new pamphlet that Burnet had written, replete with political knowledge. When he seemed to doubt Burnet's right to the work, he was told by the Bishop, that he was 'a young man;' and, still persisting to doubt, that he was 'a very positive young man.'

Three years afterwards (1704) was published *The Tale of a Tub*; of this book charity may be persuaded to think that it might be written by a man of a peculiar character, without ill intention; but it is certainly of dangerous example. That Swift was its author, though it be universally believed, was never owned by himself, nor very well proved by any evidence; but no other claimant can be produced, and he did not deny it when Archbishop Sharpe and the Duchess of Somerset, by shewing it to the Queen, debarred him from a bishoprick.

When this wild work first raised the attention of the public, Sacheverell, meeting Smalridge, tried to flatter him, seeming to think him the author; but Smalridge answered with indignation, 'Not all that you and I have in the world, nor all that ever we shall have, should hire me to write the *Tale of a Tub*.'

The digressions relating to Wotton and Bentley must be confessed to discover want of knowledge or want of integrity; he did not understand the two controversies, or he willingly misrepresented them. But wit can stand its ground against truth

only a little while. The honours due to Learning have been justly distributed by the decision of posterity.

The Battle of the Books is so like the *Combat des Livres*, which the same question concerning the Antients and Moderns had produced in France, that the improbability of such a coincidence of thoughts without communication is not, in my opinion, balanced by the anonymous protestation prefixed, in which all knowledge of the French book is peremptorily disowned*.

For some time after, Swift was probably employed in solitary study, gaining the qualifications requisite for future eminence. How often he visited England, and with what diligence he attended his parishes, I know not. It was not till about four years afterwards that he became a professed author; and then one year (1708) produced *The Sentiments of a Church-of-England Man*; the ridicule of Astrology, under the name of *Bickerstaff*; the *Argument against abolishing Christianity*; and the defence of the *Sacramental Test*.

The Sentiments of a Church-of-England Man is written with great coolness, moderation, ease; and perspicuity. The *Argument against abolishing Christianity* is a very happy and ju-

* See Sheridan's Life, p. 451. where are some remarks on this passage. R.

dicious irony. One passage in it deserves to be selected.

‘ If Christianity were once abolished, how
 ‘ could the free-thinkers, the strong reasoners, and
 ‘ the men of profound learning, be able to find
 ‘ another subject so calculated, in all points,
 ‘ whereon to display their abilities? What won-
 ‘ derful productions of wit should we be deprived
 ‘ of from those, whose genius, by continual prac-
 ‘ tice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and
 ‘ invectives against religion, and would therefore
 ‘ never be able to shine, or distinguish themselves,
 ‘ upon any other subject? We are daily com-
 ‘ plaining of the great decline of wit among us,
 ‘ and would take away the greatest, perhaps the
 ‘ only, topic we have left. Who would ever have
 ‘ have suspected Asgill for a wit, or Toland for a
 ‘ philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Chris-
 ‘ tianity had not been at hand to provide them
 ‘ with materials? What other subject, through
 ‘ all art or nature, could have produced Tindal
 ‘ for a profound author, or furnished him with
 ‘ readers? It is the wise choice of the subject
 ‘ that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer.
 ‘ For had an hundred such pens as these been
 ‘ employed on the side of religion, they would
 ‘ have immediately sunk into silence and obli-
 ‘ vion.’

The reasonableness of a *Test* is not hard to be

proved; but perhaps it must be allowed that the proper test has not been chosen.

The attention paid to the papers, published under the name of *Bickerstaff*, induced Steele, when he projected the *Tatler*, to assume an appellation which had already gained possession of the reader's notice.

In the year following he wrote a *Project for the Advancement of Religion*, addressed to Lady Berkeley; by whose kindness it is not unlikely that he was advanced to his benefices. To this project, which is formed with great purity of intention, and displayed with spriteliness and elegance, it can only be objected, that, like many projects, it is, if not generally impracticable, yet evidently hopeless, as it supposes more zeal, concord, and perseverance, than a view of mankind gives reason for expecting.

He wrote likewise this year a *Vindication of Bickerstaff*; and an explanation of an *Ancient Prophecy*, part written after the facts, and the rest never completed, but well planned to excite amazement.

Soon after, began the busy and important part of Swift's life. He was employed (1710) by the primate of Ireland to solicit the Queen for a remission of the First Fruits and Twentieth parts to the Irish Clergy. With this purpose he had recourse to Mr. Harley, to whom he was mentioned

as a man neglected and oppressed by the last ministry, because he had refused to co-operate with some of their schemes. What he had ~~refused~~ has never been told; what he had suffered was, I suppose, the exclusion from a bishopric by the remonstrances of Sharpe, whom he describes as 'the harmless tool of others' hate,' and whom he represents as afterwards 'suing for pardon.'

Harley's designs and situation were such as made him glad of an auxiliary so well qualified for his service; he therefore soon admitted him to familiarity, whether ever to confidence some have made a doubt; but it would have been difficult to excite his zeal without persuading him that he was trusted, and not very easy to delude him by false persuasions.

He was certainly admitted to those meetings in which the first hints and original plan of action are supposed to have been formed; and was one of the sixteen Ministers, or agents of the Ministry, who met weekly at each other's houses, and were united by the name of 'Brother.'

Being not immediately considered as an obdurate Tory, he conversed indiscriminately with all the whigs, and was yet the friend of Steele; who, in the *Tatler*, which began in April 1709, confesses the advantage of his conversation, and mentions something contributed by him to his paper. But he was now immersing into political controversy; for the year 1710 produced the

Erminur, of which Swift wrote thirty-three papers. In argument he may be allowed to have the advantage; for where a wide system of conduct, and the whole of a public character, is laid open to inquiry, the accuser having the choice of facts, must be very unskilful if he does not prevail; but with regard to wit, I am afraid none of Swift's papers will be found equal to those by which Addison opposed him*.

He wrote in the year 1711 a *Letter to the October Club*, a number of Tory Gentlemen sent from the country to Parliament, who formed themselves into a club, to the number of about a hundred, and met to animate the zeal and raise the expectations of each other. They thought, with great reason, that the ministers were losing opportunities; that sufficient use was not made of the ardour of the nation; they called loudly for more changes, and stronger efforts; and demanded the punishment of part, and the dismissal of the rest, of those whom they considered as public robbers.

Their eagerness was not gratified by the Queen, or by Harley. The Queen was probably slow because she was afraid; and Harley was slow because he was doubtful: he was a Tory only by necessity, or for convenience; and, when he had power in his hands, had no settled purpose for

* Mr Sheridan however says, that Addison's last *Whig Examiner* was published Oct. 12, 1711; and Swift's first *Whig Examiner*, on the 10th of the following November. K.

which he should employ it; forced to gratify to a certain degree the Tories who supported him, but unwilling to make his reconciliation to the Whigs utterly desperate, he corresponded at once with the two expectants of the Crown, and kept, as has been observed, the succession undetermined.— Not knowing what to do, he did nothing; and, with the fate of a double dealer, at last he lost his power, but kept his enemies.

Swift seems to have concurred in opinion with the ‘October Club;’ but it was not in his power to quicken the tardiness of Harley, whom he stimulated as much as he could, but with little effect. He that knows not whither to go, is in no haste to move. Harley, who was perhaps not quick by nature, became yet more slow by irresolution; and was content to hear that dilatoriness lamented as natural, which he applauded in himself as politic.

Without the Tories, however, nothing could be done; and as they were not to be gratified, they must be appeased; and the conduct of the Minister, if it could not be vindicated, was to be plausibly excused.

Early in the next year he published a *Proposal for correcting, improving, and ascertaining the English Tongue*, in a Letter to the Earl of Oxford; written without much knowledge of the general nature of language, and without any accurate inquiry into the history of other tongues. The

certainty and stability which, contrary to all experience, he thinks attainable, he proposes to secure by instituting an academy; the decrees of which every man would have been willing, and many would have been proud, to disobey, and which, being renewed by successive elections, would in a short time have differed from itself.

Swift now attained the zenith of his political importance: he published (1712) the *Conduct of the Allies*, ten days before the Parliament assembled. The purpose was to persuade the nation to a peace; and never had any writer more success. The people, who had been amused with bonfires and triumphal processions, and looked with idolatry on the General and his friends, and who, as they thought, had made England the arbitress of nations, were confounded between shame and rage, when they found that 'mines had been exhausted, and millions 'destroyed,' to secure the Dutch or aggrandize the emperor, without any advantage to ourselves; that we had been bribing our neighbours to fight their own quarrel; and that amongst our enemies we might number our allies.

That is now no longer doubted, of which the nation was then first informed, that the war was unnecessarily protracted to fill the pockets of Marlborough; and that it would have been continued without end, if he could have continued his annual plunder. But Swift, I suppose, did

not yet know what he has since written, that a commission was drawn which would have appointed him General for life, had it not become ineffectual by the resolution of Lord Cowper, who refused the seal.

‘Whatever is received,’ say the schools, ‘is received in proportion to the recipient.’ The power of a political treatise depends much upon the disposition of the people; the nation was then combustible, and a spark set it on fire. It is boasted, that between November and January eleven thousand were sold; a great number at that time, when we were not yet a nation of readers. To its propagation certainly no agency of power or influence was wanting. It furnished arguments for conversation, speeches for debate, and materials for parliamentary resolutions.

Yet, surely, whoever surveys this wonder-working pamphlet with cool perusal, will confess that its efficacy was supplied by the passions of its readers; that it operates by the mere weight of facts, with very little assistance from the hand that produced them.

This year (1713) he published his *Reflections on the Barrier Treaty*, which carries on the design of his *Conduct of the Allies*, and shews how little regard in that negotiation had been shewn to the interest of England, and how much of the conquered country had been demanded by the Dutch.

This was followed by *Remarks on the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction to his third Volume of the History of the Reformation*; a pamphlet which Burnet published as an alarm, to warn the nation of the approach of Popery. Swift, who seems to have disliked the Bishop with something more than political aversion, treats him like one on whom he is glad of an opportunity to insult.

Swift, being now the declared favourite and supposed confidant of the Tory Ministry, was treated by all that depended on the Court with the respect which dependents know how to pay. He soon began to feel part of the misery of greatness; he that could say that he knew him, considered himself as having fortune in his power. Commissions, solicitations, remonstrances, crowded about him; he was expected to do every man's business, to procure employment for one, and to retain it for another. In assisting those who addressed him, he represents himself as sufficiently diligent; and desires to have others believe, what he probably believed himself, that by his interposition many Whigs of merit, and among them Addison and Congreve, were continued in their places. But every man of known influence has so many petitions which he cannot grant, that he must necessarily offend more than he gratifies, because the preference given to one affords all the rest reason for complaint. 'When I give away a place,' said Lewis XIV, 'I make an hundred discontented, and one ungrateful.'

Much has been said of the equality and independence which he preserved in his conversation with the ministers; of the frankness of his remonstrances; and the familiarity of his friendship. In accounts of this kind a few single incidents are set against the general tenour of behaviour. No man, however, can pay a more servile tribute to the great, than by suffering his liberty in their presence to aggrandize him in his own esteem. Between different ranks of the community there is necessarily some distance: he who is called by his superior to pass the interval, may properly accept the invitation; but petulance and obtrusion are rarely produced by magnanimity; nor have often any nobler cause than the pride of importance, and the malice of inferiority. He who knows himself necessary may set, while that necessity lasts, a high value upon himself; as, in a lower condition, a servant eminently skilful may be saucy; but he is saucy only because he is servile. Swift appears to have preserved the kindness of the great when they wanted him no longer; and therefore it must be allowed, that the childish freedom, to which he seems enough inclined, was overpowered by his better qualities.

His disinterestedness has been likewise mentioned: a strain of heroism, which would have been, in his condition, romantic and superfluous. Ecclesiastical benefices, when they become vacant, must be given away; and the friends of

power may, if there be no inherent disqualification, reasonably expect them. Swift accepted (1713) the deanery of St. Patrick, the best preferment that his friends could venture to give him. That Ministry was in a great degree supported by the Clergy, who were not yet reconciled to the author of the *Tale of a Tub*, and would not without much discontent and indignation have borne to see him installed in an English cathedral.

He refused, indeed, fifty pounds from Lord Oxford; but he accepted afterwards a draught of a thousand upon the Exchequer, which was intercepted by the Queen's death, and which he resigned, as he says himself, '*multa gemens*, with 'many a groan.'

In the midst of his power and his politicks, he kept a journal of his visits, his walks, his interviews with ministers, and quarrels with his servant, and transmitted it to Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, to whom he knew that whatever befel him was interesting, and no accounts could be too minute. Whether these diurnal trifles were properly exposed to eyes which had never received any pleasure from the presence of the Dean, may be reasonably doubted: they have, however, some odd attraction; the reader, finding frequent mention of names which he has been used to consider as important, goes on in hope of information; and, as there is nothing to fatigue,

attention, if he is disappointed he can hardly complain. It is easy to perceive, from every page, that though ambition pressed Swift into a life of bustle, the wish for a life of ease was always returning.

He went to take possession of his deanery, as soon as he had obtained it; but he was not suffered to stay in Ireland more than a fortnight before he was recalled to England, that he might reconcile Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke, who began to look on one another with malevolence, which every day increased, and which Bolingbroke appeared to retain in his last years.

Swift contrived an interview, from which they both departed discontented: he procured a second, which only convinced him that the feud was irreconcilable: he told them his opinion, that all was lost. This denunciation was contradicted by Oxford; but Bolingbroke whispered that he was right.

Before this violent dissension had shattered the Ministry, Swift had published, in the beginning of the year (1714), *The public Spirit of the Whigs*, in answer to *The Crisis*, a pamphlet for which Steele was expelled from the House of Commons. Swift was now so far alienated from Steele, as to think him no longer entitled to decency, and therefore treats him sometimes with contempt, and sometimes with abhorrence.

In this pamphlet the Scotch were mentioned in terms so provoking to that irritable nation, that resolving 'not to be offended with impunity,' the Scotch lords in a body demanded an audience of the Queen, and solicited reparation. A proclamation was issued, in which three hundred pounds was offered for discovery of the author. From this storm he was, as he relates, 'secured by a sleight;' of what kind, or by whose prudence, is not known; and such was the increase of his reputation, that the Scottish 'Nation applied again that he would be their friend.'

He was become so formidable to the Whigs, that his familiarity with the ministers was clamoured at in parliament, particularly by two men, afterwards of great note, Aislabie and Walpole.

But, by the disunion of his great friends, his importance and designs were now at an end; and, seeing his services at last useless, he retired about June (1714) into Berkshire, where, in the house of a friend, he wrote what was then suppressed, but has since appeared under the title of *Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs*.

While he was waiting in this retirement, for events which time or chance might bring to pass, the death of the Queen broke down at once the whole system of Tory Politics; and nothing was

mained but to withdraw from the implacability of triumphant Whiggism, and shelter himself in unenvied obscurity.

The accounts of his reception in Ireland, given by Lord Orrery and Dr. Delany, are so different, that the credit of the writers, both undoubtedly veracious, cannot be saved, but by supposing, what I think is true, that they speak of different times. When Delany says, that he was received with respect, he means for the first fortnight, when he came to take legal possession; and when Lord Orrery tells, that he was pelted by the populace, he is to be understood of the time when, after the Queen's death, he became a settled resident.

The Archbishop of Dublin gave him at first some disturbance in the exercise of his jurisdiction; but it was soon discovered, that between prudence and integrity he was seldom in the wrong: and that, when he was right, his spirit did not easily yield to opposition.

Having so lately quitted the tumults of a party, and the intrigues of a court, they still kept his thoughts in agitation, as the sea fluctuates a while when the storm has ceased. He therefore filled his hours with some historical attempts, relating to the *Change of the Ministers*, and the *Conduct of the Ministry*. He likewise is said to have written a *History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne*, which he began in her life-

time, and afterwards laboured with great attention; but never published. It was after his death in the hands of Lord Orrery and Dr. King. A book under that title was published, with Swift's name, by Dr. Lucas; of which I can only say, that it seemed by no means to correspond with the notions that I had formed of it, from a conversation which I once heard between the Earl of Orrery and old Mr. Lewis.

Swift now, much against his will, commenced Irishman for life, and was to contrive how he might be best accommodated in a country where he considered himself as in a state of exile. It seems that his first recourse was to pety. The thoughts of death rushed upon him, at this time, with such incessant importunity, that they took possession of his mind, when he first waked, for many years together.

He opened his house by a public table two days a week, and found his entertainments gradually frequented by more and more visitants of learning among the men, and of elegance among the women. Mrs. Johnson had left the country, and lived in lodgings not far from the deanery. On his public days she regulated the table, but appeared at it as a mere guest, like other ladies.

On other days he often dined, at a stated price, with Mr. Worral, a clergyman of his cathedral, whose house was recommended by the peculiar neatness and pleasantry of his wife. To this

frugal mode of living, he was first disposed by care to pay some debts which he had contracted, and he continued it for the pleasure of accumulating money. His avarice, however, was not suffered to obstruct the claims of his dignity; he was served in plate, and used to say that he was the poorest gentleman in Ireland that ate upon plate, and the richest that lived without a coach.

How he spent the rest of his time, and how he employed his hours of study, has been inquired with hopeless curiosity. For who can give an account of another's studies? Swift was not likely to admit any to his privacies, or to impart a minute account of his business or his leisure.

Soon after, (1716,) in his forty-ninth year, he was privately married to Mrs. Johnson, by Dr. Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, as Dr. Madden told me, in the garden. The marriage made no change in their mode of life; they lived in different houses, as before; nor did she ever lodge in the deanery but when Swift was seized with a fit of giddiness. 'It would be difficult,' says Lord Orrery, 'to prove that they were ever afterwards together without a third person.'

The Dean of St. Patrick's lived in a private manner, known and regarded only by his friends, till about the year 1730, he, by a pamphlet, recommended to the Irish the use, and consequently the improvement of their manufacture. For a man to use the productions of his own labour is

surely a natural right, and to like best what he makes himself is a natural passion. But to excite this passion, and enforce this right, appeared so criminal to those who had an interest in the English trade, that the printer was imprisoned; and, as Hawkesworth justly observes, the attention of the public being by this outrageous resentment turned upon the proposal, the author was by consequence made popular.

In 1723 died Mrs. Van Homrigh, a woman made unhappy by her admiration of wit, and ignominiously distinguished by the name of Vanessa, whose conduct has been already sufficiently discussed, and whose history is too well known to be minutely repeated. She was a young woman fond of literature, whose Decanus the Dean, called Cadenus by transposition of the letters, took pleasure in directing and instructing; till, from being proud of his praise, she grew fond of his person. Swift was then about forty-seven, at an age when vanity is strongly excited by the amorous attention of a young woman. If it be said that Swift should have checked a passion which he never meant to gratify, recourse must be had to that extenuation which he so much despised, 'men are but men;' perhaps, however, he did not at first know his own mind, and, as he represents himself, was undetermined. For his admission of her courtship, and his indulgence of her hopes after his marriage to Stella, no other

honest plea can be found, than that he 'delayed a disagreeable discovery from time to time, dreading the immediate bursts of distress, and watching for a favourable moment. She thought herself neglected, and died of disappointment; having ordered by her will the poem to be published, in which Cadenus had proclaimed her excellence, and confessed his love. The effect of the publication upon the Dean and Stella is thus related by Delany:

' I have good reason to believe, that they both ' were greatly shocked and distressed (though it ' may be differently) upon this occasion. The ' Dean made a tour to the South of Ireland, for ' about two months, at this time, to dissipate his ' thoughts, and give place to obloquy; and Stella ' retired (upon the earnest invitation of the owner) ' to the house of a cheerful, generous, good-natured friend of the Dean's, whom she also much ' loved and honored. There my informer often ' saw her; and, I have reason to believe, used ' his utmost endeavours to relieve, support, and ' amuse her, in this sad situation.

' One little incident he told me of, on that occasion, I think I shall never forget. As her ' friend was an hospitable, open-hearted man, ' well-beloved, and largely acquainted, it happened one day that some gentlemen dropt in ' to dinner, who were strangers to Stella's situation; and as the poem of *Cadenus and Vanessa*

' was then the general topic of conversation, one of them said, " Surely that Vanessa must be an extraordinary woman, that could inspire the Dean to write so finely upon her." Mrs. Johnson smiled, and answered, " that she thought that point not quite so clear; for it was well known the Dean could write finely upon a broomstick."

The great acquisition of esteem and influence was made by the *Drapier's Letters*, in 1724. One Wood of Wolverhampton in Staffordshire, a man enterprising and rapacious, had, as is said, by a present to the Duchess of Munster, obtained a patent, empowering him to coin one hundred and eighty thousand pounds of halfpence and farthings for the kingdom of Ireland, in which there was a very inconvenient and embarrassing scarcity of copper coin; so that it was impossible to run in debt upon the credit of a piece of money; for the cook or keeper of an alehouse could not refuse to supply a man that had silver in his hand, and the buyer would not leave his money without change.

The project was therefore plausible. The scarcity, which was already great, Wood took care to make greater, by agents who gathered up the old halfpence; and was about to turn his brass into gold, by pouring the treasures of his new mint upon Ireland, when Swift, finding that the metal was debased to an enormous degree,

wrote letters, under the name of *M. B. Drapier*, to show the folly of receiving, and the mischief that must ensue by giving gold and silver for coin worth perhaps not a third part of its nominal value.

The nation was alarmed; the new coin was universally refused: but the governors of Ireland considered resistance to the King's patent as highly criminal; and one Whitshed, then Chief Justice, who had tried the printer of the former pamphlet, and sent out the jury nine times, till by clamour and menaces they were frightened into a special verdict, now presented the *Drapier*, but could not prevail on the grand jury to find the bill.

Lord Carteret and the Privy Council published a proclamation, offering three hundred pounds for discovering the author of the fourth letter. Swift had concealed himself from his printers, and trusted only his butler, who transcribed the paper. The man, immediately after the appearance of the proclamation, strolled from the house, and staid out all night, and part of the next day. There was reason enough to fear that he had betrayed his master for the reward; but he came home, and the Dean ordered him to put off his livery, and leave the house; 'for,' says he, 'I know that my life is in your power, and I will not bear, out of fear, either your insolence or negligence.' The man excused his fault with great submission, and begged that he might be

confined in the house while it was in his power to endanger his master; but the Dean resolutely turned him out, without taking farther notice of him, till the term of information had expired, and then received him again. Soon afterwards he ordered him and the rest of the servants into his presence, without telling his intentions, and bade them take notice that their fellow-servant was no longer Robert the butler, but that his integrity had made him Mr. Blakeney, verger of St. Patrick's; an officer whose income was between thirty and forty pounds a-year: yet he still continued for some years to serve his old master as his butler*.

Swift was known from this time by the appellation of *The Dean*. He was honoured by the populace, as the champion, patron, and instructor of Ireland; and gained such power as, considered both in its extent and duration, scarcely any man has ever enjoyed without greater wealth or higher station.

He was from this important year the oracle of the traders, and the idol of the rabble; and by consequence was feared and courted by all to whom the kindness of the traders or the populace was necessary. The *Drapier* was a sign; the *Drapier* was a health; and which way soever the

* An account somewhat different from this is given by Mr. Sheridan in his *Life of Swift*, p. 211.—E.

eye or the ear was turned, some tokens were found of the nation's gratitude to the *Drapier*.

The benefit was indeed great; he had rescued Ireland from a very oppressive and predatory invasion; and the popularity which he had gained he was diligent to keep, by appearing forward and zealous on every occasion where the public interest was supposed to be involved. Nor did he much scruple to boast his influence; for when, upon some attempts to regulate the coin, Archbishop Boulter, then one of the Justices, accused him of exasperating the people, he exculpated himself by saying, 'If I had lifted up my finger, they would have torn you to pieces.'

But the pleasure of popularity was soon interrupted by domestic misery. Mrs. Johnson, whose conversation was to him the great softener of the ills of life, began in the year of the *Drapier's* triumph to decline; and two years afterwards was so wasted with sickness, that her recovery was considered as hopeless.

Swift was then in England, and had been invited by Lord Bolingbroke to pass the winter with him in France; but this call of calamity hastened him to Ireland, where perhaps his presence contributed to restore her to imperfect and tottering health.

He was now so much at ease, that (1727) he returned to England; where he collected three volumes of *Miscellanies* in conjunction with

Pope, who prefixed a querulous and apologetical preface.

This important year sent likewise into the world *Gulliver's Travels*, a production so new and strange, that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of merriment and amazement. It was received with such avidity, that the price of the first edition was raised before the second could be made: it was read by the high and the low, the learned and illiterate. Criticism was for a while lost in wonder; no rules of judgment were applied to a book written in open defiance of truth and regularity. But when distinctions came to be made, the part which gave the least pleasure was that which describes the flying island, and that which gave most disgust must be the history of the Houyhnhnms.

While Swift was enjoying the reputation of his new work, the news of the King's death arrived: and he kissed the hands of the new King and Queen three days after their accession.

By the Queen, when she was Princess, he had been treated with some distinction, and was well received by her in her exaltation; but whether she gave hopes which she never took care to satisfy, or he formed expectations which she never meant to raise, the event was, that he always afterwards thought on her with malevolence, and particularly charged her with breaking her promise of some medals which she engaged to send him.

I know not whether she had not, in her turn, some reason for complaint. A letter was sent her, not so much entreating, as requiring her patronage of Mrs. Barbar, an ingenious Irishwoman, who was then begging subscriptions for her Poems. To this letter was subscribed the name of Swift, and it has all the appearance of his diction and sentiments; but it was not written in his hand, and had some little improprieties. When he was charged with this letter, he laid hold of the inaccuracies, and urged the improbability of the accusation, but never denied it; he shuffles between cowardice and veracity, and talks big when he says nothing*.

He seemed desirous enough of recommencing courtier, and endeavoured to gain the kindness of Mrs. Howard, remembering what Mrs. Masham had performed in former times; but his flatteries were, like those of other wits, unsuccessful; the Lady either wanted power, or had no ambition of poetical immortality.

He was seized not long afterwards by a fit of giddiness, and again heard of the sickness and danger of Mrs. Johnson. He then left the house of Pope, as it seems, with very little ceremony, finding 'that two sick friends cannot live together;' and did not write to him till he found himself at Chester.

* It is but justice to the Dean's memory, to refer to Mr. Sheridan's defence of him from this charge. See the *Life of Swift*, p. 456.—E.

He returned to a home of sorrow; poor Stella was sinking into the grave, and, after a languishing decay of about two months, died in her forty-fourth year, on January 28, 1728. How much he wished her life, his papers show: nor can it be doubted that he dreaded the death of her whom he loved most, aggravated by the consciousness that himself had hastened it.

Beauty and the power of pleasing, the greatest external advantages that woman can desire or possess, were fatal to the unfortunate Stella. The man whom she had the misfortune to love was, as Delany observes, fond of singularity, and desirous to make a mode of happiness for himself, different from the general course of things and order of Providence. From the time of her arrival in Ireland he seems resolved to keep her in his power, and therefore hindered a match sufficiently advantageous, by accumulating unreasonable demands, and prescribing conditions that could not be performed. While she was at her own disposal, he did not consider his possession as secure; resentment, ambition, or caprice, might separate them; he was therefore resolved to make 'assurance double sure,' and to appropriate her by a private marriage, to which he had annexed the expectation of all the pleasures of perfect friendship without the uneasiness of conjugal restraint. But with this state poor Stella was not satisfied; she never was treated as a wife, and to the world she

had the appearance of a mistress. She lived sullenly on, in hope that in time he would own and receive her; but the time did not come till the change of his manners and depravation of his mind made her tell him, when he offered to acknowledge her, that 'it was too late.' She then gave up herself to sorrowful resentment, and died under the tyranny of him by whom she was in the highest degree loved and honoured.

What were her claims to this eccentric tenderness, by which the laws of nature were violated to retain her, curiosity will inquire; but how shall it be gratified? Swift was a lover; his testimony may be suspected. Delany and the Irish saw with Swift's eyes, and therefore add little confirmation. That she was virtuous, beautiful, and elegant, in a very high degree, such admiration from such a lover makes it very probable; but she had not much literature, for she could not spell her own language; and of her wit, so loudly vaunted, the smart sayings which Swift himself has collected, afford no splendid specimen.

The reader of Swift's *Letter to a Lady on her Marriage*, may be allowed to doubt whether his opinion of female excellence ought implicitly to be admitted; for if his general thoughts on women were such as he exhibits, a very little sense in a lady would be a rapture, and a very little virtue would astonish him. Stella's supposition,

therefore, was perhaps only local; she was great, because her associates were little.

In some Remarks lately published on the Life of Swift, his marriage is mentioned as fabulous, or doubtful; but, alas! poor Stella, as Dr. Madden told me, related her melancholy story to Dr. Sheridan, when he attended her as a clergyman to prepare her for death; and Delany mentions it not with doubt, but only with regret. Swift never mentioned her without a sigh.

The rest of his life was spent in Ireland, in a country to which not even power almost despotic, nor flattery almost idolatrous, could reconcile him. He sometimes wished to visit England, but always found some reason to delay. He tells Pope, in the decline of life, that he hopes once more to see him; 'but if not,' says he, 'we must part, as all human beings have parted.'

After the death of Stella, his benevolence was contracted, and his severity exasperated; he drove his acquaintance from his table, and wondered why he was deserted. But he continued his attention to the public, and wrote from time to time such directions, admonitions, or censures, as the exigency of affairs, in his opinion, made proper; and nothing fell from his pen in vain.

In a short poem on the Presbyterians, whom he always regarded with detestation, he bestowed one stricture upon Bettesworth, a lawyer eminent for

his insolence to the clergy, which, from very considerable reputation, brought him into immediate and universal contempt. Bettesworth, enraged at his disgrace and loss, went to Swift, and demanded whether he was the author of that poem? 'Mr. Bettesworth,' answered he, 'I was in my youth acquainted with great lawyers, who knowing my disposition to satire, advised me, that if any scoundrel or blockhead whom I had lampooned should ask, 'Are you the author of this paper?' I should tell him that I was not the author; and therefore I tell you, Mr. Bettesworth, that I am not the author of these lines.'

Bettesworth was so little satisfied with this account, that he publickly professed his resolution of a violent and corporal revenge; but the inhabitants of St. Patrick's district embodied themselves in the Dean's defence. Bettesworth declared in Parliament, that Swift had deprived him of twelve hundred pounds a-year.

Swift was popular a while by another mode of beneficence. He set aside some hundreds to be lent in small sums to the poor, from five shillings I think, to five pounds. He took no interest, and only required that, at repayment, a small fee should be given to the accomptant: but he required that the day of promised payment should be exactly kept. A severe and punctilious temper is ill qualified for transactions with the poor: the day was often broken, and the loan was not re-

paid. This might have been easily foreseen; but for this Swift had made no provision of patience or pity. He ordered his debtors to be sued. A severe creditor has no popular character; what then was likely to be said of him who employs the catchpoll under the appearance of charity?—The clamour against him was loud, and the resentment of the populace outrageous; he was therefore forced to drop his scheme, and own the folly of expecting punctuality from the poor*.

His asperity continually increasing, condemned him to solitude; and his resentment of solitude sharpened his asperity. He was not, however, totally deserted; some men of learning, and some women of elegance, often visited him: and he wrote from time to time either verse or prose; of his verses he willingly gave copies, and is supposed to have felt no discontent when he saw them printed. His favourite maxim was, 'Vive la bagatelle:' he thought trifles a necessary part of life, and perhaps found them necessary to himself. It seems impossible to him to be idle, and his disorders made it difficult or dangerous to be long seriously studious, or laboriously diligent.—The love of ease is always gaining upon age, and he had one temptation to petty amusements peculiar to himself; whatever he did, he was sure

* This account is contradicted by Mr. Sheridan, who, with great warmth, asserts, from his own knowledge, that there was not one syllable of truth in this whole account from the beginning to the end. See Life of Swift, p. 457. R.

to hear applauded; and such was his predominance over all that approached, that all their applauses were probably sincere. He that is much flattered, soon learns to flatter himself: we are commonly taught our duty by fear or shame, and how can they act upon the man who hears nothing but his own praises?

As his years increased, his fits of giddiness and deafness grew more frequent, and his deafness made conversation difficult. they grew likewise more severe, till in 1736, as he was writing a poem called 'The Legion Club,' he was seized with a fit so painful, and so long continued, that he never after thought it proper to attempt any work of thought or labour.

He was always careful of his money, and was therefore no liberal entertainer; but was less frugal of his wine than of his meat. When his friends of either sex came to him, in expectation of a dinner, his custom was to give every one a shilling, that they might please themselves with their provision. At last his avarice grew too powerful for his kindness; he would refuse a bottle of wine, and in Ireland no men visits where he cannot drink.

Having thus excluded conversation, and desisted from study, he had neither business nor amusement; for having, by some ridiculous resolution or mad vow, determined never to wear spectacles, he could make little use of books in

his later years : his ideas, therefore, being neither renovated by discourse, nor increased by reading, wore gradually away, and left his mind vacant to the vexations of the hour, till at last his anger was heightened into madness.

He however permitted one book to be published, which had been the production of former years; *Polite Conversation*, which appeared in 1738. The *Directions for Servants* was printed soon after his death. These two performances show a mind incessantly attentive, and, when it was not employed upon great things, busy with minute occurrences. It is apparent that he must have had the habit of noting whatever he observed; for such a number of particulars could never have been assembled by the power of recollection.

He grew more violent; and his mental powers declined till (1741) it was found necessary that legal guardians should be appointed to his person and fortune. He now lost distinction. His madness was compounded of rage and fatuity. The last face that he knew, was that of Mrs. White-way; and her he ceased to know in a little time. His meat was brought him cut into mouthfuls; but he would never touch it while the servant staid, and at last, after it had stood perhaps an hour, would eat it walking; for he continued his old habit, and was on his feet ten hours a-day.

• Next year (1742) he had an inflammation in his

left eye, which swelled it to the size of an egg, with boils in other parts; he was kept long waking with the pain, and was not easily restrained by five attendants from tearing out his eye.

The tumour at last subsided; and a short interval of reason ensuing, in which he knew his physician and his family, gave hopes of his recovery; but in a few days he sunk into lethargic stupidity, motionless, heedless, and speechless.— But it is said, that, after a year of total silence, when his housekeeper, on the 30th of November, told him that the usual bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate his birth-day, he answered, ‘It is all folly; they had better let it alone.’

It is remembered, that he afterwards spoke now and then, or gave some intimation of a meaning; but at last sunk into a perfect silence, which continued till about the end of October 1744, when, in his seventy-eighth year, he expired without a struggle.

WHEN Swift is considered as an author, it is just to estimate his powers by their effects. In the reign of Queen Anne he turned the stream of popularity against the Whigs, and must be confessed to have dictated for a time the political opinions of the English nation. In the succeeding

reign he delivered Ireland from plunder and oppression; and showed that wit, confederated with truth, had such force as authority was unable to resist. He said truly of himself, that Ireland 'was his debtor.' It was from the time when he first began to patronize the Irish, that they may date their riches and prosperity. He taught them first to know their own interest, their weight, and their strength, and gave them spirit to assert that equality with their fellow-subjects to which they have ever since been making vigorous advances, and to claim those rights which they have at last established. Nor can they be charged with ingratitude to their benefactor; for they revered him as a guardian, and obeyed him as a dictator.

In his works, he has given very different specimens both of sentiments and expression. His *Tale of a Tub* has little resemblance to his other pieces. It exhibits a vehemence and rapidity of mind, a copiousness of images, and vivacity of diction, such as he afterwards never possessed, or never exerted. It is of a mode so distinct and peculiar, that it must be considered by itself; what is true of that, is not true of any thing else which he has written.

In his other works is found an equable tenour of easy language, which rather trickles than flows. His delight was in simplicity. That he has in his works no metaphor, as has been said, is not true;

but his few metaphors seem to be received rather by necessity than choice. He studied purity; and though perhaps all his strictures are not exact, yet it is not often that solecisms can be found; and whoever depends on his authority may generally conclude himself safe. His sentences are never too much dilated or contracted; and it will not be easy to find any embarrassment in the complication of his clauses, any inconsequence in his connections, or abruptness in his transitions.

His style was well suited to his thoughts, which are never subtilised by nice disquisitions, decorated by sparkling conceits, elevated by ambitious sentences, or variegated by far-sought learning.—He pays no court to the passions; he excites neither surprise nor admiration; he always understands himself; and his readers always understand him: the peruser of Swift wants little previous knowledge; it will be sufficient that he is acquainted with common words and common things; he is neither required to mount elevations, nor to explore profundities; his passage is always on a level, along solid ground, without asperities, without obstruction.

This easy and safe conveyance of meaning it was Swift's desire to attain, and for having attained he deserves praise, though perhaps not the highest praise. For purposes merely didactic, when something is to be told that was not known before, it is the best mode; but against that in-

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attention by which known truths are suffered to be neglected, it makes no provision; it instructs, but does not persuade.

By his political education he was associated with the Whigs; but he deserted them when they deserted their principles, yet without running into the contrary extreme; he continued throughout his life to retain the disposition which he assigns to the *Church-of-England Man*, of thinking commonly with the Whigs of the State, and with the Tories of the Church.

He was a churchman rationally zealous; he desired the prosperity, and maintained the honour of the Clergy; of the Dissenters he did not wish to infringe the toleration, but he opposed their encroachments.

To his duty as Dean he was very attentive. He managed the revenues of his church with exact economy; and it is said by Delany, that more money was, under his direction, laid out in repairs, than had ever been in the same time since its first erection. Of his choir he was eminently careful; and, though he neither loved nor understood music, took care that all the singers were well qualified, admitting none without the testimony of skilful judges.

In his church he restored the practice of weekly communion, and distributed the sacramental elements in the most solemn and devout manner with his own hand. He came to church every morn-

ing, preached commonly in his turn, and attended the evening anthem, that it might not be negligently performed.

He read the service 'rather with a strong nervous voice, than in a graceful manner; his voice was sharp and high-toned, rather than harmonious.'

He entered upon the clerical state with hope to excel in preaching; but complained, that, from the time of his political controversies, 'he could only preach pamphlets.' This censure of himself, if judgment be made from those sermons which have been printed, was unreasonably severe.

The suspicions of his irreligion proceeded in a great measure from his dread of hypocrisy; instead of wishing to seem better, he delighted in seeming worse than he was. He went in London to early prayers, lest he should be seen at church; he read prayers to his servants every morning with such dexterous secrecy, that Dr. Delany was six months in his house before he knew it. He was not only careful to hide the good which he did, but willingly incurred the suspicion of evil which he did not. He forgot what himself had formerly asserted, that hypocrisy is less mischievous than open impiety. Dr. Delany, with all his zeal for his honour, has justly condemned this part of his character.

The person of Swift had not many recommendations. He had a kind of muddy complexion,

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which, though he washed himself with oriental scrupulosity, did not look clear. He had a countenance sour and severe, which he seldom softened by any appearance of gaiety. He stubbornly resisted any tendency to laughter. ♣

To his domestics he was naturally rough; and a man of a rigorous temper, with that vigilance of minute attention, which his works discover, must have been a master that few could bear.— That he was disposed to do his servants good, on important occasions, is no great mitigation; benefaction can be but rare, and tyrannic peevishness is perpetual. He did not spare the servants of others. Once when he dined alone with the Earl of Orrery, he said of one that waited in the room, ‘ That man has, since we sat to the table, committed fifteen faults.’ What the faults were, Lord Orrery, from whom I have heard the story, had not been attentive enough to discover. My number may perhaps not be exact.

In his economy he practised a peculiar and offensive parsimony, without disguise or apology.— The practice of saving being once necessary, became habitual, and grew first ridiculous, and at last detestable. But his avarice, though it might exclude pleasure, was never suffered to encroach upon his virtue. He was frugal by inclination, but liberal by principle; and if the purpose to which he destined his little accumulations be remembered, with his distribution of occasional charity, it

will perhaps appear, that he only liked one mode of expense better ~~than~~ another, and saved merely that he might ~~have~~ something to give. He did not grow rich by injuring his successors, but left both Laracor and the Deanery more valuable than he found them.—With all this talk of his covetousness and generosity, it should be remembered, that he was never rich. The revenue of his Deanery was not much more than seven hundred a-year.

His beneficence was not graced with tenderness or civility; he relieved without pity, and assisted without kindness; so that those who were fed by him could hardly love him.

He made a rule to himself to give but one piece at a time, and therefore always stored his pocket with coins of different value.

Whatever he did, he seemed willing to do in a manner peculiar to himself, without sufficiently considering that singularity, as it implies a contempt of the general practice, is a kind of defiance which justly provokes the hostility of ridicule; he, therefore, who indulges peculiar habits is worse than others, if he be not better.

Of his humour, a story told by Pope * may afford a specimen.

‘ Dr. Swift has an odd, blunt way, that is mistaken, by strangers, for ill-nature.—’Tis so odd, that there’s no describing it but by facts. I’ll

‘ tell you one that first comes into my head. One
‘ evening, Gay and I went to see him. you know
‘ how intimately we were ^{all} acquainted. On
‘ our coming in, ‘ Heyday, gentlemen, (says the
‘ Doctor) what’s the meaning of this visit? How
‘ came you to leave the great Lords, that you are
‘ so fond of, to come hither to see a poor Dean?’
—‘ Because we would rather see you than any of
‘ them ’—‘ Ay, any one that did not know so well
‘ as I do, might believe you. But since you are
‘ come, I must get some supper for you I sup-
‘ pose.’—‘ No, Doctor, we have supped already.’
—‘ Supped already? that’s impossible! why tis
‘ not eight o’clock yet.—That’s very strange; but,
‘ if you had not supped, I must have got some-
‘ thing for you.—Let me see, what should I have
‘ had?—A couple of lobsters: ay, that would have
‘ done very well; two shillings—tarts, a shilling:
‘ but you will drink a glass of wine with me,
‘ though you supped so much before your usual
‘ time only to spare my pocket?’—‘ No, we had
‘ rather talk with you than drink with you.’—‘ But
‘ if you had supped with me, as in all reason you
‘ ought to have done, you must then have drank
‘ with me.—A bottle of wine, two shillings—two
‘ and two is four, and one is five: just two-and-
‘ sixpence a-piece. There, Pope, there’s half a
‘ crown for you, and there’s another for you, Sir;
‘ for I won’t save any thing by you, I am deter-
‘ mined.’—Thus was all said and done with his

‘usual seriousness on such occasions; and, in spite of every thing we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money.’

In the intercourse of familiar life, he indulged his disposition to petulance and sarcasm, and thought himself injured if the licentiousness of his railery, the freedom of his censures, or the petulance of his frolics, was resented or repressed. He predominated over his companions with very high ascendancy, and probably would bear none over whom he could not predominate. To give him advice was, in the style of his friend Delany, ‘to venture to speak to him.’ Thus customary superiority soon grew too delicate for truth; and Swift, with all his penetration, allowed himself to be delighted with low flattery.

On all common occasions, he habitually affects a style of arrogance, and dictates rather than persuades. This authoritative and magisterial language he expected to be received as his peculiar mode of jocularitv: but he apparently flattered his own arrogance by an assumed unperiousness, in which he was ironical only to be resentful, and to the submissive sufficiently serious.

He told stories with great felicity, and delighted in doing what he knew himself to do well; he was therefore captivated by the respectful silence of a steady listener, and told the same tales too often.

He did not, however, claim the right of talking

alone; for it was his rule, when he had spoken a minute, to give room by a pause for any other speaker. Of time, on all occasions, he was an exact computer, and knew the minutes required to every common operation.

It may be justly supposed that there was in his conversation, what appears so frequently in his letters, an affectation of familiarity with the great, an ambition of momentary equality sought and enjoyed by the neglect of those ceremonies which custom has established as the barriers between one order of society and another. This transgression of regularity was by himself and his admirers termed greatness of soul. But a great mind disdains to hold any thing by courtesy, and therefore never usurps what a lawful claimant may take away. He that encroaches on another's dignity, puts himself in his power; he is either repelled with helpless indignity, or cadured by clemency and condescension.

Of Swift's general habits of thinking, if his letters can be supposed to afford any evidence, he was not a man to be either loved or envied. He seems to have wasted life in discontent, by the rage of neglected pride, and the languishment of unsatisfied desire. He is querulous and fastidious, arrogant and malignant; he scarcely speaks of himself but with indignant lamentations, or of others but with insolent superiority when he is gay, and with angry contempt when he is gloomy

From the letters that passed between him and Pope, it might be inferred that they, with Arbuthnot and Gay, had engrossed all the understanding and virtue of mankind; that their merits filled the world; or that there was no hope of more.— They show the age involved in darkness, and shade the picture with sullen emulation.

When the Queen's death drove him into Ireland, he might be allowed to regret for a time the interception of his views, the extinction of his hopes, and his ejection from gay scenes, important employment, and splendid friendships; but when time had enabled reason to prevail over vexation, the complaints, which at first were natural, became ridiculous because they were useless. But querulousness was now grown habitual, and he cried out when he probably had ceased to feel. His reiterated wailings persuaded Bolingbroke that he was really willing to quit his deanery for an English parish; and Bolingbroke procured an exchange, which was rejected; and Swift still retained the pleasure of complaining.

The greatest difficulty that occurs, in analysing his character, is to discover by what depravity of intellect he took delight in revolving ideas, from which almost every other mind shrinks with disgust. The ideas of pleasure, even when criminal, may solicit the imagination; but what has disease, deformity, and filth, upon which the thoughts can be allured to dwell? Delany is willing to

think that Swift's mind was not much tainted with this gross corruption before his long visit to Pope. He does not consider how he degrades his hero, by making him at fifty-nine the pupil of turpitude, and liable to the malignant influence of an ascendant mind. But the truth is, that Gulliver had described his Yahoos before the visit; and ~~he~~ that had formed those images had nothing filthy to learn.

I have here given the character of Swift as he exhibits himself to my perception; but now let another be heard who knew him better. Dr. Delany, after long acquaintance, describes him to Lord Orrery in these terms :

‘ My Lord, when you consider Swift’s singular,
 ‘ peculiar, and most variegated vein of wit, always
 ‘ rightly intended, (although not always so rightly
 ‘ directed,) delightful in many instances, and salutary even where it is most offensive; when you
 ‘ consider his strict truth, his fortitude in resisting
 ‘ oppression and arbitrary power; his fidelity in
 ‘ friendship, his sincere love and zeal for religion,
 ‘ his uprightness in making right resolutions, and
 ‘ his steadiness in adhering to them; his care of
 ‘ his church, its choir, its economy, and its income; his attention to all those that preached
 ‘ in his cathedral, in order to their amendment in
 ‘ pronunciation and style; as also his remarkable
 ‘ attention to the interest of his successors, preferably to his own present emoluments; his in-

'vincible patriotism, even to a country which he
 'did not love; his very various, well-devised,
 'well-judged, and extensive charities, throughout
 'his life; and his whole fortune (to say nothing of
 'his wife's) conveyed to the same christian pur-
 'poses at his death; charities, from which he
 'could enjoy no honour, advantage, or satisfac-
 'tion of any kind in this world; when you consi-
 'der his ironical and humorous, as well as his
 'serious schemes, for the promotion of true reli-
 'gion and virtue, his success in soliciting for the
 'First Fruits and Twentieths, to the unspeakable
 'benefit of the established Church of Ireland;
 'and his felicity (to rate it no higher) in giving
 'occasion to the building of fifty new churches in
 'London.

'All this considered, the character of his life
 'will appear like that of his writings; they will
 'both bear to be re-considered and re-examined
 'with the utmost attention, and always discover
 'new beauties and excellencies upon every exa-
 'mination.

'They will bear to be considered as the sun, in
 'which the brightness will hide the blemishes;
 'and whenever petulant ignorance, pride, inali-
 'gity, or envy, interposes to cloud or sully his
 'fame, I will take upon me to pronounce, that
 'the eclipse will not last long.

'To conclude—No man ever deserved better of

‘his country, than Swift did of his. A steady,
‘persevering, inflexible friend; a wise, a watch-
‘ful, and a faithful counsellor, under many severe
‘trials and bitter persecutions, to the manifest
‘hazard both of his liberty and fortune.

‘He lived a blessing, he died a benefactor,
‘and his name will ever live an honour to Ire-
‘land.’

In the poetical works of Dr. Swift there is not much upon which the critick can exercise his powers. They are often humorous, almost always light, and have the qualities which recommend such compositions, easiness and gaiety. They are, for the most part, what their author intended. The diction is correct, the numbers are smooth, and the rhymes exact. There seldom occurs a hard-laboured expression, or a redundant epithet; all his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style, they consist of ‘proper words in proper places.’

To divide this collection into classes, and show how some pieces are gross, and some are trifling, would be to tell the reader what he knows already, and to find faults of which the author could not be ignorant, who certainly wrote not often to his judgment, but his humour.

It was said, in a Preface to one of the Irish editions, that Swift had never been known to take a single thought from any writer, ancient or modern. This is not literally true; but perhaps no writer can easily be found that has borrowed so little, or that in all his excellencies and all his defects has so well maintained his claim to be considered as original.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

FROM 1689 TO 1713.



O D E

TO

THE HON. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

WRITTEN AT MOORPARK, JUNE 1689.

I.

VIRTUE, the greatest of all monarchies,
Till its first emperor, rebellious man,
Depos'd from off his seat
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into small states and principalities,
By many a petty lord possess'd,
But ne'er since seated in one single breast;
'Tis you who must this land subdue,
The mighty conquest's left for you,
The conquest and discovery too:
Search out this Utopian ground:
Virtue's Terra Incognita,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever since but in descriptions found,
Like the philosopher's stone,
With rules to search it, yet obtain'd by none.

II.

We have too long been led astray;
Too long have our misguided souls been taught
With rules from musty morals brought;
'Tis you must put us in the way;
Let us (for shame!) no more be fed
With antique relics of the dead,
The gleanings of philosophy;
Philosophy! the lumber of the schools,
The roguery of alchymy;
And we the bubbled fools
Spend all our present stock in hopes of golden rules.

III.

But what does our proud ign'rance learning call?
We oddly Plato's paradox make good;
Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treasure and our food.
Nature's fair table-book, our tender souls,
We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the schools;
For Learning's mighty treasures look
In that deep grave a book,
Think she there does all her treasures hide,
And that her troubled ghost still haunts there
 since she dy'd;
Confine her walks to colleges and schools;
Her priests, her train, and followers show,
As if they were all spectres too;

They purchase knowledge at the expense
 Of common breeding, common sense,
 And at once grow scholars and fools ;
 Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
 Rudeness, ill-nature, incivility,
 And, sick with dregs of knowledge grown,
 Which greedily they swallow down,
 Still cast it up and nauseate company.

IV.

Curs'd be the wretch ! nay, doubly curs'd,
 (If it may lawful be
 To curse our great enemy)
 Who learn'd himself that heresy first,
 (Which since has seiz'd on all the rest,)
 That knowledge forfeits all humanity ;
 Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
 And fling our scraps before our door.
 Thrice happy you have 'scap'd this gen'ral pest !
 Those mighty epithets, Learned, Good, and Great,
 Which we ne'er join'd, before, but in romances
 We find in you at last united grown. [meet,
 You cannot be compar'd to one ;
 I must, like him that painted Venus' face,
 Borrow from every one a grace :
 Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
 Their courting a retreat like you,
 Unless I put in Cæsar's learning too :
 Your happy frame at once controls
 This great triumvirate of souls.

V.

Let not old Rome boast Fabius' fate ;
He say'd his country by delays,
But you by peace :
You bought it at a cheaper rate ;
Nor has it left the usual bloody scar,
To show it cost its price in war ;
War ! that mad game the world so loves to play,
And for it does so dearly pay ;
For tho' with loss or victory a while
Fortune the gamesters does beguile,
Yet at the last the box sweeps all away.

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blast :
Th' artillery of the skies
Shoots to the earth and dies ;
Nor ever green and flourishing 'twill last,
Nor dipt in blood, nor widows' tears, nor orphans'
About the head crown'd with these bays [cries :
Like lambent fire the lightning plays ;
Nor its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Make up its solemn train with death :
It melts the sword of war, yet keeps it in the
sheath.

VII.

The wily shifts of state, those jugglers' tricks
Which we call deep design and politics,

(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
 Because the cords escape their eye,
 Wonder to see the motions fly,)
 Methinks, when you expose the scene,
 Down the ill-organ'd engines fall ;
 Off fly the vizors and discover all.
 How plain I see thro' the deceit !
 How shallow ! and how gross the cheat !
 Look where the pully's ty'd above !
 Great God ! (said I) what have I seen !
 On what poor engines move
 The thoughts of monarchs and designs of states !
 What petty motives rule their fates ! 106
 How the mouse makes the mighty mountain shake !
 The mighty mountain labours with its birth ;
 Away the frighted peasants fly,
 Scar'd at th' unheard-of prodigy,
 Expect some great gigantic son of earth :
 Lo it appears !
 See how they tremble ! how they quake !
 Out starts the little beast, and mocks their idle
 fears.

VIII.

Then tell (dear fav'rite Muse !)
 What serpent's that which still resorts,
 Still lurks in palaces and courts ?
 Take thy unwonted flight,
 And on the terrace light.
 See where she lies !

See how she rears her head,
 And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
 To drive all virtue out, or look it dead !
 'Twas sure this basilisk sent Temple thence ;
 And tho' as some ('tis said) for their defence
 Have worn a casement o'er their skin,
 So he wore his within,
 Made up of virtue and transparent innocence ;
 And tho' he oft renew'd the fight,
 And almost got priority of sight,
 He ne'er could overcome her quite ;
 In pieces cut, the viper still did re-unite ;
 Till at last, tir'd with loss of time and ease,
 Resolv'd to give himself as well as country peace.

IX.

Sing (belov'd Muse !) the pleasures of retreat,
 And in some untouch'd virgin-strain
 Show the delights thy sister Nature yields ;
 Sing of thy vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy
 Go publish o'er the plain [fields ;
 How mighty a proselyte you gain !
 How noble a reprisal on the great !
 How is the Muse luxuriant grown !
 Whene'er she takes this flight
 She soars clear out of sight ;
 These are the Paradises of her own ;
 (The Pegasus, like an unruly horse,
 Tho' ne'er so gently led
 To the lov'd pasture where he us'd to feed,

Runs violently o'er his usual course.)
 Wake from thy wanton dreams,
 Come from thy dear lov'd streams,
 The crooked paths of wandering Thames,
 Fain the fair nymph would stay,
 Oft she looks back in vain,
 Oft 'gainst her fountain does complain,
 And softly steals in many windings down,
 As loath to see the hated court and town,
 And murmurs as she glides away.

X.

In this new happy scene
 Are nobler subjects for your learned pen :
 Here we expect from you
 More than your predecessor Adam knew ;
 Whatever moves our wonder or our sport,
 Whatever serves for innocent emblems of the court ;
 How that which we a kernel see,
 (Whose well-compacted forms escape the light,
 Unpierc'd by the blunt rays of sight,)
 Shall ere long grow into a tree,
 Whence takes it its increase, and whence its birth,
 Or from the sun, or from the air, or from the earth?
 Where all the fruitful atoms lie ;
 How some go downward to the root,
 Some more ambitiously upwards fly,
 And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit,
 You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain,

Your garden's better worth your noble pain ;
Here mankind fell, and hence must rise again.

XI.

Shall I believe a spirit so divine
Was cast in the same mould with mine?
Why then does Nature so unjustly share
Among her elder sons the whole estate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we, cadets of Heav'n, not worth her care,
Take up at best with lumber, and the leavings of
Some she binds 'prentice to the spade, [a fate.
Some to the drudgery of a trade ;
Some she does to Egyptian bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet sends us to look out for
Some she condemns for life to try [straw :
To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy :
Me she has to the Muse's galleys ty'd ;
In vain I strove to cross this spacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar,
And when I almost reach the shore,
Straight the Muse turns the helm, and I launch
And yet, to feed my pride, [out again ;
Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining breath
With promise of a mad reversion after death.

XII.

Then, Sir, accept this worthless Verse,
The tribute of an humble Muse,
'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars.

Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,
 And kindled first with indolence and ease,
 And since, too oft debauch'd by praise,
 'Tis now grown an incurable disease.
 In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
 In wisdom and philosophy,
 In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
 Where nought but weeds will grow.
 Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
 By an equivocal birth
 Seeds, and runs up to poetry.



ODE TO KING WILLIAM*,

ON HIS SUCCESSSES IN IRELAND.

To purchase Kingdoms, and to buy renown,
 Are arts peculiar to dissembling France;
 You, mighty Monarch, nobler actions crown,
 And solid virtue does your name advance.

* With much pleasure I here present to the public an Ode which had been long sought after without success. That it is Swift's, I have not the least doubt; and it is the more curious, as being the second poem that he wrote. He refers to it in the second stanza of his 'Ode to the Athenian Society,' and expressly marks it by a marginal note, under the title of 'The Ode I writ to the King in Ireland.' See p. 75, and see, also, 'The Gentleman's Journal,' July, 1692, p. 13. N.

Your matchless courage with your prudence joins,
The glorious structure of your fame to raise ;
With its own light your dazzling glory shines,
And into adoration turns our praise.

Had you by dull succession gain'd your crown,
(Cowards are Monarchs by that title made,)
Part of your merit Chance would call her own,
And half your virtues had been lost in shade.

But now your worth its just reward shall have :
What trophies and what triumphs are your due ;
Who could so well a dying nation save,
At once deserve a crown, and gain it too !

You saw how near we were to ruin brought,
You saw th' impetuous torrent rolling on ;
And timely on the coming danger thought,
Which we could neither obviate, nor shun.

Britannia stript from her sole guard the laws,
Ready to fall Rome's bloody sacrifice ;
You straight stept in, and from the monster's jaws
Did bravely snatch the lovely, helpless prize.

Nor this is all ; as glorious is the care
To preserve conquests, as at first to gain :
In this your virtue claims a double share,
Which, what it bravely won, does well maintain.

Your arm has now your rightful title show'd,
An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
To which they look as to some guardian God,
That must their doubtful liberty defend.

Amaz'd, thy action at the Boyne we see !
When Schomberg started at the vast design :
The boundless glory all redounds to thee, [thine.
'Th' impulse, the fight, th' event, were wholly

The brave attempt does all our foes disarm ;
You need but now give orders and command,
Your name shall the remaining work perform,
And spare the labour of your conquering hand.

France does in vain her feeble arts apply,
To interrupt the fortune of your course :
Your influence does the vain attacks defy
Of secret malice, or of open force.

Boldly we hence the brave commencement date
Of glorious deeds, that must all tongues employ :
William's the pledge and earnest given by Fate
Of England's glory, and her lasting joy.

TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

Moorpark, Feb. 14, 1691.

SINCE every body pretends to trouble you with their follies, I thought I might claim the privilege of an Englishman, and put in my share among the rest. Being last year in Ireland, (from whence I returned about half a year ago,) I heard only a loose talk of your Society, and believed the design to be only some new folly just suitable to the age, which, God knows, I little expected ever to produce any thing extraordinary. Since my being in England, having still continued in the country, and much out of company, I had but little advantage of knowing any more, till about two months ago passing through Oxford, a very learned gentleman there first showed me two or three of your volumes, and gave me his account and opinion of you. A while after I came to this place upon a visit to -----, where I have been ever since, and have seen all the four volumes, with their Supplements, which answering my expectation, the perusal has produced what you had enclosed.

As I have been somewhat inclined to this folly, so I have seldom wanted somebody to flatter me in it. And for the Ode enclosed, I have sent it to a person of very great learning and honour, and since to some others, the best of my acquaintance, (which I thought very proper to ensure it for a greater light,) and they have all been pleased to tell me that they are sure it will not be unwelcome, and that I should beg the honour of you to let it be printed before your next volume, (which, I think, is soon to be published,) it being so usual before most books of any great value among poets; and before its seeing the world I submit it wholly to the correction of your pens.

I entreat, therefore, one of you would descend so far as to write two or three lines to me of your pleasure upon it; which, as I cannot but expect from gentlemen who have so well shown, upon so many occasions, that greatest character of scholars, in being favourable to the ignorant, so I am sure nothing at present can more highly oblige me, or make me happier. I am,

Gentlemen,

Your ever most humble

And most admiring servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

ODE TO THE ATTENTION SOCIETY.

Moorpark, Feb. 14, 1691.

I.

As when the deluge first began to fall,
 That mighty ebb never to flow again,
 (When this huge body's moisture was so great,
 It quite o'ercame the vital heat,)

That mountain which was highest first of all
 Appear'd above the universal main,
 To bless the primitive sailors' weary sight,
 And 'twas perhaps Parnassus, if in height
 It be as great as 'tis in fame,
 And nigh to heav'n as is its name:

So after the inundation of a war,
 When Learning's little household did embark
 With her world's fruitful system in her sacred ark,
 At the first ebb of noise and fears
 Philosophy's exalted head appears,
 And the dove-muse will now no longer stay,
 But plumes her silver wings and flies away;
 And now a laurel wreath she brings from far,
 To crown the happy conqueror,
 To show the flood begins to cease,
 And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

II.

The eager Muse took wing upon the waves' decline,
 When War her cloudy aspect just withdrew,
 When the bright sun of peace began to shine,

And for a while, in heav'nly contemplation sat
On the high top of peaceful Ararat,
And pluck'd a laurel branch, (for laurel was the
first that grew,
The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and
And thence with joyful nimble wing [rain,)
Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble chaplet for the king.
And the dove-musc is fled once more,
(Glad of the victory, yet frightened at the war,)
And now discovers from afar
A peaceful and a flourishing shore.
No sooner did she land
On the delightful strand,
Than straight she sees the country all around,
Where fatal Neptune rul'd erewhile,
Scatter'd with flow'ry vales, with fruitful gardens
crown'd,
And many a pleasant wood,
As if the universal Nile
Had rather water'd it than drown'd,
It seems some floating piece of Paradise,
Preserv'd by wonder from the flood,
Long wand'ring thro' the deep, as we are told
Fam'd Delos did of old,
And the transported Muse imagin'd it
To be a fitter birth-place for the god of Wit,
Of the much talk'd-of oracular grove ;
When with amazing joy she hears
An unknown music all around,

Charming her greedy ears
 With many a heav'nly song
 Of nature and of art, of deep philosophy and love,
 Whilst angels tune the voice, and God inspires
 the tongue,

In vain she catches at the empty sound,
 In vain pursues the music with her longing eye,
 And courts the wanton Echoes as they fly.

III.

Pardon, ye great unknown and far exalted Men !
 The wild excursions of a youthful* pen:
 Forgive a young and (almost) virgin Muse,
 Whom blind and eager curiosity
 (Yet curiosity, they say,
 Is in her sex a crime needs no excuse)
 Has forc'd to grope her uncouth way
 After a mighty light that leads her wand'ring eye:
 No wonder then she quits the narrow path of sense
 For a dear ramble thro' impertinence;
 Impertinence ! the scurvy of mankind:
 And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
 Tho' we be of two diff'rent factions still,
 Both the good-natur'd and the ill,
 Yet wheresoe'er you look, you'll always find
 We join like flies and wasps in buzzing about wit.
 In me, who am of the first sect of these,
 All merit that transcends the humble rules
 Of my own dazzled, scanty sense,
 Begets a kinder folly and impertinence

* The Ode I writ to the King in Ireland: see p. 69. SWIFT.

Of admiration and of praise ;
 And our good brethren of the surly sect
 Must e'en all herd with us their kindred-fools ;
 For tho' possess'd of present vogue, they've made
 Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade,
 Yet the same want of brains produces each effect :
 And you, whom Pluto's helm does wisely shroud
 From us the blind and thoughtless crowd,
 Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,
 Who both our follies and impertinencies see,
 Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and inc.

IV.

But censure's to be understood
 Th' authentic mark of the elect, [good,
 The public stamp Heav'n sets on all that's great and
 Our shallow search and judgment to direct.
 The war, methinks, has made
 Our wit and learning narrow as our trade :
 Instead of boldly sailing far to buy
 A stock of wisdom and philosophy,
 We fondly stay at home in fear
 Of every censuring privateer,
 Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the sale,
 And selling basely by retail.
 The wits, I mean the Atheists of the age, [stage,
 Who fain would rule the pulpit as they do the
 Wondrous refiners of philosophy,
 Of morals and divinity !
 By the new modish system of reducing all to sense,
 Against all logic and concluding laws,

Do own th' effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cause.

V.

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
How little, very little, do prevail
Their first and chiefest force,
To censure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who, you be,
Will quickly take another course,
And by their never-failing ways
Of solving all appearances they please,
We soon shall see them to their ancient methods fall,
And straight deny you to be men, or any thing at
I laugh at the grave answer they will make, [all.
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap.
'Tis but to say that we daily meet,
And by fond mistake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a crowd of atoms jostling in a heap,
Which from eternal seeds begun, [sun;
Jostling some thousand years, till ripen'd by the
They're now, just now, as naturally born
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who must my weakness and my ignorance confess,
That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to see,
Methinks I'm satisfy'd to guess

That this new, noble, and delightful scene,
 Is wonderfully mov'd by some exalted men,
 Who have well studied in the world's disease,
 That epidemic error and depravity
 Or in our judgment or our eye)
 That what surprises us can only please.
 We often search, contentedly, the whole world round
 To make some great discovery,
 And scorn it when 'tis found.
 Just so the mighty Nile has suffer'd in its fame,
 Because 'tis said (and perhaps only said)
 We've found a little inconsiderable head
 That feeds the huge unequal stream.
 Consider human folly, and you'll quickly own
 That all the praises it can give,
 By which some fondly boast they shall for ever
 Won't pay th' impertinence of being known; [live,
 Else why should the fam'd Lydian king,
 Whom all the charms of an usurp'd wife and state,
 With all that power unfelt courts mankind to be
 Did with new unexperienc'd glories wait, [great,
 Still wear, still dote, on his invisible ring?

VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of Fame,
 Which is perhaps as hard t' imagine rig t
 As to paint Echo to the sight,
 I would not draw th' idea from an empty name;
 Because, alas! when we all die,
 Careless and ignorant posterity,

Altho' they praise the learning and the wit,
 And tho' the title seems to show
 The name and man by whom the book was writ,
 Yet how shall they be brought to know
 Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
 Less should I daub it o'er with transitory praise,
 And water-colors of these days;
 These days! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
 Is at a loss for figures to express
 Men's folly, whimsies, and inconstancy,
 And by a faint description makes them less. [it?
 Then tell us what is fame, where shall we search for
 Look where exalted Virtue and Religion sit
 Enthron'd with heav'nly wit;
 Look where you see
 The greatest scorn of learned vanity,
 (And then how much a nothing is mankind!
 Whose reason is weigh'd down by popular air,
 Who by that vainly talks of baffling death,
 And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of breath,
 Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
 To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind)
 And when you find out these, believe true fame is
 there,
 Far above all reward, yet to which all is due;
 And this, ye great unknown! is only known in you.

VIII.

The juggling sea-god, when by chance trepann'd
 By some instructed quariat sleeping on the sand,
 Impatient of all answers, straight became

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A stealing brook, and strove to creep away
Into his native sea,
Fret'd at their follies, murmur'd in his stream
But di-appointed of his fond desire,
Would vanish in a pyramid of ~~the~~ ice.
This surly, slipp'ry god, when he design'd
To furnish his escapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of shapes
Than you to please and satisfy mankind,
And seem (almost) transform'd to water, flame, and
So well you answer'd all phenomenas there: [air,
Tho' madmen and the wits, philosophers and fools,
With all that factious or enthusiastic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the schools;
Tho' all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and shame,
Contrive to shock your minds with many a senseless
doubt;
Doubts where the Delphic god would grope in
ignorance and night,
The god of learning and of light
Would want a god himself to help him out.

IX,

Philosophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrowed some ungrateful taste
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From ev'ry age thro' which it past,
But always with a stronger relish of the last,
This beauteous queen, by Heav'n design'd
To be the great original,

For man to dress and polish his uncourtly mind,
In what mock habits have they put her since the
fall!

More oft' in fools' and madmen's hands than sages,
She seems a medley of all ages,
With a huge farthingale to swell her fustian stuff,
A new commode, a top-knot, and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long sweeping train
Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye:
How soon have you restor'd her charms,
And rid her of her lumber and her books!
Dress'd her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great!
How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of Heav'n is in her naked looks!

X.

Thus the deluding Muse oft' blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers,
And changes all to beauty and the praise
Of that proud tyrant sex of hers.
The rebel-muse, alas! takes part
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conspire
To fan th' unhappy fire.
Cruel unknown! what is it you intend?
Ah! could you, could you hope a poet for your
friend!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Rather forgive what my first transport said;
May all the blood which shall by woman's scorn
be shed

Lie upon you, and on your children's head;
For you, (ah! did I think I e'er should live to see
The fatal time when that could be!)
Have e'en increas'd their pride and cruelty.
Woman seems now above all vanity grown,
Still boasting of her great unknown
Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vast charges of a smile;
Which 'tis a shame to see how much of late
You've taught the cov'tous wretches to o'er-rate,
And which they've now the conscience to weigh
In the same balance with our tears,
And with such scanty wages pay
The bondage and the slavery of years. [us,
Let the vain sex dream on, their empire comes from
And had they common generosity
They would not use us thus.
Well—tho' you've rais'd her to this high degree,
Ourselves are rais'd as well as she;
And, spite of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happiness enough to me
Still to be of the same exalted sex with you.

XI.

Alas! how fleeting and how vain
Is even the nobler man, our learning, and our wit!
I sigh whene'er I think of it;

As at the closing an unhappy scene
 Of some great king and conqu'ror's death,
 When the sad melancholy Muse
 Stays but to catch his utmost breath:
 I grieve this noble work, so happily begun,
 So quickly and so wonderfully carry'd on,
 Must fall at last to interest, folly, and abuse.
 There is a noon-tide in our lives,
 Which still the sooner it arrives,
 Altho' we boast our winter sun looks bright,
 And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
 Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy
 No conquest ever yet begun, [night,
 And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
 E'er flourish'd under a successor or a son;
 It lost some mighty pieces thro' all hands it past,
 And vanish'd to an empty title in the last:
 For when the animating mind is fled,
 (Which Nature never can retain,
 Nor e'er call back again,)
 The body, tho' gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare
 With what unhappy men shall dare
 To be successors to these great unknown
 On Learning's high-established throne.
 Censure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
 Numberless nations, stretching far and wide,

Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothic swarms come
forth

From Ignorance's universal North,
And with blind rage break all this peaceful govern-
Yet shall these traces of your wit remain, [ment;
Like a just map, to tell the vast extent
Of conquest in your short and happy reign,
And to all future mankind shew
How strange a paradox is true,
That men, who liv'd and dy'd without a name,
Are the chief heroes in the sacred list of Fame.



MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION

TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES

THE LORDS JUSTICES OF IRELAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1699,

The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries,

Humbly sheweth,

THAT I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's
chamber, because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds four shillings
and sixpence, besides farthings, in money and
gold;

So, because I had been buying things for my Lady
last night,

I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it was
right.

Now you must know, because my trunk has a
very bad lock,

Therefore all the money I have, which, God
knows, is a very small stock,

I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next
to my smock :

So when I went to put up my purse, as God would
have it, my smock was unript,

And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down
it slid :

Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my
Lady to bed ;

And, God knows, I thought my money was as
safe as my maidenhead :

So when I came up again, I found my pocket feel
very light ;

But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord !
I thought I should have sunk outright.

“ Lord ! Madam,” says Mary, “ how d’ye do ? ”

“ Indeed,” says I, “ never worse ;

“ But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done
“ with my purse ? ”

“ Lord help me ! ” said Mary, “ I never stirr’d out
“ of this place.”

“ Nay,” said I, “ I had it in Lady Betty’s cham-
“ ber, that’s a plain case.”

So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm;
However, she stole away my garters, that I might
do myself no harm:

So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very
well think, [wink.

But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a
So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and
search'd the folks round,

And in a corner of Mrs. Duke's box, ty'd in a rag,
the money was found.

So next morning we told Whittle, and he fell a
swearing;

Then my Dame Wadgar came, and she, you know,
is thick of hearing:

' Dame,' said I, as loud as I could bawl, ' do
' you know what a loss I have had?'

" Nay," said she, " my Lord Colway's folks are all
" very sad;

" For my Lord Dromedary comes a Tuesday with-
" out fail."

' Pugh!' said I, ' but that's not the bus'noss that
' I ail.'

Says Cary, says he, ' I have been a servant this
' five-and-twenty years come spring,

' And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of
' such a thing.'

" Yes," says the steward, " I remember, when I
" was at my Lady Shirewsbury's,

" Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time
" of gooseberries."

So I went to the party suspected, and I found her
full of grief,

(Now you must know, of all things in the world,
I hate a thief,)

However, I was resolv'd to bring the discourse
slily about:

'Mrs. Dukes,' said I, 'here's an ugly accident
'has happen'd out:

'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a
'louse,

'But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the
'house.

'Tis true, seven pounds four shillings and six-
'pence makes a great hole in my wages;

'Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in
'these ages.

'Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body
'understands,

'That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go
'without hands.'

"The devil take me," said she, (blessing herself)
"if ever I saw't:"

So she roar'd like a Bedlam, as tho' I had call'd her
all to naught.

So you know, what could I say to her any
more?

I e'n left her, and came away as wise as I was be-
fore.

Well, but then they would have had me gone to
the cunning man;



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

‘No,’ said I, ‘ ’tis the same thing, the chaplain
will be here anon.’

So the chaplain came in. Now the servants say
he is my sweetheart,

Because he’s always in my chamber, and I always
take his part.

So, as the devil would have it, before I was aware,
out I blunder’d,

‘Parson,’ said I, ‘can you cast a nativity when a
body’s plunger’d?’

(Now you must know he hates to be called Par-
son like the devil,)

“Truly,” says he, “Mrs. Nab, it might become
you to be more civil;

“If your money be gone, as a learned divine says,
“d’ye sec,

“You are no text for my handling; so take that
“from me:

“I was never taken for a conjurer before, I’d have
“you to know.”

‘Lord!’ said I, ‘don’t be angry, I’m sure I never
‘thought you so:

‘You know I honour the cloth, I design to be a
‘parson’s wife:

‘I never took one in your coat for a conjurer in
‘all my life.’

With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope,
as who should say,

Now you may go hang yourself for me, and so went
away.

Well ; I thought I should have swoon'd. ' Lord !'
said I, ' what shall I do ?

' I have lost my money, and shall lose my true love
' too.'

Then my Lord call'd me : ' Harry,' said my Lord,
' don't cry,

' I'll give thee something towards thy loss ;' " and,"
says my Lady, " so will I."

' Oh ! but,' says I, ' what if, after all, my chap-
' lain won't come-to ?'

" For that," he said, (un't please your Excel-
lencies,) " I must petition you."

The premises tenderly considered, I desire your
Excellencies' protection,

And that I may have a share in next Sunday's
collection ;

And, over and above, that I may have your Ex-
cellencies' letter,

With an order for the chaplain aforesaid, or, in-
stead of him, a better :

And then your poor petitioner, both night and
day,

Or the chaplain, for 'tis his trade, as in duty
bound, shall ever pray.

VERSES WRITTEN IN A
LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK.

Written in the year 1699.

PERUSE my leaves thro' ev'ry part,
And think thou seest my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light,
Expos'd to ev'ry coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wise.
Here you may read, Dear charming Saint,
Beneath, A new receipt for paint ;
Here in beau-spelling, ' Tru tel deth,'
There in her own, ' For an el breth ;'
Here, ' Lovely Nymph, pronounce my doom,'
There, ' A safe way to use perfume ;'
Here, a page fill'd with billet-doux,
On t'other side, ' Laid out for shoes ;'
' Madam, I die without your grace ;'
' Item, For half a yard of lace.'
Who that had wit would place it here,
For ev'ry peeping fop to jeer,
In pow'r of spittle and a clout,
Whene'er he please to blot it out ;
And, then, to heighten the disgrace,
Clap his own nonsense in the place ?
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book and such a heart,

If he be wealthy and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.



VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

BUILT FROM THE RUINS OF WHITEHALL THAT WAS
BURN'T.

Written in the year 1706.

In times of old when Time was young,
And poets their own verses sung,
A verse could draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team,
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile:
Each number had its diff'rent pow'r;
Heroic strains could build a tow'r;
Sonnets or elegies to Chloris
Might raise a house about two stories;
A lyric ode would slate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.

But to their own or landlord's cost,
Now poets feel this art is lost;
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raise a lodging for a song;

For Jove consider'd well the case,
 Observ'd they grew a num'rous race,
 'And should they build as fast as write,
 'Twould ruin undertakers quite :
 Thus evl therefore to prevent,
 He wisely chang'd their element ;
 On earth the god of Wealth was made
 Sole patron of the building-trade,
 Leaving the wits the spacious air,
 With license to build castles there ;
 And 'tis conceiv'd their old pretence
 To lodge in garrets comes from thence.

Premising thus, in modern way,
 The better half we have to say :
 Sing, Muse! the House of Poet Van,
 In higher strains than we began.

Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
 Is both a herald and a poet ;
 No wonder then if nicely skill'd
 In both capacities to build.
 As herald, he can in a day
 Repair a House gone to decay,
 Or by achievements, arms, device,
 Erect a new one in a trice ;
 And as a poet, he has skill
 To build in speculation still,
 ' Great Jove!' he cry'd, ' the art restore
 ' To build by verse as heretofore,
 ' And make my Muse the architect;
 ' What palaces shall we erect!

' No longer shall forsaken Thames
 ' Lament his old Whitehall in flames ;
 ' A pile shall from its ashes rise
 ' Fit to invade or prop the skies.'

Jove smil'd, and, like a gentle god,
 Consenting with the usual nod,
 Told Van he knew his talent best,
 And left the choice to his own breast :
 So Van resolv'd to write a farce ;
 But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
 With cunning that defect supplies,
 Takes a French play as lawful prize,
 Steals thence his plot and ev'ry joke,
 Not once suspecting Jove would smoke,
 And (like a wag) sat down to write,
 Would whisper to himself, A bite ;
 Then from the motley-mingled style
 Proceeded to erect his pile.

So men of old, to gain renown, did
 Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
 Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
 To turn the matter to a jest ;
 Down from Olympus' top he slides,
 Laughing as if he'd burst his sides.
 ' Ay,' thought the god, ' are these your tricks ?
 ' Why then old plays deserve old bricks ;
 ' And since you're sparing of your stuff,
 ' Your building shall be small enough.'
 He spake, and, grudging, lent his aid ;
 Th' experienc'd bricks, that knew their trade,

(As being bricks at second hand,)
Now move, and now in order stand.

The building, as the poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit -
And first the prologue built a wall
So wide as to encompass all :
The scene, a wood, produc'd no more
Than a few scrubby trees before :
The plot as yet lay deep, and so
A cellar next was dug below ;
But this a work so hard was found,
Two acts it cost him under ground :
Two other acts, we may presume,
Were spent in building each a room.
Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
To raise a roof with act the fifth :
The epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.

Now poets from all quarters ran
To see the House of Brother Van ;
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round,
But no such House was to be found.
One asks the waterman hard by,
Where may the poet's palace lie ?
Another of the Thames inquires
If he has seen its gilded spires ?
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pye :
Thither in haste the poets throng,
And gaze in silent wonder long,

'Till one in raptures thus began
To praise the pile and builder Van.

' Thrice happy Poet! who may'st trail
' Thy House about thee like a snail;
' Or, harness'd to a nag, at ease
' Take journies in it like a chaise;
' Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
' Canst make it serve thee for a tilt.
' Capacious House! 'tis own'd by all
' Thou'rt well contriv'd, tho' thou art small;
' For ev'ry wit in Britain's isle
' May lodge within thy spacious pile.
' Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
' Thy mother burnt, art born again,
' Born like a phoenix from the flame,
' But neither bulk nor shape the same:
' As animals of largest size
' Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies,
' A type of modern wit and style,
' The rubbish of an ancient pile;
' So chymists boast they have a pow'r,
' From the dead ashes of a flow'r
' Some faint resemblance to produce,
' But not the virtue, taste, or juice.
' Some modern rhymers wisely blast
' The poetry of ages past,
' Which after they have overthrown,
' They from its ruins build their own.'

TO THE EARL OF PETERBORO',

WHO COMMANDED THE
BRITISH FORCES IN SPAIN.

Written in the year 1706.

MORDANTO fills the trump of Fame,
The Christian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journies he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows ev'ry prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris Gazette A-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto, in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reek
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the postboy winds his horn,
And rides thro' Dover in the morn;
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his full'wers strown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone :

His body, active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except so he leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, tho' full of vigour,
Would halt behind him were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a star ;
In senates bold, and fierce in war ;
A land-commander and a tar.

Heroic actions early bred in, .
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his namesake Charles of Sweden.

MOTTO ON WHITSIED'S COACH*.

LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM!

LIBERTY AND MY NATIVE COUNTRY!

Written in the year 1706.

LIBERTAS *et natale solum!*

Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em;

Could nothing but thy chief reproach

Serve for a Motto on thy Coach?

But let me now the words translate:

Natale solum, my estate;

My dear estate! how well I love it!

My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it;

They swear I am so kind and good,

I hug them till I squeeze their blood.

Libertas bears a large import:

First, how to swagger in a court:

And, secondly, to shew my fury

Against an uncomplying jury:

And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention

To favour Wood, and keep my pension:

And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,

Get the great seal, and turn out Brod'rick:

* The noted Chief Justice, who twice prosecuted the Drapier, and dissolved the Grand Jury for not finding the bill against him.

And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean,)
 To humble that vexatious Dean :
 And, sixthly, for my soul to barter it,
 For fifty times its worth, to Carteret.

Now since your Motto thus you construe,
 I must confess you've spoken once true.
Libertas et natale solum !
 You had good reason when you stole 'em.



ON MRS. BIDDY FLOYD:

OR, THE RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY.

Written in the year 1707.

WHEN Cupid did his grandsire Jove entreat
 To form some Beauty by a new Receipt,
 Jove sent, and found, far in a country-scene,
 Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene :
 From which ingredients, first the dext'rous boy
 Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy :
 The Graces from the court did next provide
 Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride ;
 These Venus gleans from every spurious grain
 Of nice coquette, affected, pert, and vain :
 Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd,
 Then call'd the happy composition Floyd.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

*To the Honourable Mrs. Finch, afterwards Countess of
Winchelsea, under her name of Ardelia.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1707.

PHOEBUS, now short'ning ev'ry shade,
Up to the northern tropic came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid
Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glut'ring coach,
But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
From common lightning of the skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph who oft had read in books
Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
And guess'd his business ere he spoke.

He in the old celestial cant
Confess'd his flame, and swore by Styx
Whate'er she would desire, to grant.—
But wise Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
 Of strolling gods, whose usual trade is,
 Under pretence of taking air,
 To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat denial,
 As having malice in her heart,
 And was resolv'd, upon a trial,
 To cheat the god in his own art.

'Hear my request,' the virgin said;
 'Let which I please of all the Nine
 Attend whenc'er I want their aid,
 'Obey my call, and only mine.'

By vow oblig'd, by passion led,
 The god could not refuse her pray'r;
 He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
 Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due;
 But she the charm already try'd:
 Thalia heard the call, and flew
 To wait at bright Ardelia's side.

On sight of this celestial prude,
 Apollo thought it vain to stay;
 Nor in her presence durst be rude,
 But made his leg, and went away,

He hop'd to find some lucky hour
When on the Queen the Muses wait;
But Pallas owns Ardelia's pow'r,
For vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke;
' Deceitful Nymph! I see thy art,
' And tho' I can't my gift revoke,
' I'll disappoint its nobler part.

' Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
' And be thou negligent of fame;
' With ev'ry Muse to grace thy song,
' May'st thou despise a poet's name.

' Of modest poets be thou first;
' To silent shades repeat thy verse,
' Till Fame and Echo almost burst,
' Yet hardly dare one line rehearse.

' And last, my vengeance to complete,—
' May you descend, to take renown,
' Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
' A Whig, and one that wears a gown.'

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

IMITATED FROM OVID, BOOK VIII.

Written about the year 1708.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
 The saints would often leave their cells,
 And stroll about, but hide their quality,
 To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter night,
 As Authors of the legend write,
 Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
 Taking their tour in masquerade,
 Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
 To a small village down in Kent,
 Where, in the stroller's canting strain,
 They begg'd from door to door in vain,
 Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win,
 But not a soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring saints in woful state,
 Treated at this ungodly rate,
 Having thro' all the village past,
 To a small cottage came at last,
 Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
 Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon,
 Who kindly ~~did~~ these saints invite
 In his poor hut to pass the night;
 And then the hospitable sire
 Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire,—

While he from out the chimney took
A fitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fry'd,
Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drunk,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round,
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they had not touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd,
For both were frighton'd to the heart,
And just began to cry—What art!
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errant.
' Good folks! you need not be afraid,
' We are but saints,' the hermits said:
' No hurt shall come to you or yours;
' But for that pack of churlish boors,
' Not fit to live on Christian ground,
' They and their houses shall be drown'd,
' Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
' And grow a church before your eyes.'
They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter,
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd and grew high'r,
Became a steeple with a spire.

'The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain, for a superior force
Apply'd at bottom stops its course;
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels,
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slow'r.
The flier, tho' it had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't;
But, slacken'd by some secret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone,
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd;
And still its love to household-cares,
By a shrill voice, at noon declares,—
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall,
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundant better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter,
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews,
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage, by such seats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,—
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style;
Then said, ' My house is grown so fine,
' Methinks I still would call it mine;

‘ I’m old, and fain would live at ease;
 ‘ Make me the Parson if you please.’

He spoke; and presently he feels
 His grazier’s coat fall down his heels;
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,
 About each arm a pudding-sleeve;
 His waistcoat to a cassoc grew,
 And both assum’d a sable hue,
 But, being old, continued just
 As threadbare and as full of dust.
 His talk was now of tythes and dues;
 He smok’d his pipe and read the news,
 Knew how to preach old sermons next,
 Vamp’d in the preface and the text;
 At christ’nings well could act his part,
 And had the service all by heart;
 Wish’d Women might have children fast,
 And thought whose sow had farrow’d last;
 Against Dissenters would repine,
 And stood up firm for right divine;
 Found his head fill’d with many a system;
 But classic authors,—he ne’er miss’d ’em.

Thus having furbish’d up a parson,
 Dame Baucis next they play’d their farce on.
 Instead of home-spun coifs were seen
 Good pinner’s edg’d with Colbertain;
 Her petticoat, transform’d apace,
 Became black sattin flounc’d with lace.
 Plain Goody would no longer down;
 ’Twas Madam, in her grogram gown.

Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim,
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were sev'ral years this man and wife,
When on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk,—
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
'My Dear, I see your forehead sprout!'
"Sprout;" quoth the man; "what's this you tell us?"
"I hope you don't believe me jealous;
"But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
"And really yours is budding too——"
"Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot;
"It feels as if 'twere taking root."

Description would but tire my Muse;
In short, they were both turn'd to yews.

Old Goodman Dobson of the Green
Remembers he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to shew the sight;
On Sundays, after ev'ning pray'r,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew;
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his Barn, cut Baucis down.

At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

THE

HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1708.

WHEN Mother Clud had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How Miss pick'd ev'ry painted card,
And, busy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a House two stories high.
Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to architecture;
He view'd the edifice, and smil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the model in his mind.

But when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work;
With true delight observ'd them all
Baking up mud to build a wall:

The plan he much admir'd, and took
 The model in his table-book;
 Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
 And so resolv'd a House to build,
 A real House, with rooms and stairs, ^o
 Five times at least as big as theirs;
 Taller than Miss's by two yards;
 Not a sham thing of clay or cards:
 And so he did; for in a while
 He built up such a monstrous pile,
 That no two chairmen could be found
 Able to lift it from the ground.
 Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
 Just in the place where first it grew;
 There all the little schoolboys run,
 Envy'ing to see themselves outdone.

From such deep rudiments as these,
 Van is become, by due degrees,
 For building fam'd, and justly reckon'd
 At court Vitruvius the Second:
 No wonder, since wise authors show
 , best foundations must be low:
 I now the Duke has wisely ta'en him
 , be his architect at Blenheim.
 ut, raillery for once a part,
 If this rule holds in ev'ry art,
 Or if his Grace were no more skill'd in
 The art of batt'ring walls than building,
 We might expect to see next year
 A mouse-trap-man chief engineer.

MERLIN'S PROPHECY.

SEVEN and ten addyd to nine,
 Of Fraunce her woe this is the sygne;
 Tamys rivere twys y-frozen,
 Walke sans wetyng shoes ne hozen.
 Then comyth foorth, ich understonde,
 From towne of stoffe to fattyn londe,
 An hardie chifstane, woe the morne,
 To Fraunce that evere he was born.
 Then shall the Fyshe† beweyle his boasse;
 Nor shall grin Berrys‡ make up the losse.
 Younge Symnele|| shall again miscarrye;
 And Norways pryde§ again shall marrey:
 And from the tree where blosoms feele,
 Rife fruit shall come, and all is wele.
 Reaums shall daunce honde in honde¶,
 And it shall be merye in old Inglonde;
 Then old Inglonde shall be no more,
 And no man shall be sorie therefore.
 Geryon** shall have three hedes agayne,
 Till Hapsburge†† makyth them but twayne.

* D. of Mariborough.

† The Dauphin.

‡ D. of Berry.

|| The young Pretender.

§ Q. Anne.

¶ By the Union.

** A King of Spain slain by Hercules.

†† The Archduke Charles was of the Hapsburg family.

A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710.

Scene,—THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

CORYDON.

Now the keen rigour of the winter 's o'er,
 No hail descends, and frosts can pinch no more;
 Whilst other girls confess the genial spring,
 And laugh aloud, or amorous ditties sing,
 Secure from cold their lovely necks display,
 And throw each useless chafing-dish away;
 Why sits my Phillis discontented here,
 Nor feels the turn of the revolving year?
 Why on that brow dwell sorrow and dismay,
 Where Loves were wont to sport, and Smiles to play?

PHILLIS.

Ah, Corydon! survey the 'Change around,
 Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is found:
 Alas! the day, when I, poor heedless maid,
 Was to your rooms in Lincoln's-Inn betray'd; }
 Then how you swore, how many vows you made! }
 Ye listening Zephyrs, that o'erheard his love,
 Waft the soft accents to the gods above.
 Alas! the day; for (oh, eternal shame!)
 I sold your handkerchiefs, and lost my fame.

CORYDON.

When I forget the favour you bestow'd,
 Red herrings shall be spawn'd in Tyburn Road,
 Fleet-street transform'd become a flowery green,
 And mass be sung where operas are seen;

The wealthy cit, and the St. James's beau,
 Shall change their quarters, and their joys forego ;
 Stock-jobbing this to Jonathan's shall come,
 At the Groom Porter's that play off his plum.

PHILLIS.

But what to me does all that love avail,
 If, while I doze at home o'er porter's ale,
 Each night with wine and wenches you regale? }
 My live-long hours in anxious cares are past,
 And raging hunger lays my beauty waste.
 On templars spruce in vain I glances throw,
 And with shrill voice invite them as they go.
 Expos'd in vain my glossy ribands shine,
 And unregarded wave upon the twine.
 The week flies round ; and, when my profit's known,
 I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

CORYDON.

Hard fate of virtue, thus to be distrest,
 Thou fairest of thy trade, and far the best !
 As fruitmen's stalls the summer-market grace,
 And ruddy peaches them ; as first in place
 Plum-cake is seen o'er smaller pastry ware,
 And ice on that ; so Phillis does appear
 In play-house and in park, above the rest
 Of belles mechanic, elegantly drest.

PHILLIS.

And yet Crepundia, that conceited fair,
 Amidst her toys, affects a saucy air,
 And views me hourly with a scornful eye.

CORYDON.

She might as well with bright Cleora vie.

PHILLIS.

With this large petticoat I strive in vain
To hide my folly past, and coming pain :
'Tis now no secret ; she, and fifty more,
Observe the symptoms I had once before :
A second babe at Wapping must be plac'd,
When I scarce bear the charges of the last.

CORYDON.

What I could raise I sent ; a pound of plums,
Five shillings, and a coral for his gums ;
To-morrow I intend him something more.

PHILLIS.

I sent a frock and pair of shoes before.

CORYDON.

However, you shall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight.
I have in store a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels, and the remnant of a chine.

And now on either side, and all around,
The weighty shop-boards fall and bars resound ;
Each ready sempstress slips her pattens on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.

WRITTEN ABOUT THE YEAR 1712.

Now hardly here and there an hackney-coach
 Appearing, shew'd the ruddy Morn's approach:
 Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
 And softly stole to discompose her own :
 The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
 Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor:
 Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,
 Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs :
 The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
 The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the
 place:

The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
 Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
 Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet,
 And brick-dust Moll had scream'd thro' half the
 The turnkey now his flock returning sees, [street:
 Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:
 The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
 And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

THE VIRTUES OF

SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN'S ROD.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1712.ⁿ

THE Rod was but a harmless wand
 While Moses held it in his hand,
 But soon as e'er he laid it down,
 'Twas a devouring serpent grown.
 Our great Magician, Hamet Sid,
 Reverses what the prophet did;
 His Rod was honest English wood,
 That senseless in a corner stood,
 Till, metamorphos'd by his grasp,
 It grew an all-devouring asp;
 Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
 By the mere virtue of his fist;
 But when he laid it down, as quick
 Resum'd the figure of a stick.

So to her midnight-feast the hag
 Rides on a broomstick for a nag,
 That, rais'd by magic of her breech,
 O'er sea and land conveys the witch,
 But with the morning-dawn resumes
 The peaceful state of common brooms.

They tell us something strange and odd
 About a certain magic rod,
 That, bending down its top, divines
 Whene'er the soil has golden mines;

Where there are none it stands erect,
 Scorning to shew the least respect:
 As ready was the wand of Sid
 To bend where golden mines were hid;
 In Scottish hills found precious ore,
 Where none e'er look'd for it before;
 And by a gentle bow divin'd
 How well a cully's purse was lin'd;
 To a forlorn and broken rake,
 Stood without motion, like a stake.

The rod of Hermes was renown'd
 For charms above and under ground;
 To sleep could mortal eyelids fix,
 And drive departed souls to Styx:
 That rod was just a type of Sid's,
 Which o'er a British senate's lids
 Could scatter opium full as well,
 And drive as many souls to hell.

Sid's Rod was slender, white and tall,
 Which oft' he us'd to fish withal;
 A *pluice* was fasten'd to the hook,
 And many score of gudgeons took;
 Yet still so happy was his fate,
 He caught his fish and sav'd his bait.

Sid's brethren of the conj'ring tribe
 A circle with their rods describe,
 Which proves a magical redoubt
 To keep mischievous spirits out.
 Sid's Rod was of a larger stride,
 And made a circle thrice as wide,

Where spirits throng'd with hideous din,
And he stood there to take them in;
But when th' enchanted Rod was broke.
They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.

Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near so good,
That down from ancestors divine
Transmitted to the hero's line,
Theuce thro' a long descent of kings,
Came an heir-loom, as Homer sings.
Tho' this description looks so big,
That sceptre was a sapless twig,
Which from the fatal day, when first
It left the forest where 'twas nurs'd,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom, bore.
Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
In golden boughs and golden fruit;
And he the dragon, never sleeping,
Guarded each fair Hesperian pippin.
No hobby horse with gorgeous top,
The dearest in Charles Mather's shop,
Or glitt'ring tinsel of May-fair,
Could with this Rod of Sid compare.

Dear Sid! then, why wert thou so mad
To break thy Rod like naughty lad?
You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
And then return it to your mistress,
Or made it a New-market switch,
And not a Rod for thy own breech:

But since old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a Rod in piss.

ATLAS :

OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE.

TO THE LORD TREASURER OXFORD,

Written in the year 1712.

ATLAS, we read in ancient song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the skies upon his back,
Just as a pedlar does his pack;
But as a pedlar over-prest,
Unloads upon a stall to rest,
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, lest the pond'rous spheres
Should sink and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might sit and rest a while.

Yet Hercules was not so strong,
Nor could have borne it half so long.

Great statesmen are in this condition,
And Atlas is a politician,
A premier minister of state
Alcides one of second rate,

Suppose, then, Atlas ne'er so wise,
Yet when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his single shoulders,
Sink down he must, or find upholders.

CORINNA.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1712

THIS day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
And he endow'd her with his art :

But Cupid with a Satyr comes,
Both softly to the cradle creep;
Both stroke her hands and rub her gums,
While the poor child lay fast asleep.

Then Cupid thus : ' This little maid
' Of love shall always speak and write :'
' And I pronounce,' the Satyr said,
' The world shall feel her scratch and bite.'

Her talent she display'd betimes;
For in twice twelve revolving moons
She seem'd to laugh and squall in rhymes,
And all her gestures were lampoons.

At six years old the subtle jade
Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid,
And you may swear the tale went round.

She made a song, how little Miss
Was kiss'd and slobber'd by a lad;
And how when Master went to p—,
Miss came, and poep'd at all he had.

At twelve a wit and a coquette,
Marries for love half whore, half wife;
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
Turns auth'ress, and is Curll's for life.

Her common-place book all gallant is,
Of scandal now a *cornucopia*,
She pours it out in Atalantis,
Or Memoirs of the new Utopia.



THE FABLE OF MIDAS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1712.

MIDAS, we are in story told,
Turn'd ev'ry thing he touch'd to gold:
He chipp'd his beard; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground.

A codling, ere it went his lip in, •
Would straight become a golden pippin.
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in golden cup.
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals thro' a quill;
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for gold-finders.
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head.
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, instead -
Of paltry provender and bread:
Hence by wise farmers we are told,
Old hay is equal to old gold:
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.
This fool had got a lucky hit,
And people fancy'd he had wit.
Two gods their skill in music try'd,
And both chose Midas to decide;
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of Wit, to shew his grudge,
Clapt asses' ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide,
And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pactolus' sands,

Against whose torrent while he swims,
 The golden scurf peels off his limbs :
 Fame spreads the news, and people travel
 From far to gather golden gravel :
 Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
 Had lost his art, and kept his ears.

This tale inclines the gentle reader }
 To think upon a certain leader,
 To whom from Midas down descends
 That virtue in the fingers' ends.
 What else by perquisites are meant,
 By pensions, bribes, and three *per cent*.
 By places and commissions sold,
 And turning dung itself to gold ?
 By starving in the midst of store,
 As t'other Midas did before !

None e'er did modern Midas chuse
 Subject or patron of his Muse,
 But found him thus their merit scan,
 That Phœbus must give place to Pan :
 He values not the poet's praise,
 Nor will exchange his plums* for bays :
 To Pan alone rich misers call ;
 And there's the jest, for Pan is All.
 Here English wits will be to seek ;
 Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.

Besides, it plainly now appears
 Our Midas too hath asses' ears,

* A cast word for 100,000l.

Where every fool his mouth applies,
 And whispers in a thousand lies :
 Such gross delusions could not pass
 Thro' any ears but of an ass.

But gold defiles with frequent touch,^h
 There's nothing fouls the hand so much :
 And scholars give it for the cause
 Of British Midas' dirty paws,
 Which while the senate strove to scour,
 They wash'd away the chymic power.

While he his utmost strength apply'd,
 To swim against this pop'lar tide,
 The golden spoils flew off apace ;
 Here fell a pension, there a place ;
 The torrent merciless imbibes
 Commissions, perquisites, and bribes ;
 By their own weight sunk to the bottom,
 Much good may't do 'em that have caught 'em ;
 And Midas now neglected stands
 With asses' ears and dirty hands.

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT.

DEAR Dean, since in *cruses* and *puns* you and I
 deal,
 Pray why is a woman a sieve and a riddle ?

'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,

In bed as I lay, Sir, a-tossing and turning.

You'll find, if you read but a few of your histories,
All women as Eve, all women are mysteries.

To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,
And make every one of the sex a Delphigor.

But that will not do, for I mean to commend
them :

I swear without jest, I an honour intend them.

In a sieve, Sir, their antient extraction I quite
tell,

In a riddle I give you their power and their title.

This I told you before: do you know what I mean,
Sir?

'Not I, by my troth, Sir.'—Then read it again,
Sir.

The reason I send you these lines of rhymes
double,

Is purely through pity, to save you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did
last;

When your Pegasus canter'd it triple, and rid
fast.

As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnassus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his asses,
He goes slow and sure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery steed is whipp'd, spurr'd, basti-
naded.

DEAN SWIFT'S ANSWER.

SIR,

IN reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack
nigh;

And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you mistaken in matter of fact.

A woman's no sieve, (for with that you begin,)
Because she lets out more than ere she takes in;
And that she's a riddle can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is light:
But grant her a sieve, I can say something archer,
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen searcher.

Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid was the first man's dam-
nation?

If your Worship will please to explain me this
rebus,

I swear from henceforward you shall be my Phœ-
bus.

*From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11,
1712, past 12, at noon.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

FROM 1713 to 1730.

CADENUS AND VANESSA.—1713.

THE shepherds and the nymphs were seen
 Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.
 The counsel for the fair began,
 Accusing the false creature Man :
 The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd, 5
 On which the pleader much enlarg'd ;
 That Cupid now has lost his art,
 Or blunts the point of ev'ry dart ;
 His altar now no longer smokes,
 His mother's aid no youth invokes ; 10
 This tempts Freethinkers to refine,
 And bring in doubt their pow'rs divine :
 Now love has dwindled to intrigue,
 And marriage grown a money-league.
 Which crimes aforesaid (with her leave) 15
 Were (as he humbly did conceive)
 Against our sov'reign lady's peace,
 Against the statute in that case,
 Against her dignity and crown,
 Then pray'd an answer, and sat down. 20
 The nymphs with scorn beheld their foes,
 When the defendant's counsel rose,

And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
 With impudence own'd all the fact,
 But, what the gentlest heart would vex, 25
 Laid all the fault on t'other sex.
 'That modern love is no such thing,
 As what those ancient poets sing,
 A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
 Conceived and kindled in the mind, 30
 Which having found an equal flame,
 Unites, and both become the same,
 In different breasts together burn,
 Together both to ashes turn :
 But women now feel no such fire, 35
 And only know the gross desire :
 Their passions move in lower spheres,
 Where'er caprice or folly steers.
 A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
 Or some worse brute in human shape, 40
 Engross the fancies of the fair ;
 The few soft moments they can spare
 From visits to receive and pay,
 From scandal, politics, and play,
 From fans, and flounces, and brocades, 45
 From equipage and Park-parades,
 From all the thousand female toys,
 From ev'ry trifle that employs
 The out or inside of their hands,
 Between their toilettes and their beds. 50
 In a dull stream, which moving slow,
 You hardly see the current flow,

If a small breeze obstructs the course,
 It whirls about for want of force,
 And in its narrow circle gathers 55
 Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers:
 The current of a female mind
 Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry wind ;
 Thus whirling round, together draws
 Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws : 60
 Hence we conclude no women's hearts
 Are won by virtue, wit, and parts,
 Nor are the men of sense to blame
 For breasts incapable of flame ;
 The fault must on the nymphs be plac'd, 65
 Grown so corrupted in their taste.

The pleader, having spoke his best,
 Had witness ready to attest,
 Who fairly could on oath depose,
 When questions on the fact arose, 70
 That ev'ry article was true,
 Nor further these deponents knew ;—
 Therefore he humbly would insist
 The bill might be with costs dismiss.

The cause appear'd of so much weight, 75
 That Venus, from her judgment-seat,
 Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
 Else she must interpose a cloud ;
 For if the heav'nly folk should know
 These pleadings in the courts below, 80
 That mortals here disdain to love ;
 She ne'er could show her face above ;

For Cowley's Briefs, and Pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller. 115

There was on both sides much to say ;
She'd hear the cause another day ;
And so she did, and then a third ;
She heard it—there she kept her word :
But with rejoinders and replies, 120
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join :
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun. 125

Now, gentle Cliq ! sing or say
What Venus means by this delay.
The goddess, much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand debate arose, 130
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her end, which, if it sped,
Would show the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws. 135

In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the Queen of Love was bent
To try a new experiment ;
She threw her law-books on the shelf, 140
And thus debated with herself.

' Since men allege they ne'er can find
' Those beauties in a female mind

' Which raise a flame that will endure
 ' For ever uncorrupt and pure, 145
 ' If 'tis with reason they complain,
 ' This instant shall restore my reign ♀
 ' I'll search where ev'ry virtue dwells,
 ' From courts inclusive down to cells,
 ' What preachers talk, or sages write ; 150
 ' These I will gather and unite,
 ' And represent them to mankind
 ' Collected in that infant's mind.'

This said, she plucks, in heav'n's high bow'rs,
 A sprig of amaranthine flow'rs, 155
 In nectar thrice infuses bays
 Three times refin'd in Titan's rays,
 Then calls the Graces to her aid,
 And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid,
 From whence the tender skin assumes 160
 A sweetness above all perfumes,
 From whence a cleanliness remains,
 Incapable of outward stains,
 From whence that decency of mind
 So lovely in the female kind, 165
 Where not one careless thought intrudes
 Less modest than the speech of prudes,
 Where never blush was call'd in aid,
 That spurious virtue in a maid,
 A virtue but at second-hand ; 170
 They blush because they understand.

The Graces next would act their part,
 And shew'd but little of their art ;

Their work was half already done,
 The child with native beauty shone, 175
 The outward form no help requir'd,
 Each breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
 That gentle, soft, engaging air,
 Which in old times adorn'd the fair,
 And said, 'Vanessa be the name 180
 'By which thou shalt be known to fame;
 'Vanessa, by the gods inroll'd;
 'Her name on earth—shall not be told.'

But still the work was not complete,
 When Venus thought on a deceit: 185
 Drawn by her doves away she flies,
 And finds out Pallas in the skies.
 'Dear Pallas! I have seen this morn
 'To see a lovely infant born;
 'A boy in yonder isle below, 190
 'So like my own without his bow;
 'By beauty could your heart be won,
 'You'd swear it is Apollo's son:
 'But it shall ne'er be said a child.
 'So hopeful has by me been spoil'd; 195
 'I have enough besides to spare,
 'And give him wholly to your care.'

Wisdom's above suspecting wiles;
 The Queen of Learning gravely smiles,
 Down from Olympus comes with joy, 200
 Mistakes Vanessa for a boy,
 Then sows within her tender mind
 Seeds long unknown to woman-kind,

For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
 The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit : 205
 Her soul was suddenly endu'd
 With justice, truth, and fortitude ;
 With honour, which no breath can stain,
 Which malice must attack in vain ;
 With open heart and bounteous hand ; 210
 But Pallas here was at a stand ;
 She knew in our degen'rate days
 Bare virtue could not live on praise ;
 That meat must be with money bought ;
 She therefore, upon second thought, 215
 Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
 Some small regard for state and wealth,
 Of which, as she grew up, there stay'd
 A tincture in the prudent maid ;
 She manag'd her estate with care, 220
 Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair :
 But lest he should neglect his studies
 Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
 (For fear young master should be spoil'd)
 Would use him like a younger child, 225
 And, after long computing, found
 'Twould come to just five thousand pound.

The Queen of Love was pleas'd, and proud
 To see Vanessa thus endow'd ;
 She doubted not but such a dame 230
 Thro' ev'ry breast would dart a flame ;
 That ev'ry rich and lordly swain
 With pride would drag about her chain ;

That scholars would forsake their books
 To study bright Vanessa's looks ; 235
 As she advanc'd, that woman-kind
 Would by her model form their mind,
 And all their conduct would be try'd
 By her, as an unerring guide ;
 Offending daughters oft' would hear 240
 Vanessa's praise rung in their ear.
 Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
 Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
 Will thus be by her mother chid,
 ' 'Tis what Vanessa never did.' 245
 Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
 My pow'r shall be again restor'd,
 And happy lovers ~~bleas~~ my reign—
 So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.
 For when in time ~~the~~ martial maid 250
 Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
 She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
 And, fir'd with indignation, vows
 To-morrow, ere the setting sun, .
 She'd all undo that she had done. 255
 But in the poets we may find
 A wholesome law, time out of mind,
 Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
 That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
 Resume not what themselves have giv'n, 260
 Or any brother-god in heav'n,
 Which keeps the peace among the gods,
 Or they must always be at odds ;

- And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause, 265
A shame to one so much ador'd
For wisdom at Jove's council-board
Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above -
And tho' she must with grief reflect 270
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts except her own,
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame. 275
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fulfil her design;
She study'd well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
From premises erroneous brought, 280
And therefore the deduction's nought,
And must have contray effects
To what her treach'rous foe expects.
- In proper season Pallas meets
The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets, 285
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celestial language scold,)
' Perhdous Goddess! but in vain
' You form'd this project in your brain,
' A project for thy talents fit, 290
' With much deceit and little wit.
' Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
' Deceiv'd thyself instead of me;

' For how can heav'nly wisdom prove
 ' An instrument to earthly love? 295
 ' Know'st thou not yet that men commence
 ' Thy votaries for want of sense?
 ' Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
 ' To manage thy abortive scheme;
 ' She'll prove the greatest of thy foes; 300
 ' And yet I scorn to interpose,
 ' But using neither skill nor force,
 ' Leave all things to their nat'ral course.'

The Goddess thus pronounc'd her doom;
 When, lo! Vanessa, in her bloom, 305
 Advanc'd like Atalanta's star,
 But rarely seen, and seen from far;
 In a new world with caution stept,
 Watch'd all the company she kept,
 Well knowing, from the books she read, 310
 What dang'rous paths young virgins tread;
 Would seldom at the Park appear,
 Nor saw the playhouse twice a-year;
 Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
 To know the converse of mankind. 315

First issu'd from perfumers' shops
 A crowd of fashionable fops:
 They ask'd her how she lik'd the play?
 Then told the tattle of the day;
 A duel fought last night at two, 320
 About a lady—you know who;
 Mention'd a new Italian, come
 Either from Muscovy or Rome;

- Gave hints of who and who's together,
 Then fell to talking of the weather; 325
 Last night was so extremely fine,
 The ladies walk'd till after nine:
 Then in soft voice, and speech absurd,
 With nonsense ev'ry second word,
 With fustian from exploded plays, 330
 They celebrate her beauty's praise,
 Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
 And tell the murders of her eyes.
- With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
 Scarce list'ning to the idle chat, 335
 Further than sometimes by a frown,
 When they grew pert, to pull them down.
 At last she spitefully was bent
 To try their wisdom's full extent,
 And said she valu'd nothing less 340
 Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;
 That merit should be chiefly plac'd
 In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
 And these, she offer'd to dispute,
 Alone distinguish'd man from brute; 345
 That present times have no pretence
 To virtue in the noble sense
 By Greeks and Romans understood,
 To perish for our country's good:
 She nam'd the ancient heroes round, 350
 Explain'd for what they were renown'd,
 Then spoke with censure or applause,
 Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;

Thro' Nature and thro' Art she rang'd,
 And gracefully her subject chang'd : 365
 In vain ; her hearers had no share
 In all she spoke, except to stare :
 Their judgment was, upon the whole,
 ——That lady is the dullest soul——
 Then tipt their forehead in a jeer, 360
 As who should say——She wants it here:
 She may be handsome, young, and rich,
 But none will burn her for a witch.

A party next of glitt'ring dames,
 From round the parlours of St. James, 365
 Came early, out of pure good-will,
 To see the girl in dishabille :
 Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
 Grew louder all the way up stairs,
 At entrance loudest, where they found 370
 The room with volumes litter'd round.
 Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
 Whilst Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.
 They call'd for tea and chocolate, .
 And fell into their usual chat ; 375
 Discoursing, with important face,
 On ribands, fans, and gloves, and lace ;
 Shew'd patterns just from India brought, *
 And gravely ask'd her what she thought ?
 Whether the red or green were best ? 380
 And what they cost ? Vanessa guest
 As came into her fancy first,
 Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst,

- 'To scandal next——' What awkward thing
 ' Was the last Sunday in the ring? 385
 ' I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast;
 ' I said her face would never last.
 ' Corinna, with that youthful air,
 ' Is thirty, and a bit to spare:
 ' Her fondness for a certain earl 390
 ' Began when I was but a girl.
 ' Phillis, who but a montrago
 ' Was marry'd to the Tunbridge bean,
 ' I saw coquetting t'other night
 ' In public with that odious knight.' 395
 They rally'd next Vanessa's dress;
 ' That gown was made for old Queen Bess.
 ' Dear Madam! let me see your head;
 ' Don't you intend to put on red?
 ' A petticoat without a hoop! 400
 ' Sure you are not asham'd to stoop.
 ' With handsome garters at your knees,
 ' No matter what a fellow sees.
 Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
 Both of herself and sex asham'd, 405
 The nymph stood silent out of spite,
 Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
 Away the fair detractors went,
 And gave by turns their censures vent.
 ' She's not so handsome in my eyes: 410
 ' For wit, I wonder where it lies.
 ' She's fair and clean, and that's the most;
 ' But why proclaim her for a toast?

' A baby face, no life, no airs,
 ' But what she learns at country fairs ; 415
 ' Scarce knows what diff'rence is between
 ' Rich Flanders lace and Colberteene.
 ' I'll undertake my little Nancy
 ' In flounces hath a better fancy.
 ' With all her wit, I would not ask 420
 ' Her judgment how to buy a mask.
 ' We begg'd her but to patch her face,
 ' She never hit one proper place,
 ' Which ev'ry girl at five years old
 ' Can do as soon as she is told. 425
 ' I own that out-of-fashion stuff
 ' Becomes the creature well enough.
 ' The girl might pass, if we could get her
 ' To know the world a little better.'
 (To know the world ! a modern phrase 430
 For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)

Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
 The Queen of Beauty lost her aim :
 Too late, with grief she understood
 Pallas had done more harm than good ; 435
 For great examples are but vain,
 Where ignorance begets disdain.
 Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
 Against Vanessa's pow'r unite :
 To copy her few nymphs aspir'd, 440
 Her virtues fewer swains admir'd :
 So stars beyond a certain height
 Give mortals neither heat nor light.

Yet some of either sex, endow'd
 With gifts superior to the crowd, 445
 With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
 She condescended to admit. ♀
 With pleasing arts she could reduce
 Men's talents to their proper use ;
 And with address each genius held 450
 To that wherein it most excell'd ;
 Thus making others' wisdom known,
 Could please them and improve her own.
 A modest youth said something new,
 She plac'd it in the strongest view, 455
 All humble worth she strove to raise,
 Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
 The learned met with free approach,
 Altho' they came not in a coach ;
 Some clergy, too, she would allow, 460
 Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow ;
 But this was for Cadenus' sake,
 A gownman of a diff'rent make,
 Whom Pallas, once Vanessa's tutor,
 Had fix'd on for her coadjutor. 465
 But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
 To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
 On Pallas all attempts are vain :
 One way he knows to give her pain ;
 Vows on Vanessa's heart to take 470
 Due vengeance for her patron's sake.
 Those early seeds by Venus sown,
 In spite of Pallas now were grown,

And Cupid hop'd they would improve
By time, and ripen into love. 475

The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at col'nels, lords, and beaus,
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For placing still some book betwixt, 480
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
(On Plutarch's Morals struck were spoil'd.

The Queen of Wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent, the Fate's decree; 485
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vanessa, tho' by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid, 490
Was in the very search betray'd.

Cupid, tho' all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost;
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame, 495
A nymph so hard to be subdu'd,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
'I find,' said he, 'she wants a Doctor
'Both to adore her and instruct her:
'I'll give her what she most admires 500
'Among those venerable sires.
'Cadenus is a subject fit,
'Grown old in politics and wit,

- ' Caress'd by ministers of state,
 ' Of half mankind the dread and hate : 505
 ' Whate'er vexations love attend,
 ' She need no rivals apprehend.
 ' Her sex, with universal voice,
 ' Must laugh at her capricious choice.'
- Cadenus many things had writ ; 510
 Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
 And call'd for his Poetic Works ;
 Mean time the boy in secret lurks,
 And, while the book was in her hand,
 The urchin from his private stand 515
 Took aim, and shot with all his strength
 A dart of such prodigious length,
 It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
 And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
 Some lines, more moving than the rest, 520
 Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
 And, borne directly to the heart,
 With pains unknown increas'd her smart.
- Vanessa, not in years a score,
 Dreams of a gown of forty-four ; 525
 Imaginary charms can find
 In eyes with reading almost blind.
 Cadenus now no more appears
 Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years ;
 She fancies music in his tongue, 530
 Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
 What mariner is not afraid
 To venture in a ship decay'd?

What planter will attempt to yoke
 A sapling with a falling oak? 535
 As years increase she brighter shines,
 Cadenus with each day declines:
 And he must fall a prey to time,
 While she continues in her prime.
 Cadenus, common forms apart, 540
 In ev'ry scene had kept his heart;
 Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
 For pastime, or to shew his wit:
 But time and books, and state-affairs,
 Had spoil'd his fashionable airs: 545
 He now could praise, esteem, approve,
 But understood not what was love.
 His conduct might have made him styl'd
 A father, and the nymph his child.
 That innocent delight he took 550
 To see the virgin mind her book,
 Was but the master's secret joy
 In school to hear the finest boy.
 Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
 She hourly press'd for something new; 555
 Ideas came into her mind
 So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
 She reason'd without plodding long,
 Nor never gave her judgment wrong.
 But now a sudden change was wrought, 560
 She minds no longer what he taught.
 Cadenus was amaz'd to find
 Such marks of a distracted mind;

For tho' she seem'd to listen more
 To all he spoke than e'er before, 565
 He found her thoughts would absent range,
 Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
 And first he modestly conjectures
 His pupil might be tir'd with lectures,
 Which help'd to mortify his pride, 570
 Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
 But in a mild dejected strain,
 At last he ventur'd to complain;
 Said she should be no longer teas'd;
 Might have her freedom when she pleas'd, 575
 Was now convinc'd he acted wrong
 To hide her from the world so long,
 And in dull studies to engage
 One of her tender sex and age;
 That ev'ry nymph with envy own'd 580
 How she might shine in the *grand monde*,
 And ev'ry shepherd was undone
 To see her cloister'd like a nun.
 This was a visionary scheme;
 He wak'd, and found it but a dream; 585
 A project far above his skill,
 For nature must be nature still.
 If he was bolder than became
 A scholar to a courtly dame,
 She might excuse a man of letters; 590
 Thus tutors often treat their betters:
 And since his talk offensive grew,
 He came to take his last adieu.

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears. 595

Had he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong,
Yet could such notions entertain,
That all his lectures were in vain? 600

She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts,
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost: 605

Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use,
That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secret to our foes: 610

That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind.

'Now,' said the nymph, 'I'll let you see
'My actions with your rules agree; 615

'That I can vulgar forms despise,

'And have no secrets to disguise.

'I knew, by what you said and writ,

'How dang'rous things were mas'd of wit;

'You caution'd me against their charms, 620

'But never gave me equal arms;

'Your lessons found the weakest part,

'Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.'

Cadenus felt within him rise
 Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise: 625
 He knew not how to reconcile
 Such language with her usual style;
 And yet her words were so exprest,
 He could not hope she spoke in jest.
 His thoughts had wholly been confin'd 630
 To form and cultivate her mind:
 He hardly knew, till he was told,
 Whether the nymph were young or old;
 Had met her in a public place,
 Without distinguishing her face: 635
 Much less could his declining age
 Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
 And if her youth indifference met,
 His person must contempt beget:
 Or, grant her passion be sincere, 640
 How shall his innocence be clear?
 Appearances were all so strong,
 The world must think him in the wrong;
 Would say he made a treach'rous use
 Of wit, to flatter and seduce: 645
 The Town would swear he had betray'd,
 By magic spells, the harmless maid;
 And ev'ry beau would have his jokes,
 That scholars were like other folks;
 That when Platonic flights were over, 650
 The tutor turn'd a mortal lover.
 So tender of the young and fair!
 It shew'd a true paternal care—

Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The Doctor might have fancy'd worse— 655

Hardly at length he silence broke,
And falter'd ev'ry word he spoke,
Interpreting her complaisance,
Just as a man *sans consequence*,
She rally'd well, he always knew; 660

Her manner now was something new;
And what she spoke was in an air
As serious as a tragic player:
But those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule, 665

Which fairly hints they are in jest,
Else he must enter his protest;
For let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lies;
A science which he never taught, 670

And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis just what coxcombs call a Bite.

But not to dwell on things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the dispute, 675

Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love:
She thought he had himself describ'd
His doctrines when she first imbib'd:
What he had planted now was grown; 680

His virtues she might call her own:
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.

- Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
 Attends us first and leaves us last. 685
 Why she likes him admire not at her;
 She loves herself, and that's the matter.
 How was her tutor wont to praise
 The geniuses of ancient days!
 (Those authors he so oft' had nam'd,
 690
 For learning, wit, and wisdom, fam'd,
 Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
 For persons whom he never saw.
 Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
 695
 He must adore such godlike men.
 If one short volume could comprise
 All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
 How would it be esteem'd and read,
 Although the writer long were dead!
 If such an author were alive, 700
 How all would for his friendship strive,
 And come in crowds to see his face!
 And this she takes to be her case:
 Cadenus answers ev'ry end,
 The book, the author, and the friend: 705
 The utmost her desires will reach,
 Is but to learn what he can teach:
 His converse is a system fit
 Alone to fill up all her wit,
 While ev'ry passion of her mind 710
 In him is centred and confin'd.
 Love can with speech inspire a mute,
 And taught Vanessa to dispute.

This topic, never touch'd before,
 Display'd her eloquence the more : 715
 Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
 By this new passion grew inspir'd :
 Thro' this she made all objects pass,
 Which gave a tincture o'er the mass ;
 As rivers, tho' they bend and twine, 720
 Still to the sea their course incline ;
 Or as philosophers, who find
 Some fav'rite system to their mind.
 In ev'ry point to make it fit,
 Will force all Nature to submit. 725

Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
 His lessons would have such effect,
 Or be so artfully apply'd,
 Insensibly came on her side.
 It was an unforeseen event ; 730
 Things took a turn he never meant.
 Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
 Appears a hero in our eyes.
 Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
 Will have the teacher in her thought. 735
 The nymph in sober words entreats
 A truce with all sublime conceits ;
 For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
 To her who durst not read romances ?
 In lofty style to make replies, 740
 Which he had taught her to despise ?
 But when her tutor will affect
 Devotion, duty, and respect,

- He fairly abdicates his throne,
 The government is now her own : 745
 But tho' her arguments were strong,
 At least could hardly wish them wrong,
 Howe'er it came he could not tell,
 But sure she never talk'd so well.
 His pride began to interpose ; 750
 Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux !
 So bright a nymph to come unsought !
 Such wonder by his merit wrought !
 'Tis merit must with her prevail ;
 He never knew her judgment fail ; 755
 She noted all she ever read,
 And had a most discerning head.
 'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
 That vanity's the food of fools ;
 Yet now and then your men of wit 760
 Will condescend to take a bit.
 So when Cadenus could not hide
 He chose to justify his pride.
 When Miss delights in her spinnet,
 A fidler may a fortune get : 765
 A blockhead with melodious voice
 In boarding-schools can have his choice ;
 And oft' the dancing master's art
 Climbs from the toe to touch the heart,
 In learning let a nymph delight, 770
 The pedant gets a mistress by't.
 Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
 Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame,

Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
 In all their equipages, meet; 775
 Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
 Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
 Wherein his dignity and age
 Forbid Cadenus to engage;
 But friendship in his greatest height, 780
 A constant, rational, delight,
 On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
 When love's allurements long are past,
 Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
 He gladly offers in return : 785
 His want of passion will redeem
 With gratitude, respect, esteem;
 With that devotion we bestow
 When goddesses appear below.
 While thus Cadenus entertains 790
 Vanessa in exalted strains,
 Constr'ing the passion she had shown
 Much to her praise, more to his own;
 Nature in him had merit plac'd,
 In her a most judicious taste : 795
 Love, hitherto a transient guest,
 Ne'er held possession in his breast;
 So long attending at the gate,
 Disdain'd to enter in so late.
 Love why do we one passion call, 800
 When 'tis a compound of them all?
 He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
 She vows to take him at his word,

And hopes he will not think it strange
 If both should now their stations change. 805
 The nymph will have her turn to be
 The tutor, and the pupil he;
 Tho' she already can discern,
 Her scholar is not apt to learn,
 Or wants capacity to reach 810
 The science she designs to teach,
 -Wherein his genius was below
 The skill of ev'ry common beau,
 Who, tho' he cannot spell, is wise
 Enough to read a lady's eyes, 815
 And will each accidental glance
 Interpret for a kind advance.

But what success Vanessa met
 Is to the world a secret yet :
 Whether the nymph, to please the swain, 820
 Talks in a high romantic strain,
 Or whether he at last descends
 To act with less seraphic ends;
 Or, to compound the bus'ness, whether
 They temper love and books together, 825
 Must never to mankind be told,
 Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.

Mean time the mournful Queen of Love
 Led but a weary life above:
 She ventures now to leave the skies, 830
 Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise;
 For tho' by one perverse event
 Pallas had cross'd her first intent,

Tho' her design was not obtain'd,
 Yet had she much experience gain'd, 885
 And by the project vainly try'd,
 Could better now the cause decide.
 She gave due notice that both parties,
Coram regina prox' die Martis,
 Should at their peril, without fail, 840
 Come and appear, and save their bail.
 All met; and, silence thrice proclaim'd,
 One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
 The judge discover'd in her face
 Resentments for her late disgrace, 845
 And full of anger, shame, and grief,
 Directed them to mind their brief,
 Nor spend their time to shew their reading;
 She'd have a summary proceeding.
 She gather'd under ev'ry head 850
 The sum of what each lawyer said,
 Gave her own reasons last, and then
 Decreed the cause against the Men.
 But in a weighty case like this,
 To shew she did not judge amiss, 855
 Which evil tongues might else report,
 She made a speech in open court,
 Wherein she grievously complains
 "How she was cheated by the swains;"
 On whose petition, (humbly shewing 860
 That women were not worth the wooing,
 And that, unless the sex would mend,
 The race of lovers soon must end,)

- ‘ She was at Lord knows what expense
 ‘ To form a nymph of wit and sense, 865
 ‘ A model for her sex design’d,
 ‘ Who never could one lover find.
 ‘ She saw her favour was misplac’d :
 ‘ That fellows had a wretched taste :
 ‘ She needs must tell them to their face, 870
 ‘ They were a senseless, stupid race ;
 ‘ And, were she to begin again,
 ‘ She’d study to reform the Men,
 ‘ Or add some grains of folly more
 ‘ To women than they had before, 875
 ‘ To put them on an equal foot ;
 ‘ And this, or nothing else, would do’t :
 ‘ This might their mutual fancy strike,
 ‘ Since ev’ry being loves its like.
 ‘ But now repenting what was done, 880
 ‘ She left all bus’ness to her son ;
 ‘ She puts the world in his possession,
 ‘ And let him use it at discretion.’
 The crier was order’d to dismiss
 The court, so made his last O yes. 885
 The goddess would no longer wait,
 But, rising from her chair of state,
 Left all below at six and sev’n,
 Harness’d her doves, and flew to heav’n. 889

TO LORD HARLEY,

SINCE EARL OF OXFORD, ON HIS MARRIAGE,

1713,

AMONG the numbers who employ
 Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
 Dear Harley! gen'rous youth! admit
 What friendship dictates more than wit.

Forgive me when I fondly thought
 (By frequent observation taught)
 A spirit so inform'd as yours
 Could never prosper in amours.
 The god of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
 With all acquir'd and nat'ral parts,
 Whose harp could savage beasts enchant,
 Was an unfortunate gallant.
 Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
 The nymph had soon been brought to yield;
 Or had embroider'd Mars pursu'd,
 The nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
 Ten thousand footsteps, full in view,
 Mark out the way where Daphne flew:
 For such is all the sex's flight;
 They fly from learning, wit, and light;
 They fly, and none can overtake
 But some gay coxcomb or a rake.

How then, dear Harley! could I guess
That you should meet in love success?
For if those ancient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you;
Yet Daphne never slack'd her pace,
For wit and learning spoil'd his face.
And since the same resemblance held
In gifts wherein you both excell'd,
I fancy'd every nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's son.

"Then where," said I, "shall Harley find
"A virgin of superior mind,
"With wit and virtue to discover
"And pay the merit of her lover?"

This character shall Ca'ndish claim,
Born to retrieve her sex's fame.
The chief among that glitt'ring crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,
(As fools are insolent and vain,)
Madly aspir'd to wear her chain;
But Pallas, guardian of the maid,
Descending to her charge's aid,
Held out Medusa's snaky locks,
Which stupify'd them all to stocks.
The nymph, with indignation, view'd
The dull, the noisy, and the lewd;
For Pallas with celestial light
Had purify'd her mortal sight,
Shew'd her the Virtues all combin'd,
Fresh blooming in young Harley's mind.

Terrestrial nymphs, by formal arts,
Display their various nets for hearts :
Their looks are all by method set,
When to be proud and when coquette;
Yet wanting skill and pow'r to chuse,
Their only pride is to refuse.

But when a goddess would bestow
Her love on some bright youth below,
Round all the earth she casts her eyes,
And then, descending from the skies,
Makes choice of him she fancies best,
And bids the ravish'd youth be blest.

Thus the bright empress of the morn
Chose for her spouse a mortal born;
The goddess made advances first,
Else what aspiring hero durst?
Tho', like a virgin of fifteen,
She blushes when by mortals seen ;
Still blushes, and with speed retires,
When Sol pursues her with his fires.

Diana thus, heav'n's chastest queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her silver chariot came,
And to the shepherd own'd her flame.

Thus Ca'ndish, as Aurora bright,
And chaster than the Queen of Night,
Descended from her sphere to find
A mortal of superior kind.

THE FAGGOT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1713, WHEN THE QUEEN'S
MINISTERS WERE QUARRELLING AMONG THEM-
SELVES.

OBSEERVE the dying father speak;
Try, lads! can you this bundle break?
Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well-bound heap of sticks:
They thought it was an old man's maggots,
And strove by turns to break the Faggot:
In vain; the complicated wands
Were much too strong for all their hands.
'See,' said the sire, 'how soon 'tis done;'
Then took and broke them one by one.
'So strong you'll be, in friendship ty'd;
'So quickly broke if you divide.
'Keep close then, boys! and never quarrel.'
Here ends the fable and the moral.

This tale may be apply'd in few words
To Treasurers, Comptrollers, Stewards,
And others who, in solemn sort,
Appear with slender wands at court,
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But lashing one another round;
While wise men think they ought to fight
With quarter staves instead of white;

Or constable, with staff of peace,
Should come and make the clatt'ring cease,
Which now disturbs the Queen and court,
And gives the Whigs and rabble sport.

In history we never found
The Consul's fasces were unbound;
Those Romans were too wise to think on't,
Except to lash some grand delinquent.
How would they blush to hear it said
The Prætor broke the Consul's head,
Or Consul in his purple gown
Came up and knock'd the Prætor down!

Come, Courtiers! every man his stick;
Lord Treasurer, for once be quick;
And that they may the closer cling,
Take your blue riband for a string.
Come, trimming Harcourt! bring your mace,
And squeeze it in, or quit your place;
Dispatch, or else that rascal Northy
Will undertake to do it for thee;
And be assur'd the court will find him
Prepar'd to *leap o'er sticks*, or bind 'em.
To make the bundle strong and safe,
Great Ormond! lend thy gen'ral's staff:
And, if the crosier could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hamblen:
You'll then defy the strongest Whig
With both his hands to bend a twig,
Tho' with united strength they all pull,
From Somers down to Craggs and Walpole.

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF.

1713⁴.

* * * * *

By an old ————— pursu'd,
 A crazy prelate and a royal prude;
 By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
 On ev'ry genius that attempts to rise,
 And, passing o'er a pipe with doubtful nod,
 Give hints that poets ne'er believe in God.
 So slowns on scholars as on wizards look,
 And take a folio for a conj'ring-book.

Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime;
 Nay, 'tis affirm'd he sometimes dealt in rhyme:
 Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
 He reconcil'd divinity and wit: [grace,
 He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd, with too much
 Nor shew'd the parson in his gait or face;
 Despis'd luxurious wines and costly meat,
 Yet still was at the tables of the great;

11
 * A few of the first lines were wanting in the copy sent us by
 a friend of the Author.

Frequented lords ; saw those that saw the Queen ;
 At Child's or Truby's never once had been,
 Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
 Secur'd by numbers from the laymen's gibes,
 And deal in vices of the graver sort,
 Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.

But after sage monitions from his friends,
 His talents to employ for nobler ends,
 To better judgments willing to submit,
 He turns to politics his dangerous wit.
 And now, the public int'rest to support,
 By Harley, Swift invited comes to court ;
 In favour grows with ministers of state,
 Admitted private when superiors wait ;
 And Harley, not asham'd his choice to own,
 Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
 At Windsor Swift no sooner can appear,
 But St. John comes, and whispers in his ear :
 The waiters stand in ranks ; the yeomen cry
 ' Make room ! ' as if a Duke were passing by.

Now Finch alarms the Lords ; he hears for certain
 This dang'rous priest is got behind the curtain.
 Finch, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
 That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves.
 Walpole and Aislie, to clear the doubt,
 Inform the Commons that the secret's out :
 ' A certain Doctor is observ'd of late
 ' To haunt a certain Minister of state :
 ' From whence with half an eye we may discover
 ' The peace is made, and Perkin must come over.'

York is from Lambeth sent to shew the Queen
 A dang'rous treatise writ against the spleen*;
 Which by the style, the matter, and the drift,
 'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
 Your York! the harmless tool of others' hate;
 He sues for pardon and repents too late.

Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
 On Swift's reproaches for her***
 From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
 And thence into the royal air instills,
 The Queen, incens'd, his services forgot,
 Leaves him a victim to the 'vengeful Scot.
 Now thro' the realm a proclamation spread†,
 To fix a price on his devoted head;
 While, innocent, he scorns ignoble flight,
 His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.

By Harley's favour once again he shines;
 Is now caress'd by candidate divines,
 Who change opinions with the changing scene:
 Lord! how were they mistaken in the Dean!
 Now Delaware‡! again familiar grows,
 And in Swift's ears thrusts half his powder'd nose.
 The Scottish nation, whom he durst offend,
 Again apply that Swift would be their friend||.

* Tale of a Tub.

† The proclamation was against the author of a pamphlet called *The public Spirit of the Whigs*, against which the Scotch Lords complained.

‡ Delaware, then Lord Treasurer of the Household, always caressed the Author at court; but, during the trial of the printers before the House of Lords, and while the proclamation hung over the Author, his Lordship would not seem to know him.

§ The Scotch Lords treated and visited the Author more after the proclamation than before, except the Duke of Argyle, who would never be reconciled.

By faction tir'd, with grief he waits awhile,
His great contending friends to reconcile :
Performs what friendship, justice, truth, require :
What could he more but decently retire ?

IN SICKNESS.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER THE AUTHOR'S COMING TO
LIVE IN IRELAND, UPON THE QUEEN'S DEATH,
OCTOBER, 1714.

'Tis true, then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline ?
But why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known ?
My state of health none care to learn ;
My life is here no soul's concern ;
And those with whom I now converse,
Without a tear will tend my hearse.
Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet, perhaps, from three or four
From whom I once expected more,
Which those who tend the sick for pay
Can act as decently as they ;

But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others ere it be my own.

Ye formal Weepers for the sick !
In your last offices be quick,
And spare my absent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief :
Expir'd to-day, entomb'd to-morrow,
When known will save a double sorrow.

ON A

CURATE'S COMPLAINT OF HARD DUTY.

I MARCH'D three miles through scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand ;
I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
Using four legs, when two were weary :
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen :
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mother after.
Within an hour and eke a half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf ;
Where thundering out, with lungs long-winded,
I chopp'd so fast, that few there minded.

My emblem, the laborious sun,
 Saw all these mighty labours done
 Before one race of his was run.
 All this perform'd by Robert Hewit;
 What mortal else could ere go through it!

}

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL INVENTORY OF THE
 GOODS BELONGING TO DR. SWIFT,
 VICAR OF LARACOR;

*Upon lending his House to the Bishop of Meath,
 till his Palace was rebuilt.*

A v oaken, broken elbow-chair;
 A caudle-cup, without an ear;
 A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead;
 A box of deal, without a lid;
 A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
 A back-sword poker, without point;
 A pot that's crack'd across, around
 With an old knotted garter bound;
 An iron lock, without a key;
 A wig, with hanging quite grown grey;
 A curtain worn to half a stripe;
 A pair of bellows, without pipe;
 A dish which might good meat afford once;
 An *Chid*, and an old Concordance;

A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
 One is for meal, and one for water :
 There likewise is a copper skillet,
 Which runs as fast out as you fill it ;
 A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all :
 And thus his house-hold goods you have all.
 These to your Lordship, as a friend,
 Till you have built, I freely lend.
 They'll serve your Lordship for a shift ;
 Why not, as well as Doctor Swift ?

ODE TO SPRING.

BY A LADY .

HAIL, blushing goddess, beauteous Spring,
 Who, in thy jocund train, dost bring
 Loves and Graces, smiling hours,
 Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers :
 Come, with tints of roseate hue,
 Nature's faded charms renew.

Yet why should I thy presence hail ?
 To me no more the breathing gale
 Comes fraught with sweets ; no more the rose
 With such transcendant beauty blows,
 As when Cadenus blest the scene,
 And shar'd with me those joys serene ;

• This and the next ode have been ascribed to Voltaire.

When, unperceiv'd, the lambent fire
 Of friendship kindled new desire :
 Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
 The truths, which angels might have sung,
 Divine, imprest their gentle sway,
 And sweetly stole my soul away.
 My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
 (Dear names !) in one idea blend ;
 Oh ! still conjoin'd, your incense rise,
 And waft sweet odours to the skies !

ODE TO WISDOM.

BY THE SAME.

Oh, Pallas ! I invoke thy aid !
 Vouchsafe to hear a wretched maid,
 By tender love deprest ;
 'Tis just that thou should'st heal the smart
 Inflicted by thy subtle art,
 And calm my troubled breast.

No random-shot from Cupid's bow,
 But by thy guidance, soft and slow,
 It sunk within my heart ;
 Thus, Love being arm'd with Wisdom's force,
 In vain I try to stop its course,
 In vain repel the dart.

O goddess! break the fatal league;
 Let Love, with Folly and Intrigue,
 More fit associates find!
 And thou alone within my breast,
 O! deign to soothe my griefs to rest,
 And heal my tortur'd mind.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE I. PARAPHRASED.

ADDRESSED TO RICHARD STEELE, ESQ. 1714.

“ En qui promittit cives, urbem sibi curæ,
 “ Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra deorum.”
HOR. I Sat. vi. 24.

DICK, thou'rt resolv'd, as I am told,
 Some strange arcana to unfold,
 And, with the help of Buckley's pen,
 To vamp the good old cause again,
 Which thou (such Burnet's shrewd advice is)
 Must furbish up, and nickname Crisis.
 Thou pompously wilt let us know
 What all the world knew long ago,
 (E'er since Sir William Gore was mayor,
 And Harley fill'd the Commons' chair,
 That we a German Prince must own
 When Anne for heaven resigns her throne.)

But, more than that, thou'lt keep a rout
With—who is in—and who is out ;
Thou'lt rail devoutly at the peace,
And all its secret causes trace,
The bucket-play 'twixt Whigs and Tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty stories
Of tricks the Lord of Oxford knows,
And errors of our Plenipoes.
Thou'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our state ;
And of that dreadful coup d'eclat,
Which has afforded thee much chat.
The Queen, forsooth, (despotic,) gave
Twelve coronets without thy leave !
A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have yet aton'd !
Believe me, what thou'st undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon ;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edg'd tools.
But, since thou'rt got into the fire,
And canst not easily retire,
Thou must no longer deal in farce,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verse ;
Until thou shalt have eas'd thy conscience,
Of spleen, of politics, and nonsense ;
And, when thou'st bid adieu to cares,
And settled Europe's grand affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For Drury-lane to shape thy style :

' To make a pair of jolly fellows,
 ' The son and father join, to tell us
 ' How sons may safely disobey,
 ' And fathers never should say nay;
 ' By which wise conduct they grow friends
 ' At last—and so the story ends*.'

When first I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
 Renown'd for skill in Faustus' art†,
 Which made thy closet much frequented
 By buxom lasses—some repented
 Their luckless choice of husbands—others,
 Impatient to be like their mothers,
 Receiv'd from thee profound directions,
 How best to settle their affections.
 Thus thou, a friend to the distress'd,
 Didst in thy calling do thy best.

But now the Senate, (if things hit,
 And thou at Stockbridge wert not bit,)
 Must feel thy eloquence and fire,
 Approve thy schemes, thy wit admire,
 Thee with immortal honours crown,
 Whilst, patriot-like, thou'lt strut and frown.

What though by enemies 'tis said,
 The laurel which adorns thy head,
 Must one day come in competition
 By virtue of some sly petition:

* This is said to be a plot of a comedy with which Mr. Steele has long threatened the town. SWIFT.—In some particulars it would apply to 'The Conscious Lovers.'

† There were some tolerable grounds for this reflection. Mr. Steele had actually a laboratory at Poplar.

Yet mum for that; hope still the best,
Nor let such cares disturb thy rest.

Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bagpipe shrill, or oyster-strumpet;
Methinks I see thee, spruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly shine,
And dazzle all the idol faces
As through the hall thy worship paces;
(Though this I speak but at a venture,
Supposing thou hast tick with Hunter);
Methinks I see a blackguard rout
Attend thy coach, and hear them shout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their style) is purely hung:
Now! now you carry all before you!
Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
Pretend to answer one syl—lable,
Except the matchless hero Abel*.
What though her highness and her spouse
In Antwerp† keep a frugal house,
Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
They'll soon enable thee to spend,
If to Macartney‡ thou wilt toast,
And to his pious patron's ghost.
Now manfully thou'lt run a tilt
' On popes, for all the blood they've spilt,

* Abel Roper.

† Where the Duke of Marlborough then resided.

‡ General Macartney, who killed the Duke of Hamilton.

' For massacres, and racks, and flames,
' For lands enrich'd by crimson streams,
' For inquisitions taught by Spain,
' Of which the Christian world complain.'

Dick, we agree—all's true thou'st said,
As that my Muse is yet a maid.
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy walk :
Thy genius has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten track,
But is for state-affairs as fit
As mine for politics and wit.
Then let us both in time grow wise,
Nor higher than our talents rise ;
To some snug cellar let's repair
From duns and debts, and drown our care ;
Now quaff of honest ale a quart,
Now venture at a pint of port,
With which inspir'd, we'll club each night
Some tender sonnet to indite,
And with Tom D'Urfey, Philips, Dennis,
Immortalize our Dolls and Jenneys.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

JOHN DENNIS *the sheltering Poet's* INVITATION
to RICHARD STEELE, *the secluded Party-writer,*
and Member, to come and live with him in
THE MINT. 1714*.

FIT TO BE BOUND UP WITH 'THE CRISIS.'

IF thou canst lay aside a spendthrift's air,
And condescend to feed on homely fare,
Such as we milters, with ragouts unstor'd,
Will, in defiance of the law, afford:
Quit thy patrols with Toby's Christmas-box,
And come to me at The Two Fighting Cocks;
Since printing by subscription now is grown
The stalest, idlest cheat about the town;
And ev'n Charles Gildon, who, a Papist bred,
Has an alarm against that worship spread,
Is practising those beaten paths of cruising,
And for new levies on Proposals musing.

'Tis true, that Bloomsbury-square's a noble place;
But what are lofty buildings in thy case?
What's a fine house cimbellish'd to profusion,
Where shoulder-dabbers are in execution?
Or whence its timorous tenant seldom sallies,
But apprehensive of insulting bailiffs.

* This and the following Poem are printed from copies in the
Lambeth Library, K. 1, 2, 99, 20. 4to.

This ~~once~~ be mindful of a friend's advice,
And ~~cease~~ to be improvidently nice;
Exchange the prospects that delude thy sight
From Highgate's steep ascent, and Hampstead's
height,

With verdant scenes, that, from St. George's field,
More durable and safe enjoyments yield.

Here I, ev'n I, that ne'er till now could find
Ease to my troubled and suspicious mind,
But ever was with jealousies possess'd,
Am in a state of indolence and rest;
Fearful no more of Frenchmen in disguise,
Nor looking upon strangers as on spies;
But quite divested of my former spleen,
Am unprovok'd without and calm within;
And here I'll wait thy coming, till the sun
Shall its diurnal course completely run.
Think not that thou of sturdy butt shall fail;
My landlord's cellar's stock'd with beer and
ale,

With every sort of malt that is in use,
And every country's generous produce.
The *ready* (for here Christian faith is sick,
Which makes us seldom trespass upon tick)
Instantly brings the choicest liquors out,
Whether we ask for home-brew'd or for stout,
For mead or cyder, or, with dainties fed,
Ring for a flask or two of white or red;
Such as the drawer will not fail to swear
Was drunk by Pilkington when third time mayor.

That name, methinks, so popularly known
 For opposition to the church and crown;
 Might make the Lusitanian grape to pass,
 And almost give a sanction to the glass;
 Especially with thee, whose hasty zeal
 Against the late rejected *commerce-bill*
 Make thee *rise up*, like an audacious elf,
 To do the speaker honor, not thyself.

But, if thou soar'st above the common prices,
 By virtue of subscription to thy Crisis;
 And nothing can go down with thee, but wines
 Press'd from Burgundian and Campanian vines,
 Bid them be brought; for, though I hate the
 French,

I love their liquors, as thou lov'st a wench;
 Else thou must humble thy expensive taste,
 And, with us, hold contentment for a feast.

The fire's already lighted; and the maid
 Has a clean cloth upon the table laid,
 Who never on a Saturday had struck,
 But for thy entertainment, up a buck.
 Think of this *act of grace*, which by your leave
 Susan would not have done on Easter Eve,
 Had she not been inform'd over and over,
 'Twas for th' ingenious Author of "*The Lover*."

Cease therefore to beguile thyself with hopes,
 Which is no more than making sandy ropes,
 And quit the vain pursuit of loud applause,
 That must bewilder thee in faction's cause.

Pry'thce what is't to thee who guides the state?
Why Dunkirk's demolition is so late?
Or why her Majesty thinks fit to cease
The din of war, and hush the world to peace?
The clergy too, without thy aid, can tell
What texts to choose, and on what topics
dwell;

And, uninstructed by thy babbling, teach
Their flocks celestial happiness to reach,
Rather let such poor souls as you and I
Say that the holidays are drawing nigh;
And that to-morrow's sun begins the week,
Which will abound with store of ale and cake,
With hams of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
Stuff'd to give field-itinerants relief.

Then I, who have within these precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the chimney-sweeper's step,
Will take a loose, and venture to be seen,
Since 'twill be Sunday, upon Shanks's green;
There, with erected looks and phrase sublime,
To talk of unity of place and time;
And with much malice, mix'd with little satire,
Explode the wits on t'other side o' th' water.

Why has my Lord Godolphin's special grace
Invested me with a queen's-waiter's place,
If I, debarr'd of festival delights,
Am not allow'd to spend the perquisites?
He's but a short remove from being mad,
Who at a time of jubilee is sad;

And, like a griping usurer, docs spare
 His money to be squander'd by his heir ;
 Flutter'd away in liveries and in coaches,
 And washy sorts of feminine debauches.
 As for my part, whate'er the world may think,
 I'll bid adieu to gravity, and drink ;
 And, tho' I can't put off a woeful mien,
 Will be all mirth and cheerfulness within :
 As, in despite of a censorious race,
 I most incontinently suck my face.
 What mighty projects does not he design, [wine?
 Whose stomach flows, and brain turns round with
 Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit,
 And fashion him to humour and to wit ;
 Makes even S**** to disclose his art,
 By racking every secret from his heart ;
 As he flings off the statesman's sly disguise,
 To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies.
 Ev'n Sarum, when he quaffs it stead of tea,
 Fancies himself in Canterbury's see ;
 And S*****, when he carousing reels,
 Imagines that he has regain'd the seals :
 W*****, by virtue of its juice, can fight,
 And Stanhope of commissioners make light.
 Wine gives Lord William aptitude of parts,
 And swells him with his family's deserts :
 Whom can it not make eloquent of speech ?
 Whom in extremest poverty not rich ?
 Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
 Th****n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,

But, half-seas-o'er, by its inspiring bounties,
 Can qualify himself in several counties.
 What I have promis'd, thou mayst rest assured,
 Shall faithfully and gladly be procur'd.
 Nay, I'm already better than my word,
 New plates and knives adorn the jovial board:
 And, lest thou at their sight should'st make wry
 faces,
 The girl has scower'd the pots, and wash'd the
 glasses,
 Ta'en care so excellently well to clean 'em,
 That thou may'st see thine own dear picture in 'em.
 Moreover, due provision has been made,
 That conversation may not be betray'd;
 I have no company but what is proper
 To sit with the most flagrant Whig at supper.
 There's not a man among them but must please,
 Since they 're as like each other as are peas.
 Toland and Hare have jointly sent me word,
 They'll come; and Kennet thinks to make a third,
 Provided he 'as no other invitation,
 From men of greater quality and station.
 Room will for Oldmixon and J—s be left;
 But their discourses smell too much of theft:
 There would be no abiding in the room,
 Should two such ignorant pretenders come:
 However, by this trusty bearer write,
 If I should any other scabs invite;
 Tho' if I may my serious judgment give,
 I'm wholly for King Charles's number five:

That was the stint in which that monarch fix'd,
 Who would not be with noisiness perplex'd:
 And that, if thou'lt agree to think it best,
 Shall be our tale of heads, without one other guest.

I've nothing more, now this is said, to say,
 But to request thou'lt instantly away,
 And leave the duties of thy present post,
 To some well-skill'd retainer to a host;
 Doubtless he'll carefully thy place supply,
 And o'er his grace's horses have an eye,
 While thou, who'st slunk through postern more
 than once,
 Dost by that means avoid a crowd of duns,
 And, crossing o'er the Thames at Temple-stairs,
 Heav'st Philips with good words to cheat their ears.

NEWS FROM PARNASSUS.

BY DR. DELANY.

PARNASSUS, February the twenty-seventh.
 The Poets assembled here on the eleventh,
 Conven'd by Apollo, who gave them to know,
 He'd have a vicegerent in his empire below;
 But declar'd that no Bard should this honour
 inherit,
 Till the rest had agreed he surpass'd them in merit.
 Now this, you'll allow, was a difficult case,
 For each Bard believ'd he'd a right to the place;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

; th' assembly grow warm in debate,
He put them in mind of his Phaëton's fate:
'Twas urg'd to no purpose; disputes higher rose,
Scarce Phœbus himself could their quarrels com-
Till at length he determin'd that every Bard [pose;
Should (each in his turn) be patiently heard.

First, one who believ'd he excell'd in translation,
Founds his claim on the doctrine of man's trans-
migration:

' Since the soul of great Milton was given to me,
' I hope the convention will quickly agree.'
' Agree!' quoth Apollo: 'from whence is this fool?
' Is he just come from reading Pythagoras at
school?
' Be gone! Sir, you've got your subscription |
time,
' And given in return neither reason nor rhyme.'
To the next, says the God, 'Tho' now I won't
chuse you,
' I'll tell you the reason for which I refuse you:
' Love's goddess has oft' to her parents complain'd
' Of my favouring a Bard who her empire disdain'd;
' That, at my instigation, a poem you writ,
' Which to beauty and youth preferr'd judgment
and wit;
' That, to make you a Laureat, I gave the first
voice,
' Inspiring the Britons t' approve of my choice.
' Jove sent her to me, her pow'r to try;
' The Goddess of Beauty what God can deny?

'She forbids your preferment; I grant her desire,
'Appease the fair Goddess; you then may rise
higher.'

The next that appear'd had good hopes of suc-
ceeding,

For he merited much for his wit and his breeding.
'Twas wise in the Britons no favour to show him;
He else might expect they should pay what they
owe him.

And therefore they prudently chose to discard
The Patriot, whose merits they would not reward.
The God, with a smile, bad his favourite advance;
'You were sent by Astræa her Envoy to France:
'You bent your ambition to rise in the state;
'I refuse you because you could stoop to be great.'

Then a Bard who had been a successful Trans-
'The Convention allows me a Versificator. [lator,
Says Apollo, 'You mention the least of your merit;
'By your works it appears you have much of my
spirit.

'I esteem you so well, that, to tell you the truth,
'The greatest objection against you's your youth:
'Then be not concern'd you are now laid aside;
'If you live, you shall certainly one day preside.'

Another, low bending, Apollo thus greets,
'Twas I taught your subjects to walk through
the streets.'

'You taught them to walk! why, they knew it
before:

'But give me the Bard that can teach them to start

' Whenever he claims, 'tis his right, I'll confess,
 ' Who lately attempted my style with success;
 ' Who writes like Apollo has most of his spirit,
 ' And therefore 'tis just to distinguish his merit;
 ' Who makes it appear, by all he has writ,
 ' His judgment alone can set bounds to his wit:
 ' Like Virgil correct, with his own native ease,
 ' But excels even Virgil in elegant praise; [due,
 ' Who admires the ancients, and knows 'tis their
 ' Yet writes in a manner entirely new; [plore,
 ' Tho' none with more ease their depths can ex-
 ' Yet whatever he wants he takes from my store:
 ' Tho' I'm fond of his virtues, his pride I can see,
 ' In scorning to borrow from any but me;
 ' It is owing to this, that, like Cynthia, his lays
 ' Enlighten the world by reflecting my rays.'

This said, the whole audience soon found out
 his drift:

The convention was summon'd in favour of Swift.

PHILLIS : OR, THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

1716.

DESPONDING Phillis was endur'd
 With ev'ry talent of a prude;
 She trembled when a man drew near;
 Salute her, and she turn'd her ear:

If o'er against her you were plac'd,
 She durst not look above your waist:
 She'd rather take you to her bed,
 Than let you see her dress her head.
 In church you hear her, thro' the crowd,
 Repeat the Absolution loud:
 In church, secure behind her fan,
 She durst behold that monster Man;
 There practis'd how to place her head,
 And bite her lips to make them red;
 Or on the mat devoutly kneeling,
 Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,
 And heave her bosom unaware,
 For neighb'ring beaux to see it bare.
 At length a lucky lover came,
 And found admittance to the dame.
 Suppose all parties now agreed,
 The writing drawn, the lawyer feed,
 The Vicar and the ring bespoke;
 Guess, how could such a match be broke?
 See then what mortals place their bliss in!
 Next morn betimes the bride was missing.
 The mother scream'd, the father chid;
 Where can this idle wench be hid?
 No news of Phil! The bridegroom came,
 And thought his bride had sculk'd for shame,
 Because her father us'd to say,
 The girl had such a bashful way.

Now John the butler must be sent
 To learn the road that Phillis went:

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The groom was wish'd to saddle Crop,
For John must neither light nor stop,
But find her, wheresoe'er she fled,
And bring her back alive or dead.

See here again the devil ~~do~~ do,
For truly John was missing too;
The horse and pillion both were gone:
Phillis, it seems, was fled with John!

Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phil had left behind,
A letter on the toilette sees,
'To my much honour'd father—these,'
(Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows,)
Fill'd with the choicest common-places
By others us'd in the like cases:
'That long ago a fortune-teller
'Exactly said what now befel her,
'And in a glass had made her see
'A serving man of low degree:
'It was her fate, must be forgiven,
'For marriages were made in heaven:
'His pardon begg'd; but, to be plain,
'She'd do't, if 'twere to do, again:
'Thank'd God 'twas neither shame nor sin,
'For John was come of honest kin:
'Love never thinks of rich and poor;
'She'd beg with John from door to door:
'Forgive her if it be a crime;
'She'll never do't another time:

' She ne'er before, in all her life,
' Once disobey'd him, maid nor wife.'
One argument she summon'd up all in,
' The thing was done, and past recalling;
' And therefore hop'd she should recover
' His favour, when his passion's over:
' She valu'd not what others thought her,
' And was—his most obedient daughter.'

Fair Maidens all! attend the Muse,
Who now the wand'ring pair pursues:
Away they rode in homely sort,
Their journey long, their money short:
The loving couple well beam'd,
The horse and both the riders tir'd.
Their victuals bad, their lodging worse,
Phil cry'd, and John began to curse;
Phil wish'd that she had strain'd a limb
When first she ventur'd out with him;
John wish'd that he had broke a leg,
When first for her he quitted Peg.

But what adventures more beset 'em,
The Muse hath now no time to tell 'em;
How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, sawn'd,
Till Phillis all her trinkets pawn'd;
How oft' she broke her marriage-vows
In kindness, to maintain her spouse,
Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade:
For now the surgeons must be paid,
To whom those perquisites are gone
In Christian justice due to John.

When food and raiment now grew scarce,
 Fate put a period to the farce,
 And with exact poetic justice,
 For John is landlord, Phillis hostess;
 They keep at Staines the Old Blue Boar,
 Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

AD AMICUM ERUDITUM

THOMAM SHERIDAN.

Scriptis Oct. ann. Dom. 1717.

DELICIAE Sheridan Musarum, dulcis Amice,
 Sic tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen Apollo
 Occurat, seu te mimum convivia rident,
 Equivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu
 Malles; dic, Sheridan, quisnam fuit ille decorum,
 Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
 Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
 Scrutandi? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula Pallas
 Astitit; et dixit, mentis præsaga futuræ,
 Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub sidere natus;
 Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
 Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam:
 Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
 Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
 Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teque docente,
 Nec longum tempus, surget tibi docta juvenus,

Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas,
 Grex hinc Pæonius venit, ecce, salutiferæ arbi.
 Ast illi causas orant; his insula visa est,
 Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram.

Natalis te horæ non fallunt signa, sed usque
 Conscius, expedias puero seu lætus Apollo
 Nascenti arrisit; sive illum frigidus horror
 Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.

Quin tu altè penitusque latentia semina cernis,
 Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras
 Erumpent, promis; quo ritu sæpe puella
 Sub cinere hesterno sopitos suscitât ignes.

Te dominum agnoscit quocunque sub ærenatus;
 Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris
 Pessundat nam sæpe vides in stipite matrem.

Aureus ut ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
 Ænea sedes tantùm patefecit Avernus;
 Sæpe puer, tua quem tetigit semel aurea virgo,
 Cælumque terrasque videt, noctemque profundam.

LETTER TO THE REV. DR. SHERIDAN.

Sept. 5, 1718.

SIR,

WHAT'ER predecessors taught us,
 I have a great esteem for Plautus,

And think your boys may gather there-hence
 More wit and humour than from Terence;
 But as to comic Aristophanes,
 The rogue too bawdy and too profane is.
 I went in vain to look for Eupolis,
 Down in the Strand, just where the new Pole
 is;

For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
 You will not find it in the Vatican.
 He and Cratinus used, as Horace says,
 To take the greatest grandees for asses:
 Poets, in those days, used to venture high;
 But these are lost full many a century.
 Thus you may see, dear Friend! *ex pede* hence
 My judgment of the old comedians.
 Proceed to tragics. First, Euripides
 (An author where I sometimes dip a-days)
 Is rightly censured by the Stagirite,
 Who says his numbers do not fadge aright.
 A friend of mine that author despises
 So much, he swears the very best piece is,
 For aught he knows, as bad as Thespis's;
 And that a woman in those tragedies,
 Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is:
 At least I'm well assur'd that no folk lays
 The weight on him they do on Sophocles:
 But above all I prefer Æschylus,
 Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.
 And now I find my Muse but ill able
 To hold out longer in trisyllable.

I chose these rhymes out for their difficulty;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

TO MR. DELANY.

WRITTEN NOV. 10, 1718.

To you, whose virtues I must own
With shame, I have too lately known;
To you, by Art and Nature taught
To be the man I long have sought,
Had not ill Fate, perverse and blind,
Plac'd you in life too far behind;
Or, what I should repine at more,
Plac'd me in life too far before;
To you the Muse this verse bestows,
Which might as well have been in prose:
No thought, no fancy, no sublune,
But simple topics told in rhyme.

Talents for conversation fit
Are humour, breeding, sense, and wit:
The last, as boundless as the wind,
Is well conceiv'd, tho' not defin'd;
For, sure, by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humour is, not all the tribe
Of logic-mongers can describe;
Here Nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art;

For wit and humour differ quite;
 That gives surprise, and thus delight.
 Humour is odd, grotesque, and wild,
 Only by affectation spoil'd:
 'Tis never by invention got;
 Men have it when they know it not.

Our conversation to refine,
 Humour and wit must both combine:
 From both we learn to rally well,
 Wherein, sometimes, the French excel,
 Voiture, in various lights, displays
 That irony which turns to praise:
 His genius first found out the rule
 For an obliging ridicule:
 He flatters with peculiar air
 The brave, the witty, and the fair;
 And fools would fancy he intends
 A satire where he most commends.

But as a poor pretending beau,
 Because he fain would make a show,
 Nor can arrive at silver lace,
 Takes up with copper in the place;
 So the pert dunces of mankind,
 When'er they would be thought refin'd,
 As if the difference lay abstruse
 Twixt raillery and gross abuse,
 To shew their parts will scold and rail,
 Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
 Such is that clan of boist'rous bears,
 Always together by the ears;

Shrewd fellows and arch wags ! a tribe
 That meet for nothing but to gibe ;
 Who first run one another down,
 And then fall foul on all the Town ;
 Skill'd in the horse-laugh and dry rub,
 And call'd by excellence The Club ;
 I mean your Butler, Dawson, Car,
 All special friends, and always jar.

The mettled and the vicious steed
 Differ as little in their breed ;
 Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Lee
 As rudeness is to repartee.

If what you said I wish unspoke,
 'Twill not suffice it was a joke ;
 Reproach not, tho' in jest, a friend
 For those defects he cannot mend ;
 His lineage, calling, shape, or sense,
 If nam'd with scorn, gives just offence.

What use in life to make men fret,
 Part in worse humour than they met ?
 Thus all society is lost,
 Men laugh at one another's cost ;
 And half the company is teas'd,
 That came together to be pleas'd ;
 For all buffoons have most in view
 To please themselves by vexing you.

You wonder now to see me write
 So gravely on a subject light.
 Some part of what I here design
 Regards a friend* of your's and mine,

* He means Dr. Sheridan.

Who, neither void of sense nor wit,
Yet seldom judges what is fit,
But sallies out beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeasurable rounds.

When jests are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for shame,
Yet still you think your friend's to blame:
For tho' men cry they love a jest,
'Tis but when others stand the test;
And, would you have their meaning known,
They love a jest that is their own.

You must, altho' the point be nice,
Bestow your friend some good advice:
One hint from you will set him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him, like you, observe with care
Whom to be hard on, whom to spare;
Nor, indistinctly, to suppose
All subjects like Dan Jackson's nose;
To study the obliging jest
By reading those who teach it best.
For prose I recommend Voiture's,
For verse (I speak my judgment) yours.
He'll find the secret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence,
And I no more shall then accuse
The farts of his ill-manner'd Muse.

If he be guilty you must mend him;
If he be innocent defend him.

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

1720.

THE farmer's goose, who in the stubble
 Has fed without restraint or trouble,
 Grown fat with corn, and sitting still,
 Can scarce get o'er the barn-door sill,
 And hardly waddles forth to cool
 Her belly in the neighb'ring pool,
 Nor loudly cackles at the door,
 For cackling shews the goose is poor:

But when she must be turn'd to graze,
 And round the barren common strays,
 Hard exercise and harder fare
 Soon make my dame grow lank and spare;
 Her body light, she tries her wings,
 And scorps the ground, and upward springs;
 While all the parish, as she flies,
 Hears sounds harmonious from the skies.

Such is the poet 'fresh in pay,
 (The third night's profits of his play,)
 His morning-draughts till noon can swill
 Among his brethren of the quill;
 With good roast beef his belly full,
 Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull.
 Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
 What poet e'er could take his fill?

Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet o'er could sing a note?
Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth
To raise the lumber from the earth.

But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale,
His two-years' coat so smooth and bare,
Thro' ev'ry thread it lets in air :
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind ;
And, like a jocky for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case ;
Now his exalted spirit loathes
Incumbrances of food and clothes,
And up he rises like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper ;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grub-street rings.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

1720.

I.

WHEN first Diana leaves her bed,
Vapours and steams her look disgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face.

II.

But by degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the sky,
Her spots are gone, her visage clears.

III.

'Twixt earthly females and the moon
All parallels exactly run :
If Celia should appear too soon,
Alas ! the nymph would be undone !

IV.

To see her from her pillow rise,
All reeking in a cloudy steem,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
Poor Strephon ! how would he blaspheme !

V.

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place;
Remove them to a different site,
They form a frightful hideous face.

VI.

For instance, when the lily skips
Into the precincts of the rose,
And takes possession of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the nose.

VII.

So Celia went entire to bed,
All her complexion safe and sound:
But when she rose, white, black, and red,
Tho' still in sight, had chang'd their ground.

VIII.

The black, which would not be confin'd,
A more inferior station seeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

IX.

But Celia can with ease reduce,
By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
Each colour to its place and use,
And teach her cheeks again to blush.

X.

She knows her early self no more ;
But, fill'd with admiration, stands,
As other painters oft adore
The workmanship of their own hands.

XI.

Thus, after four important hours,
Celia's the wonder of her sex :
Say which among the heav'nly pow'rs
Could cause such marvellous effects ?

XII.

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
Gave women all their hearts could wish,
When first she taught them where to find
White-lead and Luscitanian dish.

XIII.

Love with white-lead cements his wings :
White-lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
A lady's face and China ware.

XIV.

She ventures now to lift the ash ;
The window is her proper sphere :
Ah ! lovely Nymph ! be not too rash,
Nor let the beaux approach too near.

XV.

Take pattern by your sister star ;
Delude at once and bless our sight ;
When you are seen, be seen from far,
And chiefly choose to shine by night.

XVI.

But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone ;
The best mechanic hand must fail
Where nothing's left to work upon.

XVII.

Matter, as wise logicians say,
Cannot without a form subsist ;
And form, say I, as well as they,
Must fail if matter brings no grist.

XVIII.

And this is fair Diana's case ;
For all astrologers maintain
Each night a bit drops off her face
When mortals say she's in her wane.

XIX.

While Partridge wisely shews the cause
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his poisonous claws
Attacks her in the Milky-way ;

XX.

But Gadbury, in art profound,
From her pale checks pretends to show
That swain Endymion is not sound,
Or else that Mercury's her foe.

XXI.

But let the cause be what it will,
In half a month she looks so thin,
That Flamstead can, with all his skill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

XXII.

Yet as she wastes she grows discreet,
Till midnight never shews her head;
So rotting Celia strolls the street
When sober folks are all a-bed.

XXIII.

For sure if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of her face.

XXIV.

When Mercury her tresses mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain:
No painting can restore a nose,
Nor will her teeth return again.

XXV.

Ye Pow'rs who over love preside!
Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
If you would have us well supply'd,
Send us new nymphs with each new moon.

APOLLO TO THE DEAN.

1720.

RIGHT Trusty! and so forth:—we let you to
know
We are very ill us'd by your mortals below:
For, first, I have often by chymists been told,
Tho' I know nothing on't, it is I that make gold;
Which when you have got you so carefully hide it,
That since I was born I hardly have spy'd it.
Then it must be allow'd, that whenever I shine
I forward the grass and I ripen the vine;
To me the good fellows apply for relief, [beef;
Without whom they could get neither claret nor
Yet their wine and their victuals these curmudgeon
lubbards
Lock up from my sight in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat, and sour all their drink.
But, thirdly, and lastly, it must be allow'd
I alone can inspire the poetical crowd;

This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the College,
Whom if I inspire it is not to my knowledge;
This ev'ry pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment or wit.
These gentlemen use me with kindness and
freedom, [em:
And as for their works, when I please I may read
They lie open on purpose on counters and stalls,
And the titles I view when I shine on the walls.
But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I, for your sake, love better than any,
And of my mere motion and special good grace
Intended in time to succeed in your place,
On Tuesday the tenth seditiously came
With a certain self traitress, one Stella, by name,
To the Deanery-house, and on the north glass,
Where, for fear of the cold, I never can pass,
Then and there, *à et armis*, with a certain utensil,
Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,
Did maliciously, falsely, and trait'ronly, write,
Whilst Stella aforesaid stood by with a light.
My sister has lately depos'd upon oath,
That she stopt in her course to look at them both;
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding,
And still as he writ stood smiling and reading;
That her eyes were as bright as myself at noonday,
But her graceful black locks were mingled with
gray;
And by the description I certainly know
'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years ago;

Whom when I with the best of my talents endu'd,
On her promise of yielding she acted the prude
That some verses were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the north, where Læveret went ;
That the letters appear'd reverse thro' the pane,
But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right
Wherein she distinctly could read ev'ry line, [again,
And presently guess'd the fancy was mine.
Now you see why his verses so seldom are shown,
The reason is plain, they're none of his own,
And observe while you live, that no man is shy
To discover the goods he came honestly by.
If I light on a thought he'll certainly steal it,
And when he has got it, find ways to conceal it.
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's scarce one in ten but what has my mark ;
And let them be seen by the world if he dare,
I'll make it appear they are all stolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your sash,
I think I have now got him under my lash ;
My sister transcrib'd it last night to his sorrow,
And the public shall see it if I live till to-morrow ;
Thro' the zodiac around it shall quickly be spread,
In all parts of the globe where your language is
He knows very well I ne'er gave a refusal, [read
When he ask'd for my aid in the forns that are
But the secret is this, I did lately intend [usual,
To write a few verses on you as my friend ;
I studied a fortnight before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,

And resolv'd the next winter (for that is my time,
 When the days are at shortest) to get it in rhyme;
 Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnassus,
 When that subtle companion, in hopes to surpass
 Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick, [us,
 (For I think in my conscience he deals with Old
 Nick,)

And from my own stock provided with topics,
 He gets to a window beyond both the tropicks,
 There, out of my sight, just against the north zone,
 Writes down my conceits, and calls them his own;
 And you, like a cully, the bubble can swallow;
 Now, who but Delany that writes like Apollo!
 High treason by statute? but here you object,
 He only stole hints, but the verse is correct;
 Tho' the thought be Apollo's 'tis finely express'd;
 So a thief steals my horse, and has him well dress'd.
 Now, whereas the said criminal seems past re-
 pentance,

We Phæbus think fit to proceed to the sentence.
 Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his sire,
 To climb to our region, and thence to steal fire,
 We order a vulture, in shape of the Spleen:
 To pray on his liver, but not to be seen:
 And we order our subjects of every degree
 To believe all his verses were written by me;
 And, under the pain of our highest displeasure,
 To call nothing his but the rhyme and the measure.
 And, lastly, for Stella, just out of her prime,
 I'm too much reveng'd already by time.

In return to her scorn I sent her diseases,
But will now be her friend whenever she pleases;
And the gifts I bestow'd her will find her a lover,
Tho' she lives to be gray as a badger all over.

THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS.

1720.

I.

THE bold encroachers on the deep
Gain'd by degrees huge tracts of land;
Till Neptune, with one gen'ral sweep
Turns all again to barren strand.

II.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are said to represent the seas.
Which breaking Bankers and the banks,
Resume their own where'er they please.

III.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,
Unless a proper circulation
Its motion and its heat maintains.

IV.

Because 'tis lordly not to pay,
Quakers and aldermen in state,
Like peers, have levees ev'ry day
Of duns attending at their gate.

V.

We want our money on the nail;
The Banker's ruin'd if he pays;
They seem to act an ancient tale;
The birds are met to strip the jays.

VI.

Riches, the wisest monarch sings,
Make pinions for themselves to fly:
They fly like bats on parchment wings,
And geese their silver plumes supply.

VII.

No money left for squand'ring heirs!
Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
The wish of Nero now is theirs,
That they had never known their letters.

VIII.

Conceive the works of midnight-hags
Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers o'er their bills and bags
Sit squeezing images of wax.

IX.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke ;
The witches left in open air,
With pow'r no more than other folk,
Expos'd with all their magic ware.

X.

So powerful are a Banker's bills
Where creditors demand their due ;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty chests in view.

XI.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
Upon the god of gold and hell,
Unable to endure the sight,
He hides within his darkest cell.

XII.

As when a conj'rer takes a lease
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant's in a dismal case,
Whene'er the bloody boud appears.

XIII.

A baited Banker thus desponds,
From his own hand foresees his fall ;
They have his soul who have his bonds ;
'Tis like the writing on the wall.

XIV.

How will the caitiff wretch be scar'd,
 When first he finds himself awake
 At the last trumpet unprepar'd,
 And all his grand account to make?

XV.

For in that universal call
 Few Bankers will to heaven be mounters;
 They'll cry, "Ye Shops! upon us fall;
 "Conceal and cover us, ye Counters!"

XVI.

When other hands the scales shall hold,
 And they in men and angels' sight
 Produc'd with all their bills and gold,
 Weigh'd in the balance, and found light.



THE

DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FEAST.

*Translated almost literally out of the
 original Irish, 1720.*

I.

O'ROURKE's noble fare
 Will ne'er be forgot
 By those who were there
 Or those who were not.

II.

His revels to keep,
We sup and we dine
On seven score sheep,*
Fat bullocks and swine.

III.

Usquebaugh to our feast
In pails was brought up,
An hundred at least,
And a madder* our cup.

IV.

O there is the sport !
We rise with the light
In disorderly sort
From snoring all night.

V.

O how I was trick'd !
My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd,
I lost my new cloak.

VI.

' I'm rifled,' quoth Nell,
' Of mantle and kercher :
' Why then fare them well,
' The de'il take the searcher.

* A wooden vessel.

VII.

‘Come, Harper, strike up;
‘But, first, by your favour,
‘Boy, give us a cup:
‘Ah! this has some savour.’

VIII.

O Rourke’s jolly boys
Ne er dream’d of the matter,
’Till, rous’d by the noise
And musical clatter.

IX.

They bounce from their nest,
No longer will tarry;
They rise ready drest,
Without one Ave Mary.

X.

They dance in a round,
Cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground
Did not burst with their stamping.

XI.

The floor is all wet
With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and sweat
Splish splash in their pumps.

XII.

Bless you late and early
Laughlin O Enagin;
By my hand you dance rarely
Murgery Grinagin.

XIII.

Bring straw for our bed,
Shake it down to the feet,
Then over us spread
The winnowing sheet.

XIV.

To shew I don't flinch,
Fill the bowl up again,
Then give us a pinch
Of your sneezing, a yeane*.

XV.

Good Lord ! what a sight,
After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
In the midst of their beer?

XVI.

They rise from their feast,
And hot are their brains,
A cubit at least,
The length of their skeanst†.

* An Irish word for woman. † Daggers, or short swords.

XV II.

What stabs and what cuts,
 What clatt'ring of sticks,
 What strokes in the guts,
 What bastings and kicks!

XVIII.

With cudgels of oak
 Well harden'd in flame,
 An hundred heads broke,
 An hundred struck lame.

XIX.

You Churl, I'll maintain
 My father built Lusk,
 The castle of Slain,
 And Carrick Drumrusk:

XX.

The Earl of Kildare,
 And Moynalta his brother;
 As great as they are,
 I was nurs'd by their mother.

XXI.

Ask that of old Madam,
 She'll tell you who's who,
 As far up as Adam;
 She knows it is true.

XXII.

Come, down with that beam ;
 If cudgels are scarce
 A blow on the weam
 Or a kick on the a—sc.

CLEVER TOM CLINCH

GOING TO BE HANGED.

Written in the year 1720.

As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was
 bawling,
 Rode stately thro' Holborn to die in his calling,
 He stopt at the George for a bottle of sack,
 And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.
 His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches, were
 His cap had a new cherry riband to ty't : [white ;
 The maids to the doors and the halcones ran,
 And said, ' Lack-a-day ! he's a proper young man.'
 But as from the windows the ladies he spy'd,
 Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each side ;
 And when his last speech the loud hawkers did
 cry,
 He swore from his cart it was all a damn'd lie.
 The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee,
 Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee ;

For as for honest John, tho' I am not sure on't,
 yet I'll be hang'd 'less he
 Be gone down to the county of Wexford, with
 that great peer the Lord Anglesey.
 Oh! but I forgot, perhaps, by this time, you may
 have one come to town, but I don't know whe-
 ther he be friend or foe, Delany;
 But, however, if he be come, bring him down, and
 you shall go back in a fortnight, for I know
 there's no delaying ye,
 Oh! I forgot too, I believe there may be one more,
 I mean that great fat joker, Friend Helsham, he
 That wrote the Prologue*, and if you stay with
 him, depend on't in the end he'll sham ye.
 Bring down Longshanks Jim too; but now I think
 on't, he's not come yet from Courtown, Ifancy.
 For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there
 a-courting Sly Nancy.
 However, bring down yourself, and you bring
 down all; for, to say it we may venture,
 In thee Delany's spleen, John's mirth, Helsham's
 jokes, and the soft soul of amorous Gemmy Centre.

POSTSCRIPT.

I had forgot to desire you to bring down what I say
 you have, and you'll believe me as sure as a gun
 and own it.
 I mean, what no other mortal in the universe can
 boast of, your own spirit of pun, and own wit.

* One spoken by young Putland, in 1780, before Hippolytus;
 in which Mr. Sheridan (who had written a prologue for the
 occasion) was most unexpectedly and egregiously laughed at.

And now I hope you'll excuse this rhyming, which
I must say is (tho' written somewhat at large)
trim and clean;

And so I conclude with humble respects, us usual,
Your most dutiful and obedient

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN.

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE VERSES, &c. 1721.

*Written by Dr. Delany, in the name of
Thomas Sheridan*.*

HAIL! human compound quadrifarious,
Invincible as wight Briareus!
Hail! doubly doubled mighty merry one,
Stronger than triple-body'd Geryon!
O may your vastness deign t'excuse
The praises of a puny Muse,
Unable, in her utmost flight,
To reach the huge Colossian height!
T'attempt to write like thee were frantic,
Whose lines are, like thyself, gigantic.

Yet let me bless, in humbler strain,
Thy vast, thy bold, Cambysian vein,

* These verses were all written in circles, one within another, as appears from the observations in the following poem of Dr. Swift.

Pour'd out t'enrich thy native isle
 As Egypt wont to be with Nile.
 Oh how I joy to see thee wander
 In many a winding loose meander,
 In circling mazes, smooth and supple,
 And ending in a clink quadruple;
 Loud, yet agreable withal,
 Like rivers rattling in their fall.
 Thine, sure, is poetry divine;
 Where wit and majesty combine;
 Where ev'ry line, as huge as seven,
 If stretch'd in length would reach to Heav'n;
 Here all comparing would be sland'ring,
 The least is more than Alexandrine.

Against thy verse Time sees with pain,
 He white his envious scythe in vain;
 For tho' from thee he much may pare,
 Yet much thou still wilt have to spare.

Thou hast alone the skill to feast
 With Roman elegance of taste,
 Who hast of rhymes as vast resources
 As Pompey's caterer of courses.

Oh thou! of all the Nine inspir'd,
 My languid soul, with teaching tir'd.
 How is it raptur'd when it thinks
 On thy harmonious set of clinks!
 Each ans'ring each in various rhymes,
 Like Echo to St. Patrick's chimes!

Thy Muse, majestic in her rage,
 Moves like Statira on the Stage,

And scarcely can one page sustain
 The length of such a flowing train :
 Her train, of variegated dye,
 Shews like Phaumantia's in the sky ;
 Alike they glow, alike they please,
 Alike impest by Phoebus' rays.

Thy voice—(ye Gods! I cannot bear it)
 To what, to what shall I compare it?
 'Tis like, what I have oft heard spoke on,
 The famous statue of Laocoon.
 'Tis like—O yes! 'tis very like it,
 The long long string with which you fly kite.
 'Tis like what you, and one or two more,
 Roar to your Echo* in good humour,
 And every complement thou hast writ
 Concludes like Rhattah whittah-whit†.

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN,

UPON HIS VERSES WRITTEN IN CIRCLES.

It never was known that circular letters
 By humble companions were sent to their betters;

* At Gulltown there is an famous an Echo, that, if you repeat two lines of Virgil out of a speaking-trumpet, you may hear the nymph return them to your ear with great propriety and sweetness.

† These words allude to their amusements with the Echo, having no other signification but to express the sound of stones returned by the Echo, when beaten one against the other.

Lady Betty* presents you her service most humble,
 And is not afraid your Worship will grumble
 That she makes of your verses a hoop for Miss
 Which is all at present; and so I remain—[Tam†,

ON
 DR. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR VERSES.

BY MR. GEORGE ROCHFORD.

WITH musick and poetry equally blest,
 A bard thus Apollo most humbly addrest :
 ' Great Author of harmony, verses, and light !
 ' Assisted by thee, I both fiddle and write.
 ' Yet unheeded I scrape, or I scribble all day ;
 ' My verse is neglected, my tune's thrown away.
 ' Thy substitute here, Vice-Apollo, disdains
 ' To vouch for my numbers, or list to my strains ;
 ' Thy manual signet refuses to put
 ' To the airs I produce from the pen or the gut.
 ' Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus ; and
 ' Relief, or reward, to my merit, or want. [grant

* Daughter of the Earl of Drogheda, and married to George Rochford, Esq.

† Miss Tam, (a short name for Tomason) Lady Betty's daughter, then perhaps about a year old. She is now married to Gustavus Lambert, Esq. of Paynstown in the county of Meath.

' Though the Dean and Delany transcendently
 ' O brighten one solo or sonnet of mine ! [shine,
 ' With them I'm content thou should'st make thy
 ' But visit thy servant in jig or in ode. [abode :
 ' Make one work immortal ; 'tis all I request.'

Apollo look'd pleas'd ; and, resolving to jest,
 Reply'd, ' Honest friend, I've consider'd thy case ;
 ' Nor dislike thy well-meaning and humorous face.
 ' Thy petition I grant: the boon is not great ;
 ' Thy works shall continue ; and here 's the re-
 ceipt.

' On rondeaus hereafter thy fiddle-strings spend :
 ' Write verses in circles ; they never shall end.'

PROLOGUE

TO A PLAY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ' DISTRESSED
 WEAVERS.' BY DR. SHERIDAN.

Spoken by Mr. Elrington. 1721.

GREAT cry and little wool—is now become
 The plague and proverb of the Weaver's loom :
 No wool to work on, neither west nor warp ;
 Their pockets empty, and their stomachs sharp.
 Provok'd, in loud complaints to you they cry :
 Ladies relieve the weavers ! or they die !
 Forsake your silks for stuffs ; nor think it strange
 To shift your cloaths, since you delight in change.

One thing with freedom I'll presume to tell—
The men will like you every bit as well.

See, I am dress'd from top to toe in stuff;
And, by my troth, I think I'm fine enough:
My wife admires me more, and swears she never,
In any dress, beheld me look so clever.

And, if a man be better in such ware,
What great advantage must it give the fair!
Our wool from lambs of innocence proceeds:
Silks come from maggots, calicoes from weeds:
Hence 'tis by sad experience that we find
Ladies in silks to vapours much inclin'd—
And what are they but maggots in the mind? }
For which I think it reason to conclude
That cloaths may change our temper like our food,
Chintzes are gawdy, and engage our eyes
Too much about the party-colour'd dyes:
Although the lustre is from you begun,
We see the rainbow, and neglect the sun.

How sweet and innocent 's the country maid,
With small expense in native wool array'd;
Who copies from the fields her homely green,
While by her shepherd with delight she 's seen!
Should our fair ladies dress like her in wool,
How much more lovely, and how beautiful,
Without their Indian drapery, they 'd prove,
Whilst wool would help to warm us into love!
Then, like the famous Argonauts of Greece,
We 'd all contend to gain the Golden Fleece!

EPILOGUE

TO A PLAY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WEAVERS
IN IRELAND. 1791.

Who dares affirm this is no pious age,
When Charity begins to tread the stage?
When actors, who at best are hardly savers,
Will give a night of benefit to Weavers?
Stay——let me see; how finely will it sound!
Imprimis, from his Grace a hundred pound.
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors;
Item, the actors freely give a day——
The poet had no more who made the play.

From whence this wondrous charity in play'rs?
They learn'd it not at sermons or at pray'rs.
Under the rose, since here are none but friends,
To own the truth, we have some private ends.
Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old brocades,
We'll dress in manufactures made at home,
Equip our kings and gen'als at the Comb;
We'll rig in Meath-street Egypt's haughty queen,
And Anthony shall court her in rateen:
In blue shalloon shall Hannibal be clad,
And Scipio trail an Irish purple plaid:
In druggert dress'd of thirteen-pence a-yard,
See Philip's son amidst his Persian guard;

And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage.
In short, our kings and princesses within
Are all resolv'd the project to begin ;
And you, our subjects, when you here resort,
Must imitate the fashions of the court.

Oh ! could I see this audience clad in stuff,
Tho' money's scarce, we should have trade enough ;
But chints, brocades, and lace, take all away,
And scarce a crown is left to see a play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs
Between the Weavers and us playhouse-kings ;
But wit and weaving had the same beginning ;
Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning.
And next observe how this alliance fits,
For Weavers now are just as poor as wits ;
Their brother quillmen, workers for the stage,
For sorry stuff can get a crown a-page ;
But Weavers will be kinder to the play'rs,
And sell for twenty-pence a yard of theirs ;
And, to your knowledge, there is often less in
The poet's wit than in the player's dressing.

A POEM,

BY DR. DELANY,

On the preceding PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE.

‘ Fœmineo generi tribuantur.’

THE Muses, whom the richest silks array,
 Refuse to fling their shining gowns away :
 The pencil clothes the Nine in bright brocades,
 And gives each colour to the pictur'd maids ;
 Far above mortal-dress the sisters shine,
 Pride in their Indian robes, and must be fine.
 And shall two Bards in concert rhyme and huff,
 And fret these Muses with their Play-house stuff?

The Player in mimic piety may storm,
 Deplore the Comb, and bid her Heroes arm :
 The arbitrary mob, in paltry rage,
 May curse the Belles and Chintzes of the age :
 Yet still the Artist Worm her Silk shall share,
 And spin her thread of life in service of the fair.

The Cotton-plant, whom satire cannot blast,
 Shall bloom the favourite of these realms, and last :
 Like yours, ye Fair, her fame from censure grows,
 Prevails in charms, and glares above her foes :
 Your injur'd plant shall meet a loud defence,
 And be the emblem of your innocence.

Some Bard, perhaps, whose landlord was a
 Weaver,
 Penn'd the low Prologue, to return a favour :
 Some neighbour Wit, that would be in the vogue,
 Work'd with his friend, and wove the Epilogue.
 Who weaves the chaplet, or provides the bays,
 For such Wool-gathering Sonnetteers as these ?
 Hence then, ye *home-spun* Witlings, that persuade
 Miss Chloe to the fashion of her maid.
 Shall the *wide* Hoop, that standard of the town,
 Thus act subservient to a Poplin Gown ?
 Who 'd smell of wool all over ? 'Tis enough
 The under-petticoat be made of stuff.
 Lord ! to be wrapt in flannel just in May,
 When the fields, dress'd in flowers, appear so gay ! }
 And shall not Miss be *flower'd* as well as they ? }
 - In what weak colours would the plaid appear,
 Work'd to a quilt, or studded in a chair !
 The skin, that vies with silk, would fret with stuff ;
 Or who could bear in bed a thing so rough ?
 Ye knowing Fair, how eminent that bed, [Thread,
 Where the Chintze diamonds with the Silken
 Where rustling curtains call the curious eye,
 And boast the streaks and paintings of the sky !
 Of flocks they 'd have your milky ticking full ;
 And all this for the benefit of wool !
 ' But where,' say they, ' shall we bestow these
 Weavers,
 ' That spread our streets, and are such piteous
 cravers ?'

The Silk-worms (brittle beings !) prone to fate,
Demand their care to make their webs complete :
These may they tend, their promises receive ; -
We cannot pay *too much* for what they give !

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

JOYCE GOLD, PRINTER, SHOE LANE.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D

O SWIFT ! if fame be life (as well we know
That ba dle and f erous have as tem'd it so)
Thou ca st n t wholly d-e, thy works will shine
To future times, and life in fame be thine FARNELL.

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SAMUEL BAGSTER,

1807.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

THE SOUTH SEA PROJECT.

1721.

I.

YE wise philosophers! explain
What magic makes our money rise
When dropt into the Southern main?
Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?

II.

Put in your money fairly told;
Presto, be gone—'tis here again;
Ladies and Gentlemen! behold,
Here's ev'ry piece as big as ten.

III.

Thus in a bason drop a shilling,
Then fill the vessel to the brim,
You shall observe, as you are filling,
The pond'rous metal seems to swim.

IV.

It rises both in bulk and height,
Behold it swelling like a sop!
The liquid medium cheats your sight;
Behold it mounted to the top!
SWIFT. VOL. XI. 2

V.

In stock three hundred thousand pound;
I have in view a lord's estate;
My manors all contiguous round;
A coach and six, and serv'd in plate!

VI.

Thus the deluded bankrupt raves;
Puts all upon a desp'rate bet;
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
Dipt o'er head and ears—in debt.

VII.

So, by a calenture misled,
The mariner with rapture sees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamell'd fields and verdant trees;

VIII.

With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastic scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanted grove;
And in he leaps, and down he sinks.

IX.

Two hundred chariots, just bespoke,
Are sunk in these devouring waves,
The horses drown'd, the harness broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

THE SOUTH SEA: -

X.

Like Pharaoh, by *Directors* led,
They with their *spoils* went safe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay shatter'd on the Red-Sea shore.

XI.

Rais'd up on Hope's aspiring plumes,
The young advent'rer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight, and state assumes,
And scorns the middle way to keep.

XII.

On *paper* wings he takes his flight;
With *wax* the *father* bound them fast;
The wax is melted by the height,
And down the tow'ring boy is cast.

XIII.

A moralist might here explain
The rashness of the Cretan youth;
Describe his fall into the main,
And from a fable form a truth.

XIV.

His *wings* are his *paternal rent*,
He melts his wax at ev'ry flame,
His credit sunk, his money spent,
In Southern Seas, he leaves his name.

XV.

Inform us, you that best can tell,
Why in yon' dang'rous gulf profound,
Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *wise* were drown'd?

XVI.

So have I seen from Severn's brink
A flock of geese jump down together;
Swim where the bird of Jove would sink,
And, swimming, never wet a feather,

XVII.

But, I affirm, 'tis false in fact,
Directors better knew their tools;
We see the nation's credit crackt,
Each *knave* hath made a thousand fools,

XVIII.

One fool may from another win,
And then get off with money stor'd,
But if a sharper once comes in,
He throws at all, and sweeps the board,

XIX.

As fishes on each other prey,
The great ones swallow up the small,
So fares it in the Southern Sea,
The whale *Director* eat up all.

THE SOUTH SEA.

XX.

When stock is high, they come between,
Making by second-hand their offers,
Then cunningly retire unseen,
With each a million in his coffers.

XXI.

So, when upon a moonshine night
An ass was drinking at a stream,
A cloud arose and stopt the light,
By intercepting ev'ry beam :

XXII.

' The day of judgment will be soon,
(Cries out a sage among the crowd,)
' An ass hath swallow'd up the moon !'
(The moon lay safe behind the cloud.)

XXIII.

Each poor subscriber to the Sea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies ;
Directors fall as well as they ;
Their fall is but a trick to rise.

XXIV.

So fishes, rising from the main,
Can soar with moisten'd wings on high ;
The moisture dry'd, they sink again,
And dip their fins again to fly,

XXV.

Undone at play, the female troops
 Come here their losses to retrieve,
 Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops,
 Like Lapland witches in a sieve.

XXVI.

Thus Venus to the sea descends,
 As poets feign; but where's the moral?
 It shews the Queen of Love intends
 To search the deep for pearl and coral.

XXVII.

The sea is richer than the land,
 I heard it from my grannam's mouth,
 Which now I clearly understand,
 For by the sea she meant the South.

XXVIII.

Thus by *Directors* we are told,
 ' Pray, Gentlemen, believe your eyes;
 ' Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold;
 ' Look round and see how thick it lies.'

XXIX.

' We gentlemen are your assistants,
 ' We'll come and hold you by the chin,—'
 Alas! all is not gold that glisters,
 Ten thousand sink by treading in.

XXX.

Oh ! would those patriots be so kind
Here in the deep to *wash their hands*,
Then, like Pactolus, we should find
The sea indeed had *golden sands*.

XXXI.

A shilling in the Bath you fling,
The silver takes a nobler hue
By magic virtue in the spring,
And seems a guinea to your view :

XXXII.

But as a guinea will not pass
At market for a farthing more,
Shewn thro' a multiplying glass,
Than what it always did before :

XXXIII.

So cast it in the Southern Seas,
And view it thro' a jobber's bill,
Put on what spectacles you please,
Your guinea's but a guinea still.

XXXIV.

One night a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,
The golden stars for guineas took,
And silver Cynthia for a crown,

XXXV.

The point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leap'd into the flood,
There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

XXXVI.

' Upon the waters cast thy bread,
' And after many days thou'lt find it;'
But gold upon this ocean spread
Shall sink, and leave no mark behind it.

XXXVII.

There is a gulf where thousands fell,
Here all the bold advent'urers came;
A narrow sound, tho' deep as hell,
'Change-alley is the dreadful name.

XXXVIII.

Nine times a-day it ebbs and flows,
Yet he that on the surface lies,
Without a pilot seldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

XXXIX.

Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down,
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fish for gold, and drown,

XL.

Now bury'd in the depth below,
Now mounted up to heav'n agen,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wits' end like drunken men.

XLI.

Mean-time, secure on Garr'way's cliffs,
A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead.

XLII.

But these, you say, are factious lies,
From some malicious Tory's brain,
For where *Directors* get a prize,
The Swiss and Dutch whole millions drain,

XLIII.

Thus when by rooks a lord is ply'd,
Some cully often wins a bet,
By vent'ring on the cheating side,
Tho' not into the secret let.

XLIV.

While some build castles in the air,
Directors build them in the seas;
Subscribers plainly see 'em there,
For fools will see as wise men please.

XLV.

Thus oft' by mariners are shown
(Unless the men of Kent are liars)
Earl Godwin's castles overflown,
And palace-roofs and steeple-spires.

XLVI.

Mark where the sly *Directors* creep,
Nor to the shore approach too nigh ;
The monsters nestle in the deep
To seize you in your passing by.

XLVII.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise, .
Who, taught by instinct, how to shun
The crocodile that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

XLVIII.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover strength whene'er he fell ;
Alcides held him in his arms,
And sent him up in air to hell.

XLIX.

Directors thrown into the sea
Recover strength and vigour there,
But may be tam'd another way,
Suspended for a while in air, -

L.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
By long experience we have found
What planet rul'd when you were born;
We see you never can be drown'd.

LI.

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
Nor come within your cully's reach;
For if the sea should sink so low
To leave you dry upon the beach,

LII.

You'll owe your ruin to your bulk;
Your foes already waiting stand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
While you lie helpless on the sand.

LIII.

Thus when a whale hath lost the tide,
The coasters crowd to seize the spoil,
The monster into parts divide,
And strip the bones and melt the oil.

LIV.

Oh! may some western tempest sweep
These locusts, whom our fruits have fed
That plague, *Directors*, to the deep,
Driv'n from the South Sea to the Red!

LV.

May he whom Nature's laws obey,
 Who lifts the poor, and sinks the proud,
 Quiet the raging of the sea,
 And still the madness of the crowd !

LVI.

But never shall our isle have rest
 Till those devouring swine run down,
 (The devils leaving the possess,)
 And headlong in the waters drown.

LVII.

The nation then too late will find,
 Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors' promises but wind,
 South Sea at best a mighty bubble.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
 Arma virum, tabulæque, et Tæcenæ gæse per undas.
 VIRO.

ON GAULSTOWN HOUSE.

BY DR. DELANY*.

'Tis so old, and so ugly, and yet so convenient,
You're sometimes in pleasure, though often in
pain in 't: ease in 't;

'Tis so large, you may lodge a few friends with
You may turn and stretch at your length if you
please in 't:

'Tis so little the family live in a press in 't, [in 't:

And poor Lady Betty† has scarce room to dress

'Tis so cold in the winter, you can't bear to lie in 't:

And so hot in the summer, you're ready to fry in it:

'Tis so brittle, 'twould scarce bear the weight of a
tun :

Yet so staunch, that it keeps out a great deal of sun:

'Tis so crazy, the weather with ease beats quite
through it, [it.

And you're forc'd every year in some part to renew

*Tis so ugly, so useful, so big, and so little: [de;

'Tis so staunch, and so crazy, so strong, and so brit-

'Tis at one time so hot, and another so cold;

It is part of the new, and part of the old;

It is just half a blessing and just half a curse—

I wish then, dear George, it were better or worse.

* The seat of George Rochfort, esq. (father to the Earl of Belvidere); where Dr. Swift and an agreeable set of friends spent part of the summer of 1724.

† Daughter to the Earl of Drogheda, and the wife of Mr. Rochfort.

THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK,

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

July 15, 1721, at night.

I'd have you t' know, George*, Dan†, Dean‡,
 and Nim§,
 That I've learned how verse t' compose trim,
 Much better b' half th'n you, n'r you, nor h'in,
 And th't I'd rid'cule their 'nd your flann-flim.
 Ay' b't then, p'rhaps, say you, t's a m'rry whim
 With 'bundance of mark'd notes i' th' rim,
 So th't I ought n't fort' be morose 'nd t' look grim.
 Think n't your p'stle put m' in a meagrim;
 Though 'n rep't't'on day, I 'ppear ver' slim,
 Th' last bowl 't Helsham's did m' head t' swim,
 So th't I h'd man' aches 'n 'v'ry scrubb'd limb,
 Cause th' top of th' bowl I h'd oft us'd t' skim;
 And b'sides D'lan' swears th't I h'd swallow'd
 s'v'r'l brim-
 mers, 'nd that my vis'ge 's cover'd o'er with r'd pim-
 ples: m'r'o'er though m' skull were (s' tis n't) 's
 strong 's tim- [Sanh'drim,
 ber, 't must have ak'd. Th' clans of the c'lldge
 Pres'nt the'r humbl' and 'fect'nate respects; that
 's t' say, D'lan', 'chlin, P. Ludl', Dic' St'wart,
 H'lsham, capt'n P'rr' Walmsl', 'nd Longsh'nks
 Timm||.

* George Rochfort.

† Mr. Jackson.

‡ Dr. Swift.

§ J. Rochfort.

|| Dr. James Stopford, afterwards bishop of Cloyne.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S
ANSWER.

DEAR Sheridan! a gentle pair
 Of Gaulstown lads, (for such they are,)

Besides a brace of grave divines,
 Adore the smoothness of thy lines;
 Smooth as our bason's silver flood,
 Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
 Smoother than Pegasus' old-shoe,
 Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
 The board on which we set our a—s,
 Is not so smooth as are thy verses,
 Compar'd with which, (and that's enough,)

smoothing-iron itself is rough.
 Nor praise I less that circumcision,
 By modern poets call'd elision,
 With which, in proper station plac'd,
 Thy polish'd lines are firmly brac'd.
 Thus a wise taylor is not pinching,
 But turns at ev'ry seam an inch in;
 Or else, be sure, your broad-cloth breeches
 Will ne'er be smooth, nor hold their stitches,
 Thy verse, like bricks, defy the weather,
 When smooth'd by rubbing them together;
 Thy words so closely wedg'd and short are,
 Like walls, more lasting without mortar :
 By leaving out the needless vowels,
 You save the charge of lime and trowels,

One letter still another locks,
Each groov'd and dove-tail'd like a box,
Thy Muse is tuckt-up and succinct;
In chains thy syllables are linkt;
Thy words together ty'd in small hanks,
Close as the Macedonian phalanx;
Or like the *umbo* of the Romans,
Which fiercest foes could break by no means.
The critic to his grief will find,
How firmly these indentures bind.
So, in the kindred painter's art,
The shortening is the nicest part.

Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or else, to shew their learned labour, you
May backward be perus'd like Hebrew,
Where they need not lose a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine,
Number and weight and measure join;
Then all must grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.
All must allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourscore;
Nor can we think your measure short,
Where less than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrian in the close,
Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long nose.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

PART OF A SUMMER SPENT AT THE HOUSE OF
GEORGE ROCHEFORT, ESQ. 1723.

THATTA, tell in sober lays
How George, Nim, Dan, Dean, pass their days,
And, should our Gaulstown's art grow fallow,
Yet *neget quis carmina Gallo?*
Here (by the way) by Gallus mean I
Not Sheridan, but friend Delany.
Begin, my Muse! First, from our bow'rs,
We sally forth at diff'rent hours;
At seven the Dean, in night-gown drest,
Goes round the house to wake the rest;
At nine grave Nim, and George facetious,
Go to the Dean to read Lucretius;
At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
And kisses George, and ends our lectures;
And when she has him by the neck fast,
Hawls him, and scolds us down to breakfast,
We squander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys! to the oar,
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But, by particular whimsies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for spaw;
O'ersees the work, or Dragon rows,
Or mars a text, or mends his hose;

Or—but proceed we in our journal—
 At two, or after, we return all ;
 From the four elements assembling,
 Warn'd by the bell, all folks come teembling :
 From airy garrets some descend,
 Some from the lake's remotest end :
 My Lord and Dean the fire forsake,
 Dan leaves the earthly spade and rake :
 The loit'ers quake, no corner hides them,
 And Lady Betty soundly chides them.
 Now water's brought, and dinner's done ;
 With Church and King the Lady's gone ;
 (Not reck'ning half an hour we pass
 In talking o'er a mod'rate glass ;)
 Dan, growing drowsy, like a thief
 Steals off to doze away his beef ;
 And this must pass for reading Hammond——
 While George and Dean go to backgammon.
 George, Nim, and Dean, set out at four,
 And then again, boys! to the oar.
 But when the sun goes to the deep,
 (Not to disturb him in his sleep,
 Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
 His candle out, and he a-bed,)
 We watch his motions to a minute,
 And leave the flood when he goes in it.
 Now stinted in the short'ning day,
 We go to play'rs, and then to play
 Till supper comes ; and after that
 We sit an hour to drink and chat.

'Tis late—the old and younger pairs,
By Adam lighted, walk up stairs:
The weary Dean goes to his chamber,
But Nim and Dan to garret clamber:
So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls, and all is done.

I might have mention'd sev'ral facts,
Like episodes between the acts,
And tell who loses and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins,
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overset;
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon,
How steady in the storm he sat,
And sav'd his oar, but lost his hat;
How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares when he can catch 'em;
How skilfully Dan mends his nets,
How fortune fails him when he sets;
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The ladies, and lampoon the sex.
I might have told how oft Dean Percival
Displays his pedantry unmerciful;
Or how our neighbour lifts his nose,
To tell what ev'ry schoolboy knows,
Then with his finger on his thumb,
Explaining, strikes opposers dumb;

Or how his wife, that female pedant,
 (But now there need no more be said on't,)
 Shews all her secrets of housekeeping;
 For candles how she trucks her dripping;
 Was forc'd to send three miles for yeast
 To brew her ale and raise her paste;
 Tells ev'ry thing that you can think of,
 How she cur'd Tommy of the chincough;
 What gave her brats and pigs the measles,
 And how her doves were kill'd by weasels;
 How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
 She had with dreams the other night.

But now, since I have got so far on,
 A word or two of Lord Chief Baron*,
 And tell how little weight he sets
 On all Whig papers and gazettes;
 But for the politics of Puet†,
 Thinks ev'ry syllable is true;
 And since he owns the King of Sweden
 Is dead at last, without evading,
 Now all his hopes are in the Czar:
 'Why, Muscovy is not so far;
 'Down the Black Sea and up the Straits,
 'And in a month he's at your gates;
 'Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
 'By Christmas we shall see strange things.'
 Why should I tell of ponds and drains,
 What carps we met with for our pains;

* Mr. Rochfort's father.

† A Tory news-writer.

Of sparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable,
 To choke the girls, and to consume a rabble?
 But you, who are a scholar, know
 How transient all things are below;
 How prone to change is human life!
 Last night arriv'd Clem.* and his wife——
 This grand event that broke our measures;
 Their reign began with cruel seizures;
 The Dean must with his quilt supply
 The bed in which those tyrants lie.
 Nim lost his wig-block, Dan his jordan,
 (My lady says she can't afford one,)
 George is half scar'd out of his wits,
 For Clem. gets all the dainty bits.
 Henceforth expect a diff'rent survey,
 This house will soon turn topsy-turvey;
 They talk of further alterations,
 Which causes many speculations.

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER

TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1723.

WELL, if ever I saw such another man since my
 mother bound my head!
 You a gentleman! marry come up, I wonder where
 you were bred!

* Mr. Clement Barry.

I am sure such words does not become a man of
your cloth ;

I would not give such language to a dog, faith and
troth.

Yes, you call'd my master a knave : fy ! Mr. She-
ridan : 'tis a shame

For a parson, who should know better things, to
come out with such a name.

Knave in your teeth ! Mr. Sheridan ; 'tis both a
shame and a sin ;

And the Dean, my master, is an honestest man than
you and all your kin :

He has more goodness in his little finger than you
have in your whole body :

My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-
shank'd hoddody-doddy.

And now, whereby I find you would fain make an
excuse,

Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you
Goose ;

Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four
years since October,

And he never call'd me worse than sweetheart,
drunk or sober ;

Not that I know his Reverence was ever concern'd
to my knowledge,

Tho' you and your come-rogues keep him out so
late in your wicked college.

You say you will eat grass on his grave. A Chris-
tian eat grass !

Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose
or an ass.

But that's as much as to say that my master should
die before ye;

Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't be-
lieve that's a true story;

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell
my master; what care I?

And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to
Mary.

Every body knows that I love to tell truth and
shame the devil;

I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks
should be civil.

Besides, you found fault with your victuals one
day that you was here;

I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the
year;

And Saunders, the man, says you are always jest-
ing and inocking.

' Mary,' said he, (one day as I was mending my
master's stocking,)

' My master is so fond of that minister that keeps
the school—

' I thought my master a wise man, but that man
makes him a fool.'

' Saunders,' said I, ' I would rather than a quart
of ale

' He would come into our kitchen, and I would
pin a dishclout to his tail.'

And now I must go and get Saunders to direct this
 letter,
 For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister Mar-
 get she writes better.
 Well, but I must run and make the bed before
 my master comes from pray'rs;
 And see, now, it strikes ten, and I hear him com-
 ing up stairs :
 Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I
 could write written hand ;
 And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to
 command, MARY.

CARBERIÆ RUPES,

IN COMITATU CORCAGENSÍ, APUD HIBERNICOS.

Scriptis Jun. Ann. Dom. 1723.

Ecce ingens fragmens scopuli, quod vertice summo
 Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine fixum,
 Decidit in fluctus: maria undique et undique saxa
 Horrisono stridore touant, et ad æthera murmur
 Erigitur: trepidatque suis Neptunus in undis.
 Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aspergine crebrâ
 Equorei laticis, specus imâ rupe cavatur :
 Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant ;
 Jam cadit in præceps moles, et verberat undas
 Attonitus credas, hic dejecisse totantem

Montibus inpositos montes, et Pelion altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâsse gigantum.

Sæpe etiam spelunca immani aperitur-hiatu
Exesa è scopulis, et utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.
Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura superne.
Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palumbes,
Inque imo stagni posuere cubilia phocæ.

Sed, cum sævit Hyems, et venti, carcere rupto,
Immensos volunt fluctus ad culmina montis,
Non obsesse arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Missa Jovis, quoties inimicas sævit in urbes,
Exæquant sonitum undarum, veniente procellâ :
Littora littoribus reboant ; vicinia latè,
Gens assueta mari, et pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, et longè fugit, arva relinquens.

Gramina dum carpunt podentes rupe capellæ,
Vi salientis aquæ de summo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo sub gurgite linqunt.

Piscator terra non audet vellere funem :
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, et, aëra sudum
Iland sperans, Nereum precibus votisque fatigat.

CARBERRY ROCKS,*

IN THE COUNTY OF CORK, IRELAND*

Lo! from the top of yonder cliff, that shrouds
 Its airy head amidst the azure clouds,
 Hangs a huge fragment, destitute of props;
 Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drops!
 With hoarse rebuff the swelling seas rebound,
 From shore to shore the Rocks return the sound;
 The dreadful murmur heav'n's high convex cleaves,
 And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject waves,
 For long the whirling winds and beating tides
 Had scoop'd a vault into its nether sides.
 Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
 Their headlong course, and lash the sounding surge:
 Not louder noise could shake the guilty world
 When Jove, heap'd mountains upon mountains,
 Retorting Pelion from his dread abode, [hurl'd;
 To crush earth's rebel sons beneath the load.

Qft, too, with hideous yawn the caverns wide
 Present an orifice, on either side,
 A dismal orifice from sea to sea
 Extended, pervious to the God of Day:

* We have added a translation of the preceding poem for the benefit of our English readers. It is done by Mr. W. Dunkin, M. A., for whom our Author hath expressed a great regard on account of his ingenious performances, although unacquainted with him.

Uncouthly join'd, the Rocks stupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future storm :
High on the cliff their nets the woodquests make,
And sea-calves stable in the oozy lake.

But when bleak Winter with his sullen train
Awakes the winds to vex the wat'ry plain ;
When o'er the craggy steep, without control,
Big with the blast the raging billows roll,
Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand
Darted from heav'n by Jove's avenging hand,
Oft as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride, and blasts their gilded tow'rs,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar ;
Waves rush o'er waves, rebellows shore to shore.
The neighb'ring race, tho' wont to brave the shocks
Of angry seas, and run among the Rocks,
Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor trust their native homes.

The goats, while pendent from the mountain-top
The wither'd herb improvident they crop,
Wash'd down the precipice with sudden sweep,
Leave their sweet lives beneath th'unfathom'd deep.

The frighted fisher, with desponding eyes,
Tho' safe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the skies serene,
Wearies with rows the monarch of the main,

UPON THE HORRID PLOT

DISCOVERED BY

HARLEQUIN,

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S FRENCH DOG*.

In a Dialogue between a Whig and a Tory. 1723.

TORY.

I ASK'd a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He answer'd, that a dog of late
Inform'd a minister of state.
Said I, from thence I nothing know,
For are not all informers so?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We style him by no other phrase;
And so a perjur'd dog denotes
Porter, and Prendergast, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.

WHIG. But you must know this dog was lame.

TORY. A weighty argument indeed!
Your evidence was lame:—proceed.

* See the proceedings in Parliament against Dr. Atterbury, the Bishop of Rochester, *State Trials*, vol. 6.—He was tried by the Lords for a plot against the government, deprived of his bishoprick, and banished his native country. He died in France, Feb. 15, 1723.

Come, help your lame dog o'er the stile.

WHIG. Sir, you mistake me all this while:
I mean a dog, (without a joke,)
Can howl and bark, but never spoke.

TORY. I'm still to seek which dog you mean,
Whether Cur Plunket or Whelp Skean;
An English or an Irish hound,
Or t'other puppy that was drown'd,
Or Mason, that abandon'd bitch;
Then pray be free, and tell me which,
For ev'ry stander-by was marking
That all the noise they made was barking.
You pay them well; the dogs have got
Their dogs'-heads in a porridge-pot;
And 'twas but just, for wise men say
That ev'ry dog must have his day.
Dog Walpole laid a quart of nog on't,
He'd either make a hog or dog on't,
And look'd, since he has got his wish,
As if he had thrown down a dish:
Yet this I dare forestel you from it,
He'll soon return to his own vomit.

WHIG. Besides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe after he was drown'd.

TORY. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach dead dogs to bite.

WHIG. I prov'd my proposition full,
But Jacobites are strangely dull.
Now let me tell you plainly, Sir,
Our witness is a real cur,

A dog of spirit for his years,
 Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
 His name is Harlequin I wot,
 And that's a name in ev'ry plot;
 Resolv'd to save the British nation,
 Tho' French by birth and education,
 His correspondence, plainly dated,
 Was all decipher'd and translated;
 His answers were exceeding pretty
 Before the secret wise committee;
 Confess'd as plain as he could bark,
 Then with his forefoot set his mark.

TORY. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
 I thought it was a dog in doublet;
 The matter now no longer sticks,
 For statesmen never want dog-tricks:
 But since it was a real cur,
 And not a dog in metaphor,
 I give you joy of the report,
 That he's to have a place at court.

WHIG. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in,
 A turnspit in the royal kitchen.
 Sir, to be plain, I'll tell you what,
 We had occasion for a plot,
 And when we found the dog begin it,
 We guess'd the Bishop's foot was in it.

TORY. I own it was a dang'rous project,
 And you have prov'd it by dog-logic.
 Sure such intelligence between
 A dog and Bishop ne'er was seen,

Till you began to change the breed;
Your Bishops all are d—gs indeed.

JOAN CUDGELS NED. 1723.

JOAN cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully;
Will cudgels Bess, yet Will's a cully;
Die Ned and Bess; give Will to Joan,
She dares not say her life's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Bess to Ned,
And ev'ry day she combs his head.

PETHOX THE GREAT. 1723.

FROM Venus born thy beauty shows,
But who thy father no man knows,
Nor can the skillful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race:
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Discovers Vulcan for thy sire,
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin sing'd the soil,
From whence, philosophers agree,
An equal pow'r descends to thee;
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high descent from whence you came,

And, as a proof, shew num'rous scars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Those honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and all before,
And still the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent;
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighb'ring Gaul descend,
Or from Parthenope the proud,
Where numberless thy vot'ries crowd;
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear Vesputio's name,
For so conject'ers would obtrude,
And from thy painted skin conclude;
Whether, as Epicurus shows,
The world from jostling seeds arose,
Which mingling with prolific strife
In Chaos, kindled into life;
So your production was the same,
And from contending atoms came.

Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with sparkling rubies round;
Beneath thy decent steps the road
Is all with precious jewels strow'd;
The bird of Pallas knows his post,
Thee to attend where'er thou go'st.

Byzantians boast, that on the clod
Where once their Sultan's horse hath trod,
Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree;
The same thy subjects boast of thee.

The greatest lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours seen
Of red and yellow, blue and green.

With half a word, when you require,
The man of bus'ness must retire.
The haughty minister of state
With trembling must thy leisure wait,
And while his fate is in thy hands,
The bus'ness of the nation stands.

Thou dar'st the greatest Prince attack,
Canst hourly set him on the rack,
And, as an instance of thy pow'r,
Enclose him in a wooden tow'r:
With pungent pains on ev'ry side,
So Regulus in torments dy'd.

From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to discern;
And well thy scholars are endu'd
With temp'rance and with fortitude,
With patience, which all ills supports,
And secrecy, the art of courts.

The glitt'ring beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or spell;
But having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.

With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in ev'ry noble race!
In whom thy features, shape, and mien,
Are to the life distinctly seen.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

“ The Britons, once a savage kind,
By you were brighten’d and refin’d,
Descendants of the barb’rous Huns,
With limbs robust, and voice that stuns ;
But you have moulded them afresh,
Remov’d the tough superfluous flesh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And speak without the help of lungs.

Proteus on you bestow’d the boon
To change your visage like the moon ;
You sometimes half a face produce,
Keep t’other half for private use.

How fam’d thy conduct in the fight
With Hermes, son of Pleias bright !
Out-number’d, half-encompass’d round,
You strove for ev’ry inch of ground ;
Then by a soldierly retreat
Retir’d to your imperial seat.
The victor, when your steps he trac’d,
Found all the realms before him waste :
You o’er the high triumphal arch
Pontific made your glorious march ;
The wond’rous arch behind you fell,
And left a chasm profound as hell,
You, in your capitol secur’d,
A siege as long as Troy endur’d,

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT FOR BEC *.

1713.

Returning Janus now prepares,
 For Bec, a new supply of cares,
 Sent in a bag to Doctor Swift,
 Who thus displays the New-year's Gift :
 First, this large parcel brings you tidings
 Of our good Dean's eternal chidings ;
 Of Nelly's pertness, Robin's leasings,
 And Sheridan's perpetual teasings.
 This box is cram'd on ev'ry side
 With Stella's magisterial pride.
 Behold a cage with sparrows fill'd,
 First to be fondled, then be kill'd.
 Now to this hamper I invite you,
 With six imagin'd cares to fright you.
 Here in this bundle Janus sends
 Concerns by thousands for your friends ;
 And here's a pair of leathern pokes
 To hold your cares for other folks.
 Here from this barrel you may broach
 A peck of troubles for a coach.
 This ball of wax your ears will darken ;
 Still to be curious never to hearken :

* Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, Stella's friend and companion.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Lest you the town may have less trouble in,
Bring all your Quilca* cares to Dublin,
For which he sends this empty sack,
And so take all upon your back.

PROMETHEUS.

ON WOOD THE PATENTEE'S IRISH MALPENCE.

1724.

I.

As when the 'squire and tinker, Wood,
Gravely consulting Ireland's good,
Together mingled in a mass
Smith's dust and copper, lead and brass;
The mixture thus, by chymic art,
United close in ev'ry part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continu'd species,
And by the forming engine struck,
On all the same impression stack:

So, to obfuscate this hated coin,
All parties and religions join;
Whigs, Tories, Trinitarians, Hanoverians,
Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians;

* A country house of Dr. Stoughton.

Scotch, Irish, English, French unite,
 With equal int'rest, equal spite;
 Together mingled in a lump,
 Do all in one opinion jump;
 And every one begins to find
 The same impression on his mind.

A strange event! whom gold incites
 To blood and quarrels, brass unites:
 So, goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
 Will serve for solder well enough;
 So by the kettle's loud alarm
 The bees are gather'd to a swarm;
 So by the brazen trumpet's bluster
 Troops of all tongues and nations muster;
 And so the Harp of Ireland brings
 Whole crowds about its brazen strings.

II.

There is a chain let down from Jove,
 But fasten'd to his throne above,
 So strong, that from the lower end
 They say all human things depend:
 This chain, as ancient poets hold,
 When Jove was young, was made of gold.
 Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
 Dissolv'd, and into money coin'd;
 Then whips me on a chain of brass,
 (Venus was brib'd to let it pass.)

Now while this brazen chain prevail'd,
 Jove saw that all devotion fail'd;

No temple to his godship rais'd,
No sacrifice on altars blaz'd ;
In short, such dire confusion follow'd,
Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd.
Jove stood amaz'd, and, looking round,
With much ado the cheat he found :
'Twas plain he could no longer hold
The world in any chain but gold,
And to the God of Wealth, his brother,
Sent Mercury to get another.

Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Ty'd with the chain himself had made,
On icy Caucasus to shiver, -
Where vultures eat his growing liver.

III.

Ye Pow'rs of Grubstreet ! make me able
Discreetly to apply this fable ;
Say who is to be understood
By that old thief Prometheus? Wood?
For Jove it is not hard to guess him ;
I mean his Majesty, God bless him.
This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
He strove to steal that chain of gold
Which links the subject to the king,
And change it for a brazen string :
But sure if nothing else must pass
Between the king and us but brass,
Altho' the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow slack.

But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
 This brazen chain into a rope,
 With which Prometheus shall be ty'd,
 And high in air shall ever ride,
 Where, if we had his liver grows,
 For want of vultures we have crows.

SENT BY DR. DELANY TO DR. SWIFT

IN ORDER TO BE ADMITTED TO SPEAK TO HIM
 WHEN HE WAS DEAF. 1724.

DEAR Sir! I think 'tis doubly hard
 Your ears and doors should both be barr'd.
 Can any thing be more unkind?
 Must I not see 'cause you are blind?
 Methinks a friend at night should cheer you,
 A friend that loves to see and hear you.
 Why am I robb'd of that delight,
 When you can be no loser by't?
 Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
 That if you heard you'd be no gainer:
 For sure you are not yet to learn
 That hearing is not your concern:
 Then be your doors no longer barr'd:
 Your business, Sir, is to be heard.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

THE wise pretend to make it clear^{er}
 'Tis no great loss to lose an ear :

Why are we then so fond of two,
 When, by experience, one would do ?

'Tis true, say they, cut off the head,
 And there's an end ; the man is dead ;
 Because among all human race
 None e'er was known to have a brace ;
 But confidently they maintain,
 That where we find the members twain,
 The loss of one is no such trouble,
 Since t'other will in strength be double.

The limb surviving, you may swear
 Becomes his brother's lawful heir.
 Thus, for a trial, let me beg of
 Your Rev'ence but to cut one leg off,
 And you shall find by this device
 The other will be stronger twice ;
 For ev'ry day you shall be gaining
 New vigour to the leg remaining :
 So when an eye hath lost its brother,
 You see the better with the other.
 Cut off your hand, and you may do
 With t'other hand the work of two ;
 Because the soul her power contracts,
 And on the brother-limb reacts.

But yet the point is not so clear in
Another case, the sense of hearing ;
For tho' the place of either ear
Be distant as one head can bear ;
Yet Galen most acutely shews you,
(Consult his book *De partium usu*,)
That from each ear, as he observes,
'There crept two auditory nerves,
Not to be seen without a glass,
Which near the *os petrosum* pass ;
Thence to the neck, and moving thorough there,
One goes to this, and one to t'other ear ;
Which made my grand-dame always stuff her ears,
Both right and left, as fellow-sufferers.
You see my learning ; but to shorten it,
When my left ear was deaf a fortnight ;
To t'other ear I felt it coming on,
And thus I solve this hard phenomenon.

'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies
To weak, or old, or clouded-eyes :
Your arms, tho' both your eyes were lost,
Would guard your nose against a post :
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are stronger, and almost as good :
And as for hands, there have been those
Who, wanting both, have us'd their toes ;
But no contrivance yet appears
To furnish artificial ears.

A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME.

TO A FRIEND WHO MARRIED A SHREW.

1724.

NELL scolded in so loud a din,
That Will durst hardly venture in;
He mark'd the conjugal dispute;
Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute;
But when he saw his friend appear,
Cry'd bravely, 'Patience good my Dear !'
At sight of Will she bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out, and clapp'd the door.

'Why, Dick! the devil's in thy Nell,'
Quoth Will; 'thy house is worse than hell:
'Why, what a peal the jade has rung!
'D—n her, why don't you slit her tongue?
'For nothing else will make it cease.'
"Dear Will! I suffer this for peace:
"I never quarrel with my wife;
"I bear it for a Quiet Life:
"Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it,
"Bids us to seek peace and ensue it."

Will went again to visit Dick,
And ent'ring in the very nick,
He saw virago Nell belabour
With Dick's own staff his peaceful neighbour:

Poor Will, who needs must interpose,
Receiv'd a brace or two of blows.

But now, to make my story short,
Will drew out Dick to take a quart;
' Why, Dick, thy wife has dev'lish whims;
' Odsbuds, why don't you break her limbs?
' If she were mine, and had such tricks,
' I'd teach her how to handle sticks:
' Z——ds! I would ship her to Jamaica,
' Or truck the carrion for tobacco:
' I'd send her far enough away——'
" Dear Will! but what will people say?
" Lord! I should get so ill a name,
" The neighbours round would cry out shame!"

Dick suffer'd for his peace and credit,
But who believ'd him when he said it?
Can he who makes himself a slave
Consult his peace or credit save?
Dick found it by his ill success,
His quiet small, his credit less.
She serv'd him at the usual rate;
She stunn'd, and then she broke his pate.
And, what he thought the hardest case,
The parish jeer'd him to his face;
Those men who wore the breeches least
Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beast.
At home he was pursu'd with noise;
Abroad was pester'd by the boys;
Within, his wife would break his bones;
Without, they pelted him with stones:

The 'prentices procur'd a riding*
 To act his patience and her chiding.
 False patience and mistaken pride!
 There are ten thousand Dicks beside;
 Slave to their Quiet and Good Name,
 Are us'd like Dick, and bear the blame.



VERSES ON THE UPRIGHT JUDGE

WHO CONDEMNED THE DRAPIER'S PRINTER.

1724.

THE church I hate, and have good reason,
 For there my grandsire cut his weason:
 He cut his weason at the altar;
 I keep my gullet for the halter.



ON THE SAME.

IN church your grandsire cut his throat:
 To do the job too long he tarry'd;
 He should have had my hearty vote
 'To cut his throat before he marry'd.

* A riding, a humorous cavalcade still practised in some parts of England, to ridicule a scolding wife and henpecked husband. A woman bestrides the horse, and with a ladle chastises a man, who sits on a pillion behind her, with his face to the horse's tail.

ON THE SAME.

[THE JUDGE SPEAKS.]

I'M not the grandson of that ass Quin,
 Nor can you prove it, Mr. Pasquin :
 My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
 And bore my mother by a 'prentice ;
 This when my grandsire knew, they tell us he
 In Christ-church cut his throat for jealousy :
 And since the alderman was mad, you say
 Then I must be so too *ex traduce*.

THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE.

INSCRIBED TO LORD CARTERET, 1724.

"Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus." VIRG.

ONCE on a time, a righteous Sage,
 Griev'd at the vices of the age,
 Applied to Jove with fervent prayer :
 ' O Jove, if Virtue be so fair
 ' As it was deem'd in former days
 ' By Plato and by Socrates,
 ' Whose beauties mortal eyes escape,
 ' Only for want of outward shape ;
 ' Make then its real excellence,
 ' For once, the theme of human sense : '

‘ So shall the eye, by form confin’d,
‘ Direct and fix the wandering mind,
‘ And long-deluded mortals see,
‘ With rapture what they us’d to flee.’

Jove grants the prayer, gives Virtue birth,
And bids him bless and mend the earth.
Behold him blooming fresh and fair,
Now made—ye gods—a son and heir :
An heir; and, stranger yet to hear,
An heir, an orphan of a peer;
But prodigies are wrought, to prove
Nothing impossible to Jove.

Virtue was for this sex design’d
In mild reproof to woman-kind ;
In manly form to let them see
‘The loveliness of modesty,
The thousand decencies that shone
With lessen’d lustre in their own ;
Which few had learn’d enough to prize,
And some thought modish to despise.

To make his merit more discern’d,
He goes to school—he reads—is learn’d ;
Rais’d high, above his birth, by knowledge,
He shines distinguish’d in a college ;
Resolv’d nor honour, nor estate,
Himself alone should make him great.
Here soon for every art renown’d,
His influence is diffus’d around ;
Th’ inferior youth, to learning led,
Less to be fam’d than to be fed,

THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE.

Behold the glory he has won,
And blush to see themselves outdone ;
And now, inflam'd with rival rage,
In scientific strife engage ;
Engage --and, in the glorious strife,
The arts new-kindle into life.

Here would our Hero ever dwell,
Fix'd in a lonely learned cell ;
Contented to be truly great,
In Virtue's best-belov'd retreat ;
Contented he—but Fate ordains
He now shall shine in nobler scenes.
(Rais'd high, like some celestial fire,
To shine the more, still rising higher).
Completely form'd in every part,
To win the soul, and glad the heart
The powerful voice, the graceful mien,
Lovely alike, or heard, or seen ;
The outward form and inward vie,
His soul bright beaming from his eye,
Ennobling every act and air,
With just, and generous, and sincere.

Accomplish'd thus, his next resort
Is to the council and the court,
Where Virtue is in least repute,
And Interest the one pursuit ;
Where *right* and *wrong* are bought and sold,
Barter'd for beauty, and for gold
Here Manly Virtue, even here,
Pleas'd in the person of a peer :

A peer ; a scarcely-bearded youth,
Who talk'd of justice and of truth ;
Of innocence, the surest guard,
Tales here forgot, or yet unheard ;
That he alone deserv'd esteem,
Who was the man he wish'd to seem ;
Call'd it unmanly and unwise,
To lurk behind a mean disguise ;
(Give fraudulent Vice the mask and screen,
'Tis Virtue's interest to be seen ;)
Call'd want of shame a want of sense,
And found, in blushes, eloquence.

Thus, acting what he taught so well,
He drew dumb Merit from her cell ;
Led with amazing art along
The bashful dame, and loos'd her tongue ;
And, whilst he made her value known,
Yet more display'd and rais'd his own.

Thus young, thus proof to all temptations,
He rises to the highest stations,
(For where high honour is the prize,
True Virtue has a right to rise :)
Let courtly slaves low bend the knee
To Wealth and Vice in high degree :
Exalted Worth disdains to owe
Its grandeur to its greatest foe.

Now rais'd on high, see Virtue shows
The godlike ends for which he rose ;
For him, let proud Ambition know
The height of glory here below,

Grandeur, by goodness made complete !
 To bless, is truly to be great !
 He taught how men to honour rise,
 Like gilded vapours to the skies ;
 Which, howsoever they display
 Their glory from the god of day ;
 Their noblest use is to abate
 His dangerous excess of heat ;
 To shield the infant fruits and flowers,
 And bless the earth with genial showers.

Now change the scene ; a nobler cure
 Demands him in a higher sphere*.
 Distress of nations calls him hence,
 Permitted so by Providence ;
 For models, made to mend our kind,
 To no one clime should be confin'd ;
 And Manly Virtue, like the sun,
 His course of glorious toils should run ;
 Alike diffusing in his flight
 Congenial joy, and life, and light.
 Pale Envy sickens, Error flies,
 And Discord in his presence dies ;
 Oppression hides with guilty dread,
 And Merit rears her drooping head ;
 The arts revive, the vallies sing,
 And winter softens into spring :
 The wondering world, where'er he moves,
 With new delight looks up and loves ;

* Lord Carteret had the honour of mediating peace for Sweden
 with Denmark and with the Czar.

One sex consenting to admire,
 Nor less the other to desire ;
 Whilst he, though seated on a throne,
 Confines his love to one alone ;
 The rest condemn'd, with rival voice
 Repining, do applaud his choice.

Fame now reports, the Western Isle
 Is made his mansion for a while ;
 Whose anxious natives night and day
 (Happy beneath his righteous sway)
 Wear the gods with ceaseless prayer,
 To bless him, and to keep him there ;
 And claim it as a debt from fate,
 Too lately found, to lose him late.

A SIMILE,

ON OUR WANT OF SILVER, AND THE ONLY WAY TO
 REMEDY IT.

Written in the year 1725.

As when of old some sorc'ress threw
 O'er the moon's face a sable hue,
 To drive unseen her magic chair
 At midnight thro' the darken'd air,
 Wise people, who believ'd with reason
 That this eclipse was out of season,
 "Affirin'd the moon was sick, and fell,

To cure her by a counter spell.
Ten thousand cymbals now begin
To rend the skies with brazen din ;
The cymbals' rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell :
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her silver face again.
(Note here, that in the chymic style
The moon is silver all this while.)

So (if my Sunile you minded,
Which I confess is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician,
Join'd with a brazen politician,
Expos'd, to blind' the nation's eyes,
A parchment of prodigious size,
Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
There was no Silver to be seen ;
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppose his counter charm of paper ;
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears ;
That sound will make the parchment shrivel,
And drive the conjurers to the devil ;
And when the sky is grown serene,
Our Silver will appear again.

ON WOOD, THE IRONMONGER.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1725.

SALMONEUS, as the Grecian tale is,
 Was a mad coppersmith of Elis;
 Up at his forge by morning-peep,
 No creature in the lane could sleep :
 Among a crew of roist'ring fellows
 Would sit whole ev'nings at the ale-house :
 His wife and children wanted bread,
 While he went always drunk to bed.
 This vap'ring scab must needs devise
 To ape the thunder of the skies :
 With brass two fiery steeds he shod,
 To make a clatt'ring as they trod.
 Of polish'd brass his flaming car
 Like lightning dazzled from afar ;
 And up he mounts into the box,
 And he must thunder, with a pox !
 Then furious he begins his march,
 Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch,
 With squibs and crackers arm'd, to throw
 Among the trembling crowd below.
 All ran to pray'rs, both priests and laity,
 To pacify this angry deity ;
 When Jove, in pity to the town,
 With real thunder knock'd him down,
 Then what a huge delight were all in,
 To see the wicked varlet sprawling !

They search'd his pockets on the place,
 And found his copper all was base :
 They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
 To take the noise of brass for thunder.

The moral of this tale is proper,
 Apply'd to Wood's adult'rate copper ;
 Which, as he scatter'd, we, like dolts,
 Mistook at first for thunderbolts ;
 Before the Drapier shot a letter,
 (Nor Jove himself could do it better,)
 Which lighting on th' impostor's crown,
 Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WOOD, AN INSECT.

1725.

By long observation I have understood
 That two little vermin are kin to Wil. Wood :
 The first is an insect they call a Wood-louse,
 That folds up itself in itself for a house ;
 As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
 Enclos'd *cap-à-pée* in a strong coat of mail :
 And thus William Wood to my fancy appears,
 In fillets of brass roll'd up to his ears,
 And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,
 To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone*.

* He was in jail for debt.

The louse of the wood for a med'cine is us'd,
 Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruis'd :
 And let but our mother Hibernia contrive
 To swallow Will. Wood either bruis'd or alive ;
 She need be no more with her jaundice possess'd,
 Or sick of obstructions and pains in her chest.

The next is an insect we call a Wood-worm,
 That lies in old wood like a hare in her-form :
 With teeth or with claws it will bite and will scratch,
 And chambermaids christen this worm a Death-
 watch ;

Because, like a watch, it always cries Click ;
 Then woe be to those in the house who are sick :
 For as sure as a gun they will give up the ghost,
 If the maggot cries Click when it scratches the
 post :

But a kettle of scalding-hot water injected,
 Infallibly cures the timber affected ;
 The omen is broken, the danger is over ;
 The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.
 Such a worm was Will. Wood when he scratch'd at
 the door

Of a governing statesman or favourite whore ;
 The death of our nation he seem'd to foretel,
 And the sound of his brass we took for our knell :
 But now since the Drapier had heartily maul'd
 him,

I think the best thing we can do is to scald him ;
 For which operation there's nothing more proper
 Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper ;

Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
 This corner of raps in a caldron of oil.
 Then choose which you please, and let each bring
 a faggot,
 For our fear's at an end with the death of the
 maggot.

TO QUILCA,

A COUNTRY-HOUSE OF DR. SHERIDAN IN NO VERY
 GOOD REPAIR, WHERE THE AUTHOR AND SOME
 OF HIS FRIENDS SPENT A SUMMER IN THE YEAR
 1725.

LET me thy properties explain :
 A rotten cabin dropping rain ;
 Chimnies with scorn rejecting smoke ;
 Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads, broke.
 Here elements have lost their uses,
 Air ripens not, nor earth produces ;
 In vain we make poor Sheelah toil,
 Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
 Tho' all the vallies, hills, and plains,
 The goddess Want in triumph reigns ;
 And her chief officers of state,
 Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

THE
BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

1725.

FAR from our debtors ; no Dublin letters ;
Not seen by our betters.

THE
PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

A COMPANION with news ; a great want of shoes ;
Eat lean meat, or choose ; a church without pews.
Our horses astray ; no straw, oats, or hay ; [at play.
December in May ; our boys run away ; all servants

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRE, CALLED
THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

BY WHICH HE MEANS PRIDE. 1726.

If there be truth in what you sing,
Such godlike virtues in the king ;
A minister so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the common-weal ;

If he who in the chair presides
So steadily the senate guides;
If others whom you make your theme
Are seconds in this glorious scheme;
If ev'ry peer whom you commend
To worth and learning be a friend;
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest?
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench fair justice shines,
Her scale to neither side inclines;
Now Pride and Cruelty are frown'd,
And Mercy here exalts her throne;
For such is good Example's power,
It does its office ev'ry hour,
Where governors are good and wise,
Or else the truest maxim lies;
For so we find all ancient sages
Decree, that *ad exemplum regis*,
Thro' all the realm his virtues run,
Burning and kindling like the sun:
If this be true, then how much more,
When you have nam'd at least a score
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If possible, as good as he?

Or, take it in a diff'rent view,
I ask (if what you say be true)
If you affirm the present age
Deserves your satire's keenest rage;

If that same Universal Passion
 With ev'ry vice hath fill'd the nation;
 If Virtue dares not venture down
 A single step beneath the crown;
 If clergymen, to shew their wit,
 Praise classics more than Holy Writ;
 If bankrupts, when they are undone,
 Into the senate-house can run,
 And sell their votes at such a rate
 As will retrieve a lost estate;
 If Law be such a partial whore
 To spare the rich and plague the poor;
 If these be of all crimes the worst,
 What land was ever half so curst?

THE DOG AND THIEF.

1726.

I.

QUOTH the Thief to the Dog, ' Let me into your
 door,
 ' And I'll give you these delicate bits.'
QUOTH the Dog, ' I should then be more villain than
 you're,
 ' And besides must be out of my wits.

II.

'Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal,
'But my master each day gives me bread :
'You'll fly when you get what you came here to
'And I must be hang'd in your stead.' [steal,

III.

The stock-jobber thus from 'Change-alley goes
And tips you, the freeman, a wink : [down,
'Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,
'And here is a guinea to drink.'

IV.

Said the freeman, 'Your guinea to-night would be
'Your offers of bribery cease; [spent;
'I'll vote for my landlord to whom I pay rent,
'Or else I may forfeit my lease.'

V.

From London they come silly people to choose,
Their lands and their faces unknown :
Who'd vote a rogue into the Parliament-house
That would turn a man out of his own?

ADVICE TO THE
GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS.

1726.

I.

YE Poets ragged and forlorn!
Down from your garrets haste;
Ye Rhymers! dead as soon as born,
Not yet consign'd to paste:

II.

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint device!
Your stillborn poems shall revive,
And scorn to wrap up spice.

III.

Get all your verses printed fair,
Then let them well be dry'd,
And Curl must have a special care
To leave the margin wide.

IV.

Lend these to paper-sparing Pope,
And when he sits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

V.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curl for fifty pound,
And swear they are your own.

ON SEEING VERSES WRITTEN UPON

WINDOWS IN INNS.—1726.

THE sage who said he should be proud
Of Windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er one thought allow'd
That might not be confest;
His Windows scrawl'd by every rake,
His breast again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

ANOTHER.

By Satan taught, all conjurers know,
Your mistress in a glass to show,
And you can do as much: "
In this the devil and you agree;
None e'er made verses worse than he,
And thine I swear are such.

ANOTHER.

THAT love is the devil I'll prove when requir'd,
Those rhymers abundantly show it;
They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,
And the devil's a damnable poet.

ANOTHER.

THE church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very near a kin,
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within.

TO A LADY,

WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME VERSES
UPON HER IN THE HEROIC STYLE.—1726.

AFTER venting all my spite,
Tell me what have I to write?
Ev'ry error I could find
Thro' the mazes of your mind,
Have my busy Muse employ'd,
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you positive and fretful,
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?

These, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.

Hearken what my Lady says;
Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault should move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to passion quickly heated;
If my wand'ring head be less
Set on reading than on dress;
If I always seem so dull't'ye,
I can solve the diffi—culty.

You would teach me to be wise,
Truth and honour how to prize;
How to shine in conversation,
And with credit fill my station;
How to relish notions high;
How to live, and how to die.
But it was decreed by Fate,
Mr. Dean, you come too late;
Well I know you can discern
I am now too old to learn;
Follies, from my youth instill'd,
Have my soul entirely fill'd:
In my head and heart they centre,
Nor will let your lessons enter.
Bred a foundling and an heiress,
Dress'd like any lady-may'ress;
Cocker'd by the servants round,
Was too good to touch the ground;

Thought the life of *ev'ry* lady
Should be one continued play-day,
Balls, and masquerades, and shows,
Visits, plays, and powder'd beams.

Thus you have my case *at large*,
And may now perform your charge.
Those materials I have furnish'd,
When by you refin'd and burnish'd,
Must, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduc'd into a poem.

But I beg suspend a while
That same paltry burlesque style;
Drop for once your constant rule,
Turning all to ridicule;
Teaching others how to ape ye, 'I
Court nor Parliament can 'scape ye;
Treat the public and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.

Sing my praise in strain sublime;
Treat not me with dogg'rel rhyme.
'Tis but just you should produce
With each fault each fault's excuse;
Not to publish *ev'ry* trifle,
And my few perfections stifle.
With some gifts at least endue me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I spiteful, proud, unjust?
Did I ever break my trust?
Which of all your modern dames
Censures less, or less defames?

In good manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite with-hold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I esteem express'd
For a coxcomb gaily dress'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to flee and gibe?
Who, with less designing ends,
Kindlier entertain their friends?
With good words and count'nance sprightly
Strive to treat them all politely.

Think not cards my chief diversion;
'Tis a wrong unjust aspersion:
Never knew I any good in 'um,
But to doze my head like laudanum.
We by play, as men by drinking,
Pass our nights to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leisure,
I shall read and think with pleasure,
Conversation learn to relish,
And with books my mind embellish.
Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean, you must reply.

Madam, I allow 'tis true;
All these praises are your due.
You, like some acute philosopher,
Ev'ry fault have drawn a gloss over;

Placing in the strongest light
All your virtues to my sight.

Tho' you lead a blameless life,
Live an humble, prudent wife;
Answer all domestic ends,
What is this to us your friends?
Tho' your children by a nod
Stand in awe without the rod;
Tho' by your obliging sway
Servants love you and obey;
Tho' you treat us with a smile,
Clear your looks, and smooth your style,
Load our plates from ev'ry dish,
This is not the thing we wish;
Colonel — may be your debtor;
We expect employment better.
You must learn, if you would gain us,
With good sense to entertain us.

Scholars, when good sense describing,
Call it tasting and imbibing;
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to understand and think:
We may carve for others thus,
And let others carve for us:
To discourse, and to attend,
Is to help yourself and friend.
Conversation is but carving;
Carve for all, yourself is starving:
Give no more to ev'ry guest
Than he's able to digest;

Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time.
Carve for all but just enough,
Let them neither starve nor stuff;
And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours carve for you.
This comparison will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told,
How conversing, list'ning, thinking,
Justly may resemble drinking:
For a friend a glass you fill,
What is this but to instill?

To conclude this long essay;
Pardon if I disobey,
Nor against my nat'ral vein
Treat you in heroic strain.
I, as all the parish knows,
Hardly can be grave in prose:
Still to lash, and lashing smile,
Ill befits a lofty style.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked ministers of state
I can easier scorn than hate:
And I find it answers right;
Scorn torments them more than spight
All the vices of a court
Do but serve to make the sport.
Were I in some foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm,

Should a Monkey wear a crown,
 Must I tremble at his frown?
 Could I not, through all his ermine,
 Spy the strutting, chattering vermin?
 Safely write a smart lampoon,
 To expose the brisk baboon?

When my Muse, officious, ventures
 On the nation's representers;
 Teaching by what golden rules
 Into knaves they turn their fools;
 How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
 At whose oars, like slaves they all pull;
 Let the vessel split on shelves,
 With the freight enrich themselves;
 Safe within my little wherry,
 All their madness makes me merry:
 Like the waterman on Thames,
 I row by and call them names;
 Like the ever-laughing sage,
 In a jest I spend my rage;
 (Tho' it must be understood,
 I would hang them if I could.)
 If I can but fill my nitch,
 I attempt no higher pitch;
 Leave to D'Anvers and his mate
 Maxims wise to rule the state;
 Pult'ney deep, accomplish'd St. John's,
 Scourge the villains with a vengeance:
 Let me, tho' the smell be noisome,
 Strip their bums, let Caleb* hoise 'em;

* Caleb D'Anvers, the famous writer of the paper called "Th

Then apply Alecto's whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.

Duce is in you, Mr. Dean;
What can all this passion mean?
Mention courts, you'll ne'er be quiet,
On corruptions running riot.
End as it befits your station;
Come to use and application;
Nor with senates keep a fuss.
I submit, and answer thus:

If the machinations brewing
To complete the public ruin,
Never once could have the pow'r
To affect me half an hour;
(Sooner would I write in buskins
Mournful elegies on Bluskins*)
If I laugh at Whig and Tory,
I conclude *à fortiori*;
All your eloquence will scarce
Drive me from my fav'rite farce.
This I must insist on: for, as
It is well observ'd by Horace†,
Ridicule has greater pow'r
To reform the world than sour.
Horses thus, let jockies judge else,
Switches better guide than cudgels:

Craftsman." These papers were supposed to be written by the Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pultney, created Earl of Bath.

* A famous thief who was hanged some years since.

† "Ridiculum acri
"Fortius et melius," &c.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Bastings heavy, dry, obtuse,
Only dulness can produce ;
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the spirits all a-working.

Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you less than merriment.
I may storm and rage in vain,
It but stupifies your brain ;
But with raillery to nettle
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle ;
Gives imagination scope ;
Never lets your mind elope :
Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reason and invention.
For your sake, as well as mine,
I the lofty style decline.
I should make a figure scurvy,
And your head turn topsy-turvy,

I, who love to have a fling
Both at S—n—e house and ———,
That they might some better way tread
To avoid the public hatred ;
Thought no method more commodious
Than to show their vices odious ;
Which I chose to make appear
Not by anger, but a sneer :
As my method of reforming
Is by laughing, not by storming ;
(For my friends have always thought
Tenderness my greatest fault.)

Would you have me change my style,
On your faults no longer smile;
But, to patch up all your quarrels,
Quote you texts from Plutarch's *Morals*;
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching wisdom's use?

If I treat you like C——d H——,
You have cheap enough compounded.
Can you put in higher claims
Than the owners of St. J——s?
You are not so great a grievance
As the hircings of St. Stephen's:
You are of a lower class
Than my friend Sir Robert Brass.
None of these have mercy found;
I have laugh'd and lash'd them round.

Have you seen a rocket fly?
You would swear it pierc'd the sky;
It but reach'd the middle air,
Bursting into pieces there;
Thousand sparkles, falling down,
Light on many a coxcomb's crown.
See what mirth the sport creates;
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus, should I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a style sublime;
Such a rocket is my Muse,
Should I lofty numbers choose,
Ere I reach'd Parnassus' top,
I should burst, and bursting drop!



All my fire would fall in scraps,
Give your head some gentle raps,
Only make it smart a while;
Then could I forbear to smile,
When I found the tingling pain,
Ent'ring warm your frigid brain,
Make you able, upon sight,
To decide of wrong or right;
Talk with sense whate'er you please on,
Learn to relish truth and reason?
Thus we both should gain our prize;
I to laugh, and you grow wise.



BEC'S BIRTH-DAY.

NOV. 8, 1726.

THIS day, dear Bec! is thy nativity,
Had Fate a luckier one she'd give it ye:
She chose a thread of greatest length,
And doubly twisted it for strength,
Nor will be able with her shears
To cut it off these forty years.
Then who says care will kill a cat?
Rebecca shews they're out in that:
For she, tho' over-run with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.

As if the gout should seize the head,
 Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
 But if they can by all their arts
 Eject it to th' extremest parts,
 They save the sick man joy and praise,
 The gout that will ruin his days,
 Rebecca is belov'dly greet,
 Who drives her cures to hands and feet;
 For the philosopher maintain
 The limbs are govern'd by the brain,
 Queen of it Rebecca's led,
 Her hands and feet conduct her head,
 By a strong pow'r convey'd,
 She need not ask why or where
 Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
 Her head but a near-by-stander,
 And all her bustling but supplies
 The part of who some exercise
 Thus Nature hath resolv'd to pass her
 The cures she tries and eke the cure.

Long may she live and help her friends
 When'er it suits her private ends,
 Domestic business never mind
 'Till coffee has her stomach lin'd,
 But when her breakfast gives her courage,
 Then think on cilia's chicken porridge,
 I mean when finger* has been serv'd,
 Or else poor Scilla may be starv'd

* Mrs Dingley's favourite lap-dog

May Bec have many an evening nap
With Tyger slabb'ring in her lap ;
But always take a special care
She does not overset the chair :
Still be she curious, never ~~hearken~~
To any speech but Tyger's barking.

And when she's in another scene,
Stella long dead, but first the Dean,
May Fortune and her coffee get her,
Companions that will please her better ;
Whole afternoons will sit beside her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her :
A goodly set as can be found
Of hearty gossips prating round ;
Fresh from a wedding or a christ'ning,
To teach her ears the art of list'ning,
And please her more to hear them tattle
Than the Dean storm or Stella rattle.

Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elysian fields invite her,
Where there will be no cares to fright her.

EXTEMPORE VERSES

WRITTEN AT CHESTER, 1726.

I.

YOUR mould'ring walls are mending still,
 Your churches in neglect lie;
 But yet the Scripture you fill
 By walking circumspectly*.

II.

The church and clergy here, no doubt,
 Are very much a-kin;
 Both weather-beaten are without,
 Both empty are within.

 VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE SUDDEN DRYING UP OF
 ST. PATRICK'S WELL, NEAR TRINITY
 COLLEGE, DUBLIN, IN 1726.

BY holy zeal inspir'd, and led by fame
 To thee, once fav'rite Isle! with joy I came,
 What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
 Had my own native Italy o'er-run;

* Round the walls.

Irene! to the world's remotest parts
Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts.

Hither from Colchos, with thy fleecy ore,
Jason arriv'd two thousand years before.
Thee, happy Island! Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown.
From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race.
Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,
Did once their land subdue and civilize:
Their dress, their language, and the Scottish name,
Confess the soil from whence the victors came.
Well may they boast that ancient blood which runs
Within their veins, who are thy younger sons;
A conquest and a colony from thee,
The mother-kingdom left her children free:
From thee no mark of slavery they felt,
Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt;
Invited here to 'vengeful Morrough's aid,
Those whom they could not conquer they betray'd.
Britain! by thee we fell, ungrateful Isle!
Not by thy valour, but superior guile.
Britain! with shame confess this land of mine
First taught thee human knowledge and divine;
My prelates and my students, sent from hence,
Made your sons converts both to God and sense;
Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.
Wretched Irene! with what grief I see
The fatal changes time hath made in thee!

The Christian rites I introduc'd in vain;

Lo! Infidelity return'd again.

Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,

Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.

By faith and prayer, this crosier in my hand,

I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land;

The shepherd in his bower might sleep or sing,

Nor dread the adder's tooth nor scorpion's sting*,

With omens oft' I strove to warn thy swains,

Omens the types of my impending chains:

I sent the magpie from the British soil,

With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil;

To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,

And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.

What else are those thou seest in bishop's geer,

Who crop the nurseries of learning here?

Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,

Devour the church, and chatter to the state.

As you grew more degenerate and base,

I sent you millions of the croaking race;

Emblems of insects vile, who spread the spawn

Thro' all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;

A nauseous brood, that fills your senate walls,

And in the chambers of your Viceroy crawls.

See where the new devouring vermin runs,

Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!

* There are no snakes, vipers, or toads, in Ireland; and even frogs were not known here until about the year 1700. The magpies came a short time before, and the Norway rats since.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

With harpy claws it undermines the ground,
And sudden spreads a num'rous offspring round.
Th' amphibious tyrant, with his rav'nous band,
Drains all the lakes of fish, of fruits thy land.

Where is the Holy Well that bore my name?
Flee to the fountain back from whence it came?
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which smoothly
~~And~~ ^{flows,} blessing equally on all bestows.
Here from the neighb'ring nursery of arts,
The students drinking rais'd their wit and parts;
Here, for an age and more, improv'd their vein,
Their Phoebus I, my spring their Hippocrene.
Discourag'd youths! now all their hopes must fail,
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a slavish court,
And by their sweat procure a mean support;
Or for the Classic read th' Attorney's Guide,
Collect excise, or wait upon the tide.

Oh! had I been apostle to the Swiss
Or hardy Scot, or any'land but this,
Combin'd in arms they had their foes defy'd,
And kept their liberty, or bravely dy'd.
Thou still with tyrants in succession curst,
The last invaders trampling on the first;
Nor fondly hope for some reverse of fate;
Virtue herself would now return too late.
Not half thy course of misery is run;
Thy greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
Soon shall thy sons, the time is just at hand,
Be all made captives in their native land;

When for the use of no Hibernian born
 Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn;
 When shells and leather shall for money pass,
 Nor thy oppressing lords afford thee brass *;
 But all turn leasers to that mongrel breed †
 Who from thee sprung, yet on thy vitals feed;
 Who to yon' rav'nous isle thy treasures bear,
 And waste in luxury thy harvests there;
 For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
 The jest of wits, and to the court unknown.
 I scorn thy sycorious and degenerate line,
 And from this hour my patronage resign.

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT.

FOR THE STAY OF THE DEAN IN ENGLAND. 1726,

Blow, ye Zephyrs, gentle gales;
 Gently fill the swelling sails.
 Neptune, with thy trident long,
 Trident three-fork'd, trident strong;
 And ye Nereids fair and gay,
 Fairer than the rose in May,

* Wood's ruinous project against the people of Ireland was supported by Sir Robert Walpole in 1724.

† The absentees, who spend the income of their Irish estates, places, and pensions, in England.

Nereids living in deep caves,
 Gently wash'd with gentle waves ;
 Nereids, Neptune, lull asleep
 Ruffling storms, and ruffled deep ;
 All around, in pompous state,
 On this richer Argo wait :
 Argo, bring my Golden Fleece ;
 Argo, bring him to his Greece.
 Will Cadmus longer stay ?
 Come, Cadmus, come away ;
 Come with all the haste of love,
 Come unto thy turtle-dove.
 The ripen'd cherry on the tree
 Hangs, and only hangs for thee ;
 Luscious peaches, mellow pears,
 Ceres with her yellow ears,
 And the grape, both red and white,
 Grape inspiring just delight ;
 All are ripe, and courting sue
 To be pluck'd and press'd by you.
 Pinks have lost their blooming red,
 Mourning hang their drooping head ;
 Every flower languid seems,
 Wants the colour of thy beams,
 Beams of wondrous force and power,
 Beams reviving every flower.
 Come, Cadmus, bless once more,
 Bless again thy native shore ;
 Bless again this drooping vale,
 Make us weeping beautiful again.

Beauties that thine absence mourn,
Beauties wishing thy return.
Come, C'adenus, come with haste,
Come before the winter's blast;
Swifter than the lightning fly;
Or I, like Vanessa, die.

A LETTER TO THE DEAN,

WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726.

YOU will excuse me, I suppose,
For sending rhyme instead of prose,
Because hot weather makes me lazy;
To write in metre is more easy.

While you are trudging London town,
I'm strolling Dublin up and down;
While you converse with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my books:
Fix'd in an elbow-chair at ease,
I choose companions as I please.
I'd rather have one single shelf
Than all my friends, except yourself:
For, after all that can be said,
Our best acquaintance are the dead.
While you're in raptures with Faustina*;
I'm charm'd at home with our Sheelina.

* Signora Faustina, a famous Italian singer,

While you are starving there in state,
 I'm cramming here with butcher's meat.
 You say, when with these lords you dine,
 They treat you with the best of wine,
 Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay;
 Why so can we, as well as they
 No reason then, my dear good Dean,
 But you should travel home again
 What though you may n't in Ireland hope
 To find such folk as Gay and Pope,
 If you with rhymers here would share
 But half the wit that you can spare,
 I'd lay twelve eggs, that, in twelve days,
 You'd make a dozen of Popes and Gays.

Our weather's good, our sky is clear;
 We've every joy, if you were here;
 So lofty and so bright a sky
 Was never seen by Ireland's eye!
 I think it fit to let you know,
 This week I shall to Quilca go;
 To see M'Fayden's horny brothers
 First suck, and after bull their mothers;
 To see, alas! my wither'd trees!
 To see what all the country sees!
 My stunted quicks, my famish'd beeves,
 My servants such a pack of thieves
 My shatter'd firs, my blasted oaks,
 My house in éommon to all folks;
 No cabbage for a single snail,
 My turnips, carrots, parsnips, fairs!

My no green peas, my few green sprouts;
 My mother always in the pouts;
 My horses rid, or gone astray;
 My fish all stol'n, or run away;
 My mutton lean, my pullets old,
 My poultry starv'd, the corn all sold.

A man, come now from Quilca, says,
 ' *They* 've * stol'n the locks from all your keys:'
 But what must fret and vex me more,
 He says, ' *They* stole the keys before.
 ' *They* 've stol'n the knives from all the forks,
 ' And half the cows from half the sturks.'
 Nay more, the fellow swears and vows,
 ' *They* 've stol'n the sturks from half the cows:'
 With many more accounts of woe.
 Yet, though the devil be there, I 'll go:
 'Twas you and me, the reason 's clear,
 Because I 've more vexation here.

PALINODIA.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XVI.

GREATER, than Phœbus more divine,
 Whose verses far his rays out-shine,

* *They* is the grand thief of the county of Cavan; for whatever is stolen, if you inquire of a servant about it, the answer is ' *They* have stolen it.'—FAULKNER.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

 Sink down upon your quondam foe;
Oh! let me never write again,
If e'er I disoblige you, Dean,
 Should you compassion show.

Take those Iambicks which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,
 And gave them to your cook,
To singe your fowl, or save your paste,
The next time when you have a feast;
 They 'll save you many a book.

To burn them, you are not content;
I give you then my free consent,
 To sink them in the harbour:
If not, they 'll serve to set off blocks,
To roll on pipes, and twist in locks;
 So give them to your barber.

Or, when you next your physic take,
I must entreat you then to make
 A proper application;
'Tis what I 've done myself before,
With Dan's fine thoughts, and many more,
 Who gave me provocation.

What cannot mighty anger do?
It makes the weak the strong pursue,
 A goose attack a swan;
It makes a woman kick and nail,
Her husband's hands and face assail,
 While he's no longer man.

Though some, we find, are more discreet ;
Before the world are wondrous sweet,

And let their husbands hector :
But, when the world 's asleep, they wake,
That is the time they choose to speak ;
Witness the curtain-lecture.

Such was the case with you, I find :
All day you could conceal your mind ;

But when St. Patrick's chimes
Awak'd your Muse (my midnight curse,
When I engag'd for better for worse),
You scolded with your rhymes.

Have done ! have done ! I quit the field ;
To you, as to my wife, I yield :

As she must wear the breeches ;
So shall you wear the laurel-crown,
Win it, and wear it, 'tis your own ;
The poet's only riches.

A LOVE POEM

FROM A PEESICLAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Written at London in the year 1727.

By Poets we are well assur'd
That Love, alas ! can ne'er be cur'd :
A complicated heap of ills,
Despising boluses and pills.

Ah! Ch'oe, this I find is true,
Since first I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty hard-bound,
I strain my guts, my colon wound.
Now jealousy my grumbling tripe
Assaults with grating, grinding gripe.
When pity in those eyes I view,
My bowels wambling make me spew.
When I an amorous kiss design'd,
I belch'd a hurricane of wind—
Once you a gentle sigh let fall;
Remember how I suck'd it all:
What colic pangs from thence I felt,
Had you but known, your heart would melt,
Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
Till Nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my heart to pieces
With maggots, humours, and caprices!
By which I got the hæmorrhoids;
And loathsome worms my anus voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival nam'd,
I feel my body all inflam'd;
Which, breaking out in boils and blanes,
With yellow filth my linen stains;
Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd thirst,
Small-beer I guzzle till I burst:
And then I drag a bloated corpus,
Swell'd with a dropsy, like a porpoise;
When, if I cannot purge or stale,
I must be tapp'd to fill a pail.

CANTATA*.

IN harmony would you excell,
 Suit your words to your music well;
 I or Pegasus runs every race
 By galloping high, or level pace,
 Or ambling, or sweet Canterbury,
 Or with a down, a high down derry.
 No victory he ever got
 By joggling, joggling, joggling trot;
 No Muse harmonious entertains
 Rough, roistering, rustic, roaring strains.
 Nor shall you twine the crackling bays
 By sneaking, sniveling roundelays.
 Now slowly move your fiddle-stick;
 Now, tantan, tantantivi, quick;
 Now trembling, shivering, quivering, quaking,
 Set hoping hearts of Lovers aching.
 Fly, fly, above the sky,
 Rambling, gambling, trolloping, lolloping, gal-
 loping.

* This Cantata is printed with the music in all the London editions of Swift. Dr. Beattie, after censuring the practice of what he calls 'illicit imitation,' observes, that 'this abuse of a noble art did not escape the satire of Swift; who, though deaf to the charms of music, was not blind to the absurdity of musicians. He recommended it to Dr. Echlin, an ingenious gentleman of Ireland, to compose a Cantata, in imitation of this puerile mimicry. Here we have motions imitated, which are the most inharmonious, and sounds the most unmelodious. In a word, Swift's Cantata may convince any person that music, if only imitative, would be ridiculous.' N.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Now sweep, sweep the deep.
See Celia, Celia dies,
While true Lovers' eyes
Weeping sleep, Sleeping weep,
Weeping sleep. Bo peep, bo peep.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE



BETWEEN

RICHMOND-LODGE AND MARBLE-HILL.

Written June 1727,

JUST AFTER THE NEWS OF THE LATE KING'S
DEATH.

Richmond-Lodge is a house with a small park belonging to the crown: It was usually granted by the crown for a lease of years. The Duke of Ormond was the last who had it: after his exile it was given to the Prince of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princess usually passed their summer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

Marble-Hill is a house built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bed-chamber, now Countess of Suffolk, and Groom of the Stole to the Queen. It is on the Middlesex side, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lives, and about two miles from Richmond-Lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert, the architect, and the Dean of St. Patrick's, chief butler, and keeper of the icehouse. Upon King George's death these two houses met, and had the following dialogue.

IN spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,
And all that he or they can say,
Sing on I must, and sing I will,
Of Richmond-Lodge and Marble-Hill,

Last Friday night, as neighbours use,
 This couple met to talk of news,
 For by old proverbs it appears
 That walls have tongues, and hedges ears;

MAR.-H. Quoth Marble-Hill, Right well ween
 Your mistress now is grown a queen;
 You'll find it soon by woeful proof;
 She'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICH.-L. The kingly prophet well evinces
 That we should put no trust in princes:
 My royal master promis'd me
 To raise me to a high degree;
 But now he's grown a king, God wot,
 I fear I shall be soon forgot.
 You see when folks have got their ends,
 How quickly they neglect their friends;
 Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
 Pray God they now may find as true.

MAR.-H. My house was built but for a show,
 My lady's empty pockets know;
 And now she will not have a skilling
 To raise the stairs or build the ceiling,
 For all the courtly Madams round
 Now pay four shillings in the pound.
 'Tis come to what I always thought;
 My dame is hardly worth a groat.
 Had you and I been courtiers born,
 We should not thus have lain forlorn;
 For those we dext'rous courtiers call,
 Can rise upon their master's fall;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

But we, unlucky and unwise,
Must fall because our masters rise.

RICH.-L. My Master, scarce a fortnight since,
Was as rich as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no such thing,
For he'll be poor as any king,
And by his crown will nothing get,
But, like a king, to run in debt.

MAR.-H. No more the Dean that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no—wine,
My icthouse rob, as heretofore,
And steal my attichokes no more;
Poor Pattry Mount no more be seen
Bedaggled in my walks so green;
Plump Johnny Gay will now clope,
And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICH.-L. Here went the Dean, when he's to seek,
To sponge a breakfast once a-week;
To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
Complaints against the royal butter:
But now, I fear it will be said
No butter sticks up on his bread.
We soon shall find him full of spleen
For want of tattling to the Queen,
Stunning her royal ears with talking,
His Rev'ence and her Highness walking;
Whilst Lady Charlotte, like a stroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller;
A goodly sight to see her ride,
With ancient Mirmont at her side;

In velvet cap his head lies warm,
His hat for show below his arm.

MAR.-H. Some South-Sea broker from the city
Will purchase me, the more's the pity,
I lay all my fine plantations waste
To fit them to his vulgar taste;
Chang'd for the worse in ev'ry part,
My master Pope will break his heart.

RICH.-L. In my own Thames may I be drowned,
If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd head,
Except her Majesty prevails
To place me with the Prince of Wales;
And then I shall be free from fears,
For he'll be prince these fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And serve the times as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope;
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever less their debtor.

MAR.-H. Then let him come and take a nap
In summer on my verdant lap;
Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
To Kensington or hot St. James's;
Nor shall I in dull silence sit,
For 'tis to me he owes his wit;
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wildernesses,
Assist all poets in distresses.

Him twice a week I here expect,
 To rattle Moody for neglect;
 An idle rogue, who spend^s his quartridge
 In tippling at the Dog and Partridge,
 And I can hardly get him down
 Three times a-week to brush my gown.

RICH.-L. I pity you, dear Marble-Hill!
 But hope to see you flourish still.
 All happiness — and so *adieu*!

MAR.-H. Kind Richmond-Lodge! the same to
 you.

DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 1727.

'Tis strange what diff'rent thoughts inspire
 In men, possession, and desire!
 Think what they wish so great a blessing,
 So disappointed when possessing!

A moralist profoundly sage,
 I knew not in what book or page,
 Or whether o'er a pot of ale,
 Related thus the following tale:

Possession, and Desire, his brother,
 But still at variance with each other,
 Were seen contending in a race,
 And kept at first an equal pace:
 'Tis said their course continu'd long,
 For this was active, that was strong;

Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Mised them many a league about.
Seduc'd by some deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;
Thro' slipp'ry by-roads, dark and deep,
They often climb and often creep.

Desire, the swifter of the two,
Along the plain, like lightning flew,
Till ent'ring on a broad highway,
Where pow'r and titles scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by excursions lost his ground:
No sooner got, than with disdain
He threw them on the ground again,
And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh objects fairer to his view,
In hope to spring some nobler game,
But all he took was just the same:
Too scornful now to stop his pace,
He spurn'd them in his rival's face.

Possession kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother strow'd,
But overcharg'd and out of wind,
Tho' strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind


Desire had now the goal in sight;
It was a tow'r of monstrous height,
Where on the summit Fortune stands,
A crown and sceptre in her hands;
Beneath, a chasm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold advent'rer fell,

Desire in rapture gaz'd a while,
 And saw the treach'rous goddess smile,
 But as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
 She knock'd him with the sceptre down :
 He tumbled in the gulf profound,
 There doom'd to whirl an endless round.

Possession's load was grown so great,
 He sunk beneath the cumb'rous weight,
 And as he now expiring lay,
 Flocks ev'ry ominous bird of prey ;
 The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
 At once upon his carcass light,
 And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
 Regardless of his dying groans.

ON CENSURE. 1727.

YE wise ! instruct me to endure
 An evil which admits no cure,
 Or how this evil can be borne,
 Which breeds at once both hate and scorn,
 Bare innocence is no support
 When you are try'd in Scandal's court.
 Stand high in honor, wealth, or wit,
 All others who inferior sit
 Conceive themselves in conscience bound
 To join and drag you to the ground.
 Your altitude offends the eyes
 Of those who want the pow'r to rise,


 world, a willing stander-by,
 To aid a specious lie:
 'Tis true! they would not do you wrong,
 But all appearances are strong.

Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
 On what detracting people say?
 For let mankind discharge their tongues
 In venom till they burst their lungs,
 Their utmost malice cannot make
 Your head, or tooth, or finger, ake,
 Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
 Or put one feature out of place;
 Nor will you find your fortune sink
 By what they speak or what they think;
 Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
 Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.
 The most effectual way to hulk
 Their malice is—to let them talk.

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND.

Written in the year 1727.

A SET of phrases learn'd by rote,
 A passion for a scarlet coat;
 When at a play to laugh or cry,
 Yet cannot tell the reason why;
 Never to hold her tongue a minute,
 While all she prates has nothing in it;

Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a son,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Hath every reported in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions cut and dry,
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight will put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endu'd,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And placing railery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing.
Nor makes a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg or crooked nose;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her skill
To cheat and wrangle at Quadrille.

In choosing lace a critic n ce,
Knows to a grain at the lowest price;
Can in her female clubs dispute
What lining best the silk will suit;
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her;

Can dext'rously her husband tease,
 By taking fits whene'er she please;
 By frequent practice learns the trick
 At proper seasons to be sick;
 Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
 At once creating love and pity:
 If Molly happens to be careless,
 And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
 She gets a cold as sure as death,
 And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
 Admires how modest women can
 Be so robustious, like a man.

In party furious to her pow'r;
 A bitter Whig, or Tory sour;
 Her arguments directly tend
 Against the side she would defend;
 Will prove herself a Tory plain,
 From principles the Whigs maintain;
 And to defend the Whiggish cause,
 Her topics from the Topics draws.

O yes! if any man can find
 More virtues in a woman's mind,
 Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding*,
 She'll pay the charges to a farthing:
 Take notice, she has my commission
 To add them in the next edition;
 They may outsell a better thing:
 So, hollo, boys! God save the King! -

* Widow of John Harding, the Drapier's printer.

DR. DELANY'S VILLA.

Would you that Delville I describe?
 Believe me, Sir, I will not gibe:
 For who would be satirical
 Upon a thing so very small?

You scarce upon the borders enter,
 Before you 're at the very centre.
 A single crow can make it night,
 When o'er your farm she takes her flight:
 Yet, in this narrow compass, we
 Observe a vast variety;
 Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
 Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs,
 And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
 And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields;
 All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
 Without the mowing or the reaping:
 A razor, though to say 't I 'm loth,
 Would shave you and your meadows both.

Though small 's the farm, yet here's a house
 Full large to entertain a mouse,
 But where a rat is dreaded more
 Than savage Caledonian boar;
 For, if it's enter'd by a rat,
 There is no room to bring a cat.

A little rivulet seems to steal
 Down through a thing you call a vale,

Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek;
And this you call your sweet *meander*,
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill:
For sure you 'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city-gutter.

Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a taylor's chalk:
Thus I compare what space is in it,
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees;
And, once a year, a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow, for want of room.

In short, in all your boasted seat,
There 's nothing but yourself that's GREAT,

ON CUTTING DOWN THE
OLD THORN AT MARKET-HILL*.

Written in the Year 1727.

I.

At Market-hill, as well appears
By chronicle of ancient date,
There stood for many hundred years
A spacious Thorn before the gate.

II.

Hither came ev'ry village-maid,
And on the boughs her garland hung,
And here, beneath the spreading shade,
Secure from Satyrs, sat and sung.

III.

Sir Archibald†, that val'rous knight,
Then lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come to listen with delight,
For he was fond of rural strain.

IV.

(Sir Archibald ! whose fav'rite name
Shall stand for ages on record

* A village near the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, where the Dean sometimes made a long visit.

† Sir Archibald Acheson, Secretary of State for Scotland.

By Scottish bards of highest fame,
Wise Hawthornden and Stirling's Lord *.)

V.

But time, with iron teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round?
No fruit or blossom to be seen,
Its head reclining tow'rd the ground.

VI.

This aged, sickly, sapless Thorn,
Which must, alas! no longer stand,
Behold the cruel Dean in scorn
Cut down with sacrilegious hand.

VII.

Dame Nature, when she saw the blow,
Astonish'd, gave a dreadful shriek,
And Mother Tellus trembled so,
She scarce recover'd in a week.

VIII.

The sylvan pow'rs, with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compassion sent,
(For none could tell whose turn was next,)
Sad omens of the dire event.

* Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, who were both friends to Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.

IX.

The magpie, lighting on the stock,
Stood chatt'ring with incessant din,
And with her beak gave many a knock,
To rouse and warn the nymph within.

X.

The owl foresaw, in pensive mood,
The ruin of her ancient ~~seat~~,
And fled in haste with all her brood
To seek a more secure retreat.

XI.

Last trotted forth the gentle swine,
To ease her itch against the stump,
And dismally was heard to whine,
All as she scrubb'd her measly rump.

XII.

The nymph who dwells in every tree,
(If all be true that poets chant,)
Condemn'd by Fate's supreme decree,
Must die with her expiring plant.

XIII.

Thus when the gentle Spina found
The Thorn committed to her care
Receiv'd its last and deadly wound,
She fled, and vanish'd into air.

XIV.

But from the root a dismal groan
 First issuing struck the murd'rer's ears,
 And in a shrill revengeful tone
 This prophecy he trembling hears :

XV.

' Thou chief contriver of my fall,
 ' Relentless Dean ! to mischief born,
 ' My kindred oft' thine hide shall gall,
 ' Thy gown and cassock oft' be torn.

XVI.

' And thy confed'rate dame, who brags
 ' That she condemn'd me to the fire,
 ' Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
 ' And wound her legs with ev'ry brier.

XVII.

' Nor thou, Lord Arthur, shalt escape ;
 ' To thee I often call'd in vain
 ' Against that assassin in crape,
 ' Yet thou couldst tamely see me slain.

XVIII.

' Nor when I felt the dreadful blow,
 ' Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy spouse,
 ' Since you could see me treated so,
 ' (An old retainer to your house.)

XIX.

‘ May that fell Dean, by whose command
‘ Was form’d this Machi’velian plot,
‘ Not leave a thistle on thy land ;
‘ Then, who will own thee for a Scot ?

XX.

‘ Pigs and fanatics, cows and Teagues,
‘ Thro’ all thy empire I foresee,
‘ To tear thy hedges join ~~in~~ leagues,
‘ Sworn to revenge my Thorn and me.

XXI.

‘ And thou, the wretch ordain’d by Fate,
‘ Neal Gabagan, Hibernian clown,
‘ With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
‘ To hack my hallow’d timber down,

XXII.

‘ When thou, suspended high in air,
‘ Dy’st on a more ignoble tree,
‘ (For thou shalt steal thy landlord’s mare,)
‘ Then, bloody caitiff! think on me.’

THE
JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.
1728.

I was a most unfriendly part
 In you, who ought to know my heart,
 So well acquainted with my zeal
 For all the female common-weal——
 How could it come into your mind 5
 To pitch on me, of all mankind,
 Against the sex to write a satire,
 And brand me for a woman-hater?
 On me, who think them all so fair,
 They rival Venus to a hair, 10
 Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
 Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
 Methinks, I hear the ladies cry,
 Will he his character belie?
 Must never our misfortunes end? 15
 And have we lost our only friend?
 Ah! lovely nymphs! remove your fears,
 No more let fall those precious tears;
 Sooner shall——
 [Here several verses are omitted.]
 The hound be hunted by the hare, 20
 Than I turn rebel to the fair.
 'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
 Then gave the subject out of spite.

The Journal of a Modern Dame
 Is, by my promise, what you claim.
 My word is past; I must submit;
 And yet, perhaps, you may be bit.
 I but transcribe; for not a line
 Of all the satire shall be mine.
 Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes,
 The common slanders of the times;
 Of modern times, the ~~guilt~~ ^{guilt} is yours,
 And me my innocence secures.
 Unwilling Muse! begin thy lay,
 The Annals of a Female Day.

By Nature turn'd to play the rake well,
 (As we shall show you in the sequel,)
 The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
 (Some authors say not quite so soon,)
 Because, tho' sore against her will,
 She sat all night up at quadrille.
 She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
 And asks if it be time to rise?
 Of headache and the spleen complains,
 And then, to cool her heated brains,
 Her nightgown and her slippers brought her,
 Takes a large dram of citron water:
 Then to her glass; and, 'Betty, pray
 'Don't I look frightfully to-day?
 'But was it not confounded hard?
 'Well, if I ever touch a card!
 'Four matadores, and lose codille!
 'Depend upon't I never will.

' But run to Tom, and bid him fix
 ' The ladies here to-night by six.' 55
 " Madam, the goldsmith waits below ;
 " He says his bus'ness is to know
 " If you'll redeem the silver cup
 " He keeps in pawn ?"—' Why, show him up.'
 " Your dressing-plate he'll be content - 60
 " To take for int'rest *cent. per cent.*
 " And, Madam, there's my Lady Spade
 " Hath sent this letter by her maid."
 ' Well, I remember what she won ;
 ' And hath she sent to soon to dun ? 65
 ' Here, carry down those ten pistoles
 ' My husband left to pay for coals :
 ' I thank my stars they all are light,
 ' And I may have revenge to-night.'
 Now loit'ring o'er her tea and cream, 70
 She enters on her usual theme,
 Her last night's ill success repeats,
 Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats :
 ' She slipt Spadillo in her breast,
 ' Then thought to turn it to a jest : 75
 ' There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
 ' And to each other give the sign.'
 Thro' ev'ry game pursues her tale,
 Like hunters o'er their evening-ale.
 ' Now to another scene give place, 80
 Enter the folks with silks and lace ;
 Fresh matter for a world of chat ;
 Right Indian this, right Mechlin that.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Observe this pattern; there's a stuff!
 ' I can have customers enough.
 ' Dear Madam! you are grown so hard ——
 ' This lace is worth twelve pounds a-yard.
 ' Madam, if there be truth in man,
 ' I never sold so cheap a fan.'
 This bus'ness of importance o'er,
 And Madam almost dress'd by four,
 The footman, in his usual phrase,
 Comes up with, ' Madam, dinner stays.'
 She answers in her usual style,
 ' The cook must keep it back a while;
 ' I never can have time to dress;
 ' No woman breathing takes up less:
 ' I'm hurried so it makes me sick;
 ' I wish the dinner at Old Nick.'
 At table now she acts her part,
 Has all the dinner-cant by heart.
 ' I thought we were to dine alone,
 ' My Dear! for'sure if I had known
 ' This company would come to-day—
 ' But really 'tis my spouse's way;
 ' He's so unkind he never sends
 ' To tell when he invites his friends.
 ' I wish you may but have enough.'
 And while with all this paltry stuff
 She sits tormenting ev'ry guest,
 Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
 In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
 Which modern ladies call polite,

You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit. 115

But let me now a while survey
Our Madam o'er her ev'ning tea,
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans ;
When, frighted at the clam'rous crew, 120
Away the god of Silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And Modesty, with blushing face.

Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal, ever gaping wide, 125
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with glibing air,

Rude Laughter, seeming like to burst,
And Malice, always judging worst,
And Vanity, with pocket-glass, 130
And Impudence, with front of brass,

And study'd Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame,
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hov'ring o'er each female head. 135

Why should I ask of thee, my Muse !
An hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give ev'ry dame her due,
An hundred thousand were too few ?
Or how should I, alas ! relate 140

The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and slanders,
Their meanings lewd and double entendres.

Now comes the gen'ral scandal-charge,
 What some invent the rest enlarge ; 145
 And, ' Madam, if it be a lie,
 ' You have the tale as cheap as I :
 ' I must conceal my author's name, '
 ' But now 'tis known to common fame.'
 Say, foolish females ! bold and blind, 150
 Say by what fatal turn of mind
 Are you on vices most severe
 Wherein yourselves have greatest share ?
 Thus ev'ry fool herself deludes,
 The prude condemns the absent prudes : 155
 Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
 Accuses Chloe's tainted breath ;
 Hercina, rank with sweat, presumes
 To censure Phillis for perfumes ;
 While crooked Cynthia sneering says 160
 That Florimel wears iron stays :
 Chloe, of ev'ry coxcomb jealous,
 Admires how girls can talk with fellows,
 And, full of indignation, frets
 That women should be such caquettes : 165
 Iris for scandal most notorious,
 Cries, Lord ! the world is so censorious !
 And Raza, with her combs of lead,
 Whispers that Sappho's hair is red :
 Aera, whose tongue you hear a mile hence, 170
 Talks half a day in praise of silence ;
 And Sylvia, full of inward guile,
 Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

Now voices over voices rise,
 While each to be the loudest vies; 275
 They contradict, affirm, dispute,
 No single tongue one moment mute:
 All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
 They set the very lap-dog barking:
 Their chatt'ring makes a louder din 180
 Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin;
 Not schoolboys at a barring out
 Rais'd ever such incessant rout;
 The jumbling particles of matter
 In chaos made not such a clatter; 185
 Far less the rabble roar and rail,
 When drunk with sour election-ale.

Nor do they trust their tongue alone,
 But speak a language of their own;
 Can read a nod, a shrug, a look, 190
 Far better than a printed book;
 Convey a libel in a frown,
 And wink a reputation down;
 Or by the tossing of a fan
 Describe the lady and the man. 195

But see, the female club disbands,
 Each twenty visits on her hands.
 Now all alone poor Madam sits
 In vapours and hysteric fits.

'And was not Tom this morning sent?' 200
 'I'd lay my life he never went.
 'Pust six, and not a living soul!
 'I might by this have won a vote.'

- A dreadful interval of spleen !
 How shall we pass the time between ? 205
 ‘ Here, Betty, let me take, my drops ;
 ‘ And feel my pulse ; I know it stops.
 ‘ This head of mine, Lord ! how it swims !
 ‘ And such a pain in all my limbs !
 “ Dear Madam ! try to take a nap.”—— 210
 But now they hear a footman’s rap.
 ‘ Go, run, and light the ladies up,
 ‘ It must be one before we sup.’
 The table, cards, and counters set,
 And all the gamester-ladies met, 215
 Her spleen and fits recover’d quite,
 Our Madam can sit up all night.
 ‘ Whoever comes I’m not within.’——
 Quadrille’s the word, and so begin.
 How can the Muse her aid impart, 220
 Unskill’d in all the terms of art ?
 Or in harmonious numbers put
 The deal, the shuffle, and the cut ?
 The superstitious whims relate,
 That fill a female gamester’s pate ? 225
 What agony of soul she feels
 To see a knave’s inverted heels ?
 She draws up card by card to find
 Good Fortune peeping from behind ;
 With panting heart and earnest eyes, 230
 In hope to see Spadillo rise :
 In vain, alas ! her hope is fed ;
 She draws an ace, and sees it red.

In ready counters never pays,
 But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys; 235
 Ever with some new fancy struck,
 Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
 ' This morning, when the parson came,
 ' I said I should not win a game.
 ' This odious chair, how came I stuck in 't? 240
 ' I think I never had good luck in 't.
 ' I'm so uneasy in my stays,
 ' Your fan a moment, if you please.
 ' Stand further, Girl! or get you gone;
 ' I always lose when you look on.' 245
 ' Lord, Madam! you have lost codille;
 " I never saw you play so ill."
 ' Nay, Madam! give me leave to say
 ' 'Twas you that threw the game away;
 ' When Lady Tricksey play'd a four, 250
 ' You took it with a mattadore;
 ' I saw you touch your wedding ring
 ' Before my Lady call'd a King;
 ' You spoke a word began with H,
 ' And I know whom you meant to teach, 255
 ' Because you held the King of Hearts:
 ' Fy, Madam! leave these little arts.'
 " That's not so bad as one that rubs
 " Her chair to call the King of Clubs,
 " And makes her partner understand 260
 " A mattadore is in her hand."
 ' Madam! you have no cause to flounce,
 ' I swear I saw you thrice renounce.'

- "And truly, Madam, I know when,
 "Instead of five you scor'd me ten. 265
 "Spadillo here has got a mark,
 "A child may know it in the dark :
 "I guess the hand ; it seldom fails ;
 "I wish some folks would pare their nails."
 While thus they rail, and scold, and storm, 270
 It passes but for common form,
 And conscious that they ~~do~~ speak true,
 They give each other but their due ;
 It never interrupts the game,
 Or makes them sensible of shame. 275
 The time, too precious now to waste,
 And supper gobbled up in haste,
 Again afresh to cards they run,
 As if they had but just begun.
 But I shall not again repeat 280
 How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
 At last they hear the watchman knock,
 ' A frosty morn——past four o'clock.'
 The chairmen are not to be found ;
 ' Come let us play the other round.' 285
 Now all in haste they huddle on
 Their hoods and cloaks, and get them gone ;
 But first the winner must invite
 The company to-morrow night.
 Unlucky Madam, left in tears, 290
 (Who now again Quadrille forswears,)
- With empty purse and aching head
 Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed. 293

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Written in the year 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A NYMPH and swain, Sheelah and Dermot hight,
Who went to weed the court of Gosford Knight*,
While each with stubbed knife remov'd the roots
That rais'd between the stones their daily shoots,
As at their work they sat in counter view,
With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew :
Sing, heav'nly Muse ! in sweetly-flowing strain,
The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

DER. My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt
'Than strongest weeds that grow these stones be-
twixt :

My spud these nettles from the stones can part,
No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

SHEE. My love for gentle Dermot faster grows
Than yon' tall dock that rises to thy nose ;
Cut down the dock 'twill sprout again ; but, O !
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DER. No more that briar thy tender legs shall rake ;
(I spare the thistle for Sir Arthur's† sake ;)
Sharp are the stones ; take thou this rushy mat ;
The hardest bum will bruise with sitting squat,

* Sir Arthur Acheson, whose great grandfather was Sir Archibald, of Gosford, in Scotland.

† Who is a great lover of Scotland.

SHEE. Thy breeches torn behind stand gaping
 This petticoat shall save thy dear backside: [wide;
 Nor need I blush altho' you feel it wet;
 Dermot, I vow 'tis nothing else but sweat. ~

DER. At an old stubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
 When the Dean threw me this tobacco plug;
 A longer ha'p'orth never did I see;
 This, dearest Sheelah! thou shalt share with me.

SHEE. In at the pantry door this morn I slipt,
 And from the shelf a charming crust I whipt;
 Dennis* was out, and I got hither safe;
 And thou, my Dear! shalt have the bigger half.

DER. When you saw Tady at long bullets play,
 You sat and lous'd him all the sunshine day.
 How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales,
 Or crack such lice as his between your nails?

SHEE. When you with Oonah stood behind a ditch,
 I peep'd, and saw you kiss the dirty bitch.
 Dermot, how could you touch those na-ty sluts!
 I almost wish this spud were in your guts.

DER. If Oonah once I kiss'd, forbear to chide;
 Her aunt's my gossip by my father's side;
 But if I ever touch her lips again,
 May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain! [hold

SHEE. Dermot, I swear tho' Tady's looks could
 Ten thousand lice, and ev'ry louse was gold,
 Him on my lap you never more should see,
 Or may I lose my weeding knife—and thee

* Sir Arthur's brother.

—

BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY.

MUL.

11M. "Twixt you and me, G—d damn the liars.

TIM. G—d damn the liars again.

MUL. Lord! how this frothy conceit frets! [*Aside.*

'RM. Did not an able statesman-bishop
 is dang'rous horrid motion dish-up
 As Popish craft? Did he not rail on't?
 Shew fire and faggot in the tail on't? 20
 Proving the earl a grinde offender,
 And in a plot for the Pretender;
 Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends' opinion,
 Was then embarking at Avignon? 24

MUL. These brangling jars of Whig and Tory
 Are stale, and worn as Troy-town story.
 The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
 And now you find you fought for nothing.
 Your faction, when their game was new,
 Might want such noisy fools as you; 30
 But you, when all the show is past,
 Resolve to stand it out at last;
 Like Martin Marall, gaping on,
 Nor minding when the song is done.
 When all the bees are gone to settle, 35
 You clatter still your brazen kettle.
 The leaders whom you listed under
 Have dropt their arms and seiz'd the plunder;
 And when the war is past, you come
 To rattle in their ears your drum: 40
 And as that hateful hideous Grecian
 Thersites (he was your relation)
 Was more abhor'd and scorn'd by those
 With whom he serv'd than by his foes;
 So thou art grown the detestation, 45
 Of all thy party thro' the nation.

Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
 With plots, and Jacobites, and treason :
 Thy busy never-meaning face,
 Thy screw'd-up front, thy state-grimace, 50
 Thy formal nods, important sneers,
 Thy whisp'rings foisted in all ears ;
 (Which are, whatever you may think,
 But nonsense wrapt up in a stink,)
 Have made thy presence, in a true sense, 55
 To thy own side so damn'd a nuisance,
 That when they have you in their eye,
 As if the devil drove they fly.

TIM. My good friend Mullinix, forbear ;
 I vow to G— you're too severe : 60
 If it could ever yet be known
 I took advice except my own,
 It should be yours ; but, d—n my blood,
 I must pursue the public good.
 The faction (is it not notorious ?) 65
 Keck at the memory of glorious :
 'Tis true, nor need I to be told
 My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
 That scarce a creature can be found
 To prance with me his statue round. 70
 The public safety, I foresee,
 Henceforth depends alone on me,
 And while this vital breath I blow,
 Or from above or from below,
 I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail, 75
 The Tories' terror, scourge, and snail.

MULL. Tim! you mistake the matter quite;
 The Tories—you are their delight;
 And should you act a different part,
 Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart. 80
 Why, Tim! you have a taste, I know,
 And often see a puppet-show:
 Observe, the audience is in pain
 While Punch is hid behind the scene;
 But when they hear his rusty voice, 85
 With what impatience they rejoice!
 And then they value not two straws
 How Solomon decides the cause;
 Which the true mother, which pretender,
 Nor listen to the witch of Endor. 90
 Should Faustus, with the devil behind him,
 Enter the stage, they never mind him:
 If Punch, to spur their fancy, shows
 In at the door his monstrous nose,
 Then sudden draws it back again, 95
 O what a pleasure mix'd with pain!
 You ev'ry moment think an age
 Till he appears upon the stage:
 And first his hum you see him clap
 Upon the Queen of Sheba's lap: 100
 The Duke of Lorraine drew his sword,
 Punch roaring run, and running roar'd;
 Revil'd all people in his jargon,
 And sold the King of Spain a bargain:
 St. George himself he plays the wag on, 105
 And mounts astride upon the Dragon:

He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
 Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks;
 In every action thrusts his nose,
 The reason why no mortal knows: 110
 In doleful scenes that break our heart,
 Punch comes, like you, and lets a f—t:
 There's not a puppet made of wood
 But what would hang him if they could;
 While, teasing all, by all he's teas'd, 115
 How well are the spectators pleas'd!
 Who in the motion have no share,
 But purely come to hear and stare;
 Have no concern for Sabra's sake,
 Which gets the better, saint or snake, 120
 Provided Punch (for there's the jest)
 Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.
 Thus, Tim! philosophers suppose,
 The world consists of puppet-shows;
 Where petulant conceited fellows 125
 Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
 So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
 'Tim! thou'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in;
 You wriggle, sidge, and make a rout,
 Put all your brother-puppets out, 130
 Run on in a perpetual round,
 To tease, perplex, disturb, confound;
 Intrude with monkey grin and clatter
 To interrupt all serious matter;
 Are grown the nuisance of your clan, 135
 Who hate and scorn you to a man:

But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
 You still divert with merry stories;
 They would consent that all the crew
 Were hang'd before they'd part with you. 140

But tell me Tim 'pon the spot,
 By all this coil what hast thou got?
 If Tories must have all the sport,
 I fear you'd be disgrac'd at court.

TIM. Got? D— my blood, I frank my letters,
 Walk to my place before my betters; 146
 And, simple as I now stand here,
 Expect in time to be a pecc—
 Got? D—— nie, why, I got my will!
 Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still: 150
 I f——t with twenty ladies by;
 They call me beast; and what care I?
 I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
 And sons of whores—behind their backs:
 But could you bring me once to think 155
 That, when I strut, and stare, and stink,
 Revile and slander, fume and storm,
 Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
 With such a constant loyal zeal
 To serve myself and commonweal; 160
 And fret the Tories' souls to death,
 I did but lose my precious breath;
 And when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
 Am, as you tell me, but their Maygame;
 Consume my vitals! they should know 165
 I am not to be treated so;

I'd rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.

But how, my friend! can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure? 170

No little boys and girls to cry,
"There's nimble Tim a-passing by?"

No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a party-hatred?
Will none the Tory dogs pursue, 175

When thro' the streets I cry Hallo?
Must all my d—mce's, bloods, and wounds,

Pass only now for empty sounds?
Shall Tory rascals be elected,
Altho' I swear them disaffected? 180

And when I roar, "A plot, a plot!"
Will our own party mind me not?

So qualify'd to swear and lie,
Will they not trust me for a spy?
Dear Mullinix! your good advice 185

I beg: you see the case is nice:
O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to please this thankless town;

Or bless'd with such engaging parts,
To win the truant schoolboys' hearts! 190
Thy virtues meet their just reward,

Attended by the sable guard:
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The snowball destin'd at thy chops:

Thy graceful steps, and col'nel's air, 195
Allure the cinder-picking fair.

MUL. No more—in mark of true affection,
 I take thee under my protection;
 Thy parts are good, 'tis not deny'd;
 I wish they had been well apply'd. 200
 But now observe my counsel (*viz.*)
 Adapt your habit to your plaz;
 You must no longer thus equip ye,
 As Horace says, *optat ephippia*;
 (There's Latin too, that you may see 205
 How much improv'd by Doctor —.)
 I have a coat at home that you may try;
 'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry:
 My hat has much the nicer air:
 Your block will fit it to a hair: 210
 That wig, I would not for the world
 Have it so formal and so curl'd;
 'I will be so oily and so sleek,
 When I have lain in it a week,
 You'll find it well prepar'd to take 215
 The figure of toupee or snake.
 Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
 'That which is which, 'tis hard to know;
 When first in public we appear,
 I'll lead the van, keep you the rear: 220
 Be careful, as you walk behind,
 Use all the talents of your mind;
 Be studious well to imitate
 My portly motion, mien and gait;
 Mark my address, and learn my style, 225
 When to look scornful, when to smile,

Not sputter out your oaths so fast,
But keep your swearing to the last:
Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
And in the streets divert the city; 230
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions apeing.
Your conversation to refine,
I'll take you to some friends of mine,
Choice spirits! who employ their parts 235
To mend the world by useful arts;
Some cleansing hollow tubes, to spy
Direct, the zenith of the Sky:
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious steams to purge the air: 240
Some teach us, in these dang'rous days,
How to walk upright in our ways:
Some, whose reformatting hands engage
To lash the lewdness of the age:
Some for the public service go 245
Perpetual envoys to and fro,
Whose able heads support the weight
Of twenty ministers of state.
We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our bonny-clabber; 250
Nor are we studious to inquire
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is to improve the mind
With what concerns all human-kind:
The various scenes of mortal life, 255
Who beats her husband, who his wife;

Or how the bully at a stroke
 Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
 One tells the rise of cheese and oat-meal, .
 Another when he got a hot meal; 260
 One gives advice in ^{an}proverbs old,
 Instructs us how to tame a scold :
 One shews how bravely Audoun dy'd
 And at the gallows all deny'd;
 Or how by almanacks 'tis clear 265
 That herrings will be cheap this year.

TIM. Dear Mullinix ! I now lament
 My precious time so long mispent,
 By nature meant for nobler ends :
 O introduce me to your friends ! 270
 For whom by birth I was design'd,
 'Till politics debas'd my mind :
 I give myself entire to you :
 G—d d——n the Whigs and Tories too. 274

ON

THE FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S HOLE*,
WITH THE DOCTOR† AT THEIR HEAD.

N. B. The Ladies treated the Doctor.

SENT AS I FROM AN OFFICER OF THE ARMY.

1728.

I.

FAIR Ladies! number Five,
Who in your merry freaks
With little Tom contrive
To feast on ale and steaks:

II.

While he sits by a-grinning,
To see you safe in Sot's Hole,
Set up with greasy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole.

III.

Alas! I never thought
A priest would please your palate;
Besides I'll hold a groat
He'll put you in a ballad:

* An alehouse in Dublin famous for beef-steaks.

† Dr. Thomas Sheridan.

IV.

Where I shall see your faces
On paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like Graces
Than Venus like an owl:

V.

And we shall take you rather
To be a midnight-pack
Of witches met together,
With Beelzebub in black.

VI.

It fills my heart with woe
To think such ladies fine,
Should be reduc'd so low
To treat a dull divine.

VII.

Be by a parson cheated !
Had you been cunning stagers,
You might yourselves be treated
By captains and by majors.

VIII.

See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Instead of powder'd beaus,
From pulpits choose gallants.

IX.

If we, who wear our wigs
 With fan-tail and with snake,
 Are huddled thus by prigs,
 Z—ds! who would be a rake?

X.

Had I heart to fight,
 I'd knock the Doctor down;
 Or could I read or write,
 I'gad I'd wear a gown.

XI.

Then leave him to his birch*,
 And at the Rose on Sunday,
 The parson safe at church,
 I'll treat you with Burgundy.



THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER

TO THE BEAU WITH THE WIG AND WINGS AT HIS
 HEAD.

I.

You little scribbling Beau,
 What demon made you write?
 Because to write you know
 As much as you can fight.

* He kept a school.

II.

For compliment so scurvy
I wish we had you here,
We'd turn you ~~up~~opsyturvy
Into a mug of beer.

III.

You thought to make a farce on
The man and place we chose;
We're sure a single parson
Is worth a hundred beaus.

IV.

And you would make us vassals,
Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To silver clocks and tassels;
You would, you Thing of things!

V.

Because around your case
A round of di'monds is set,
And you, in some bye-lane,
Have gain'd a paltry Grizette:

VI.

Shall we, of sense refin'd,
Your trifling nonsense bear,
As noisy as the wind,
As empty as the air?

VII.

We hate your empty prattle,
And vow and swear 'tis true,
There's more in one child's rattle
Than twenty fops like you.

THE BEAU'S REPLY

TO THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER.

I.

WHY, how now, dapper Black,
I smell your gown and cassoc
As strong upon your back
As Tisdoll smells of a sock.

II.

To write such scurvy stuff!
Fine ladies never do't;
I know you well enough,
And eke your cloven foot.

III.

Fine ladies, when they write,
Nor scold nor keep a splutter;
Their verses give delight,
As soft and sweet as butter.

IV.

But Satan never saw
 Such haggard lines as these;
 They stick athwart my maw,
 As bad as Suffolk cheese.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN AN IMINENT LAWYER AND DR. SWIFT,
 D. S. P. D.

*Being an allusion to the first Satire of the second Book
 of Horace.—Sunt quibus in Satyra, &c.*

1728.

DR. SWIFT.

SINCE there are persons who complain
 There's too much satire in my vein,
 That I am often found exceeding
 The rules of raillery and breeding,
 With too much freedom treat my betters,
 Not sparing even men of letters;
 You, who are skill'd in lawyers' lore,
 What's your advice? shall I give o'er,
 Nor ever fools or knaves expose
 Either in verse or hum'rous prose,
 And, to avoid all future ill,
 In my scrutoire lock up my quill?

LAWYER.

Since you are pleas'd to condescend
To ask the judgment of a friend,
Your case consider'd, I must think
You should withdraw from pen and ink,
Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Christian folks;
Or, if the Muses must inspire
Your fancy with their pleasing fire,
Take subject safer for your wit
Than those on which you lately writ;
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing sect;
Assert that Hyde, in writing story,
Shews all the malice of a Tory;
While Burnet, in his deathless page,
Discovers freedom without rage:
To Woolston recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;
That noble genius! who unbinds
The chains which fetter free-born minds;
Redeems us from the slavish fears
Which lasted near two thousand years;
He can alone the priesthood humble,
Make gilded spires and altars tumble.

DR. SWIFT.

Must I commend against my conscience
Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense?

To such a subject tune my lyre,
And sing like one of Milton's choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of wisdom Fate;
Lament upon their hapless fall,
That force free virtue should enthrall?
Or, shall the charms of wealth and power
Make me pollute the Muse's bower?

LAWYER.

As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my desk the words that follow:
Some, by philosophers misled,
Must honor you alive or dead;
And such as know what Greece hath writ,
Must taste your irony and wit;
Whilst most that are, or would be great,
Must dread your pen, your person hate;
And you on Drapier's-Hill must lie,
And there without a mitre die.

MY LADY'S*

LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT

AGAINST THE DEAN.

Written July 28, 1728.

SURE never did man see
A wretch like poor Nancy,
So teas'd day and night
By a Dean and a Knight.
To punish my sins
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe†:
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the Dean.
The Dean never stops
When he opens his chops;
I'm quite over-run
With rebus and pun.

Before he came here,
To sponge for good cheer,
I sat with delight
From morning till night;
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my own gums,

* Lady Acheson, wife to Sir Arthur Acheson.

† The Dean used to call her by these names.

Or scratching my nose
And jogging my toes:
But at present, forsooth,
I must not rub a tooth.
When my elbows he sees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chops,
And just as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum,
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops
From my head to my heels;
Like a clock without wheels,
I sink in the spleen
An useless machine.

If he had his will
I should never sit still:
He comes with his whims,
I must move my limbs;
I cannot be sweet
Without using my feet;
To lengthen my breath
He tires me to death.
By the worst of all 'squires,
Thro' bogs and thro' briers,
Where a cow would be startled,
I'm in spite of my heart led;
And, say what I will,
Haul'd up ev'ry hill,

Till, daggl'd and tatter'd,
My spirits quite shatter'd
I return home at night,
And fast out of spite ;
For I'd rather be dead
Than it e'er should be said
I was better for him
In stomach or limb.

But now to my diet :
No eating in quiet ;
He's still finding fault,
Too sour or too salt :
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick,
But rash without measure
I swallow with pleasure.

Next, for his diversion,
He rails at my person :
What court-breeding this is ?
He takes me to pieces :
From shoulder to flank
I'm lean and I'm'lank ;
My nose, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin ;
My chin will not stay,
But meets it half way ;
My fingers prolux
Are ten crooked sticks :
He swears my el—bows
Are two iron crows ;

Or sharp pointed rocks,
And wear out my smocks:
To 'scape them Sir Arthur
Is forc'd to lie farther,
Or his sides they would gore
Like the tusks of a boar.

Now, changing the scene,
But still to the Dean:
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he sees her but once
He'll swear she's a dunce;
Can tell her, by looks,
A hater of books:
Thro' each line of her face
Her folly can trace,
Which spoils ev'ry feature
Bestow'd her by nature;
But sense gives a grace
To the homliest face;
Wise books and reflection
Will mend the complexion.
(A civil divine!

I suppose meaning mine,)
No lady who wants them
Can ever be handsome.

I guess well enough
What he means by this stuff:
He haws and he hums,
At last out he comes:

‘What, Madam? no walking,
‘No reading nor talking?
‘You’re now in your prime,
‘Make use of your time.
‘Consider, before
‘You come to threescore,
‘How the hussies will flee
‘Where’er you appear:
‘That silly old puss
‘Would fain be like us;
‘What a figure she made
‘In her tarnish’d brocade!’
And then he grows mild;
‘Come, be a good child:
‘If you are inclin’d
‘To polish your mind,
‘Be ador’d by the men
‘Till threescore and ten,
‘And kill with the spleen
‘The jades of sixteen,
‘I’ll shew you the way;
‘Read six hours a-day:
‘The wits will frequent ye,
‘And think you but twenty.’

Thus was I drawn in,
Forgive me my sin.
At breakfast he’ll ask
An account of my task.
Put a word out of joint,
Or miss but a point,

He rages and frets,
His manners forgets ;
And as I am serious
Is very imperious.
No book for delight
Must come in my sight ;
But instead of new plays
Dull Bacon's Essays,
And pore ev'ry day on
That nasty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge
Let all the world judge :
'Twere better be blind
Than thus be confin'd.

But while in an ill tone
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean, you will swear,
Is at study or pray'r.
He's all the day saunt'ring,
With labourers bant'ring,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues
(Whom he brings in among us,
And bribes with mundungus).
Hail, fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet.
Find out if you can
Who's master who's man,
Who makes the best figure,
The dean or the digger;

And which is the best
At cracking a jest.
How proudly he talks
Of zigzags and walks !
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves ;
And boasts of his fates,
His grottoes and seats ;
Shews all his gewgaws,
And gapes for applause.
A fine occupation
For one in his station !
A hole where a rabbit
Would scorn^d to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour,
He calls it a Bow'er.

But, oh ! how we laugh
To see a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green seat ;
Or run helter-skelter
To his harbour for shelter,
Where all goes to ruin
The Dean has been doing.
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briars
And thorus to make fires ;
But yet are so kind
To leave something behind :

No more need be said on't,
I smell when I tread on't.

Dear Friend ! Doctor Jenny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmsley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since Fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it so,
That I'm by her frowns
Condemn'd to black gowns :
No 'squire to be found
The neighbourhood round,
(For, under the rose,
I would rather choose ~~those~~ those,)
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here out of pity
To ease a poor lady,
And beg her a play-day ;
So may you be seen
No more in the spleen ;
May Walmsley give wine,
Like a hearty divine ;
May Whaley disgrace
Dull Daniel's whey face ;
And may your three spouses
Let you lie at friends' houses,

PARODY

ON A

CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY*,

WRITTEN IN LATIN BY HIMSELF.

THE very reverend Dean Smedley,
Of dullness, pride, conceit, a medley,
 Was equally allow'd to shine,
As poet, scholar, and divine :
 With *godliness* could well dispense ;
 Would be a *rake*, but wanted sense ;
 Would strictly after Truth inquire,
 Because he dreaded to come nigh her.
 For Liberty no champion bolder,
 He hated *bailiffs* at his shoulder.
 To half the world a standing jest ;
 A perfect *nuisance* to the rest :
 From many (and we may believe him)
 Had the best wishes they could give him.
 To all mankind a constant friend,
 Provided they had *cash* to lend.
 One thing he did before he went hence,
 He left us a *laconic* sentences ;
 By cutting of his phrase and trimming,
 To prove that Bishops were old women.
 Poor Envy durst not shew her phiz,
 She was so terrified at his.

* The original is in the "Supplement to Swift." N.

He waded, without any shame,
 Through thick and thin to get a name,
 Tried every sharpening trick for bread,
 And after all he seldom sped.
 When Fortune fittur'd, he was nice;
 He never once would cog the *dice*.
 But, if she turn'd against his play,
 He knew to stop à *quatre trous*.
 Now sound in mind, and sound in *corpus*,
 (Says he) tho' swell'd like any *porpoise*,
 He heys from hence at forty-four
 (*But by his leave he sinks a score*)
 To the East-Indies, there to cheat,
 Till he can purchase an estate;
 Where, after he has fill'd his chest,
 He'll mount his *tub*, and preach his best,
 And plainly prove, by dint of text,
 'This world is his, and theirs the next.
 Lest that the reader should not know
 The bank where last he set his toe,
 'Twas Greenwich. There he took a ship,
 And gave his creditors the slip.
 But lest *chronology* should vary,
 Upon the Ides of February;
In seventeen hundred eight and twenty,
 To Fort St. George a *pedlar* went he.
 Ye Fates, when all he gets is spent,
 RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT! ..

BOUTS RIMES.

ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA.

OUR school-master may rave i' th' fit
 Of classic beauty *hæc et illa*,
 Not all his birch inspires such wit
 As th' ogling beams of Domitilla.

Let nobles toast, in bright champagne,
 Nymphs higher born than Domitilla ;
 I'll drink her health, again, again,
 In Berkeley's tar, or sars-parilla.

At Goodman's-Fields I've much admir'd
 The postures strange of Monsieur Brilla ;
 But what are they to the soft step,
 The gliding air, of Domitilla ?

Virgil has eterniz'd in song
 The flying footsteps of Camilla :
 Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong ;
 He might have dreamt of Domitilla.

Great Theodose condemn'd a town
 For thinking ill of his *Praxilla* ;
 And dence take London, if some knight
 O' th' city wed not Domitilla !

Wheeler, Sir George, in travels wise,
Gives us a medal of Plantilla;
But, oh! the empress has not eyes,
Nor lips, nor breast, like Domitilla.

Not all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
Pil'd on the mules of king At-tila,
Is worth one glove (I'll not tell a bit a lie)
Or garter, snatch'd from Domitilla.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
Y-cleped Harrow of the Hill, a-
—bus'd much my heart, and was a damn'd let
To verse—but now for Domitilla.

Dan Pope consigns Belinda's watch
To the fair Sylphid Momentilla,
And thus I offer up my catch
To th'snow-white hands of Domitilla.

HELTER SKELTER;

OR, THE HUE AND CRY AFTER THE ATTORNIES,
UPON THEIR RIDING THE CIRCUIT.

Now the active young attornies
Briskly travel on their journies,
Looking big as any giants,
On the horses of their clients;

Like so many little Morses,
With their tilters at their a—s,
Brazen-hilted, lately burnish'd;
And with harness-buckles furnish'd,
And with whips and spurs so neat,
And with jockey-coats complete,
And with boots so very greasy,
And with saddles eke so easy;
And with bridles fine and gay,
Bridles borrow'd for a day;
Bridles destin'd far to roam,
Ah! never, never to come home.
And with hats so very big, Sir;
And with powder'd caps and wigs, Sir;
And with ruffles to be shown,
Cambric ruffles not their own;
And with Holland shirts so white,
Shirts becoming to the sight,
Shirts be-wrought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters;
With their pretty tinsel'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies;
And with rings so very trim,
Lately taken out of him—
And with very little pence,
And as very little sense;
With some law, but little justice,
Having stolen from my hostess,
From the barber and the cutler,
Like the soldier from the sutler;

From the vintner and the taylor,
Like the felon from the jailer ;
Into this and t' other county,
Living on the public bounty ;
Thorough town and thorough village,
All to plunder, all to pillage ;
Thorough mountains, thorough vallies,
Thorough stinking lanes and alleys ;
Some to—kiss with farmers' spouses,
And make merry in their houses ;
Some to—tumble country wenches
On their rushy-beds and benches,
And, if they begin a fray,
Draw their swords, and—run away ;
All to murder equity,
And to take a double fee ;
Till the people all are quiet,
And forget to broil and riot :
Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
Safely glad to sup their porridge ;
And Vacation's over—then,
Hey, for London town again.

AN EPISTLE

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET,

BY DR. DELANY.—1729.

“Credis ob hoc, me, Pastor, opes fortasse rogare,
“Propter quod, vulgus, crassaque turba rogat.”

MART. Epig. lib. ix.

THOU wise and learned ruler of our isle,
Whose guardian care can all her griefs beguile;
When next your generous soul shall condescend
T’ instruct or entertain your humble friend;
Whether, retiring from your weighty charge,
On some high theme you learnedly enlarge;
Of all the ways of wisdom reason well,
How Richelieu rose, and how Sejanus fell;
Or, when your brow less thoughtfully unbends,
Circled with Swift and some delighted friends;
When, mixing mirth and wisdom with your wine,
Like that your wit shall flow, your genius shine;
Nor with less praise the conversation guide,
Than in the public councils you decide:
Or when the Dean, long privileg’d to rail,
Asserts his friend with more impetuous zeal;
You hear (whilst I sit by abash’d and mute),
With soft concessions shortening the dispute;

Then close with kind inquiries of my state,
 'How are your tithes, and have they rose of late?
 'Why, Christ-Church is a pretty situation,
 'There are not many better in the nation!
 'This, with your *other things*, must yield you
 clear

'Some six—at least five hundred pounds a year.'

Suppose, at such a time, I took the freedom
 To speak these truths as plainly as you read 'em,
 (You shall rejoin, my lord, when I've replied,
 And, if you please, my lady shall decide):

'My lord, I'm satisfied you meant me well;
 'And that I'm thankful, all the world can tell:
 'But you'll forgive me, if I own th' event
 'Is short, is very short of your intent;
 'At least, I feel some ills unfelt before,
 'My income less, and my expenses more.'

"How, doctor! double vicar! double rector!
 "A dignitary! with a city lecture!
 "What glebes—what dues—what tithes—what
 fines—what rent!

"Why, doctor!—will you never be content?"

'Would my good lord but cast up the account,
 'And see to what my revenues amount.
 'My titles ample! but my gain so small,
 'That one good vicarage is worth them all:
 'And very wretched sure is he, that's double
 'In nothing but his titles and his trouble.
 'Add to this crying grievance, if you please,
 'My horses founder'd on Fermanagh ways;

' Ways of well-polish'd and well-pointed stone,
 ' Where every step endangers every bone ;
 ' And more to raise your pity and your wonder,
 ' Two churches—twelve Ulsterman miles asunder !
 ' With complicated *cures*, I labour hard in,
 ' Besides whole summers absent from my garden !
 ' But that the world would think I play'd the fool,
 ' I'd change with Charley Grattan for his school*—
 ' What fine cascades, what vistas, might I make,
 ' Fixt in the centre of th' Iernian lake !
 ' There might I sail delighted, smooth and safe,
 ' Beneath the conduct of my good Sir Ralph † :
 ' There's not a better steerer in the realm ;
 ' I hope, my lord, you'll call him to the *helm*.—
 " Doctor—a glorious scheme to ease your grief !
 " When *cures* are cross, a school's a sure relief.
 " You cannot fail of being happy there,
 " The lake will be the Lethe of your care :
 " The scheme is for your honour and your ease ;
 " And, doctor, I'll promote it when you please.
 " Meanwhile, allowing things below your merit,
 " Yet, doctor, you've a philosophic spirit ;
 " Your wants are few, and, like your income, small,
 " And you've enough to gratify them all :

* A free-school at Inniskillen, founded by Erasmus Smith, Esq. N.

† Sir Ralph Gore, who had a villa in the lake of Erin.

" You've tices, and fruits, and roots, enough in
store :

" And what would a philosopher have more ?

" You cannot wish ^{for} coaches, kitchens, cooks—"

‘ My lord, I’ve not enough to buy me books—

‘ Or pray, suppose my wants were all supplied,

‘ Are there no wants I should regard beside ?

‘ Whose breast is so unmann’d, as not to grieve,

‘ Compass’d with miseries he can’t relieve ?

‘ Who can be happy—who should wish to live,

‘ And want the godlike happiness to give ?

‘ (That I’m a judge of this, you must allow :

‘ I had it once—and I’m debarr’d it now.)

‘ Ask your own heart, my lord, if this be true,

‘ Then how unblest am I ! how blest are you !’

‘ ‘Tis true—but, doctor, let us wave all that—

" Say, if you had your wish, what you’d be at."

‘ Excuse me, good my lord—I won’t be sounded,

‘ Nor shall your favour by my wants be bounded.

‘ My lord, I challenge nothing as my due,

‘ Nor is it fit I should prescribe to you.

‘ Yet this might Symmachus himself avow

‘ (Whose rigid rules are antiquated now)—

‘ My lord, I’d wish to *pay the debts I owe*—

‘ I’d wish besides—to *build*, and to *bestow*.’

AN EPISTLE UPON AN EPISTLE,

FROM

A CERTAIN DOCTOR

TO

A CERTAIN GREAT LORD:

BEING A CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR DR. DELANY.

As Jove will not attend on less,
 When things of more importance press;
 You can't, grave Sir! believe it hard,
 That you, a low Hibernian bard,
 Should cool your heels awhile, and wait
 Unanswer'd at your *patron's* gate:
 And would my Lord vouchsafe to grant
 This one, poor, humble boon I want,
 Free leave to play his *Secretary*,
 As Falstaff acted old King Harry;
 I'd tell of yours in rhyme and print:
 Folks shrug, and cry *There's nothing in it*.
 And, after several readings over,
 It shines most in the marble cover.

How could so fine a taste dispense
 With mean degrees of wit and sense?
 Nor will my lord so far *beguile*
 The wise and learned of our *isle*;

To make it pass upon the nation,
By dint of his sole approbation.
The task is arduous, patrons find,
To warp the sense of all mankind ;
Who think your Muse must first aspire,
Ere he advance the doctor higher

You've cause to say he *meant you well* :
That you *are thankful*, who *can tell* ?
For still you're short (which grieves your spirit)
Of his intent ; you mean, your merit.

Ah ! *quanto rectius, tu adppte,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte ?
' Smedley*, thou Jonathan of Clogher,
' When thou thy humble lay dost offer
' To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,
' Thy thanks and verse devoid of art :
' Content with what his bounty gave,
' No larger income dost thou crave.'

But you *must* have cascades, and all
Ierne's lake for your canal,
Your vistos, barges, and (a pox on
All pride !) our Speaker for your coxon :
It 's pity that he can't bestow you
Twelve commoners in caps to row you.
Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,
Held monarchs labouring at the oar ;
And, as *his* pass'd, so swell'd the Dee,
Enrag'd, as Ern would do at thee.

* See a Petition to the Duk of Grafton, Vol. IV of these poems.

EPISTLE UPON AN EPISTLE.

How different is this from Smedley !
(His name is up, he may in bed lie,)
' Who only asks some pretty cure,
' In wholesome soil and æther pure ;
' The garden stor'd with artless flowers,
' In either angle shady bowers :
' No gay parterre with costly green
' Must in the ambient hedge be seen ;
' But Nature freely takes her course,
' Nor fears from him ungrateful force :
' No sheers to check her sprouting vigour,
' Or shape the *yews* to antic figure.'

But you, forsooth, your *all* must squander
On that poor spot, call'd Dell-ville yonder :
And when you've been at vast expenses
In whims, parterres, canals, and fences,
Your assets fail, and cash is wanting ;
Nor farther buildings, farther planting :
No wonder, when you raise and level,
Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.
Here a convenient box you found,
Which you demolish'd to the ground :
Then built, then took up with your labour,
And set the house to Rupert Barber.
You sprang an arch, which, in a scurvy
Humour, you tumbled topsy-turvy.
You change a circle to a square,
Then to a circle as you were :
Who can imagine whence the fund is,
That you *quadrata* change *rotundis* ?

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

To Fame a temple you erect,
A Flora does the dome protect;
Mounts, walks, on high: and in a hollow
You place the Muses and Apollo;
There shining 'midst his train, to grace
Your whimsical poetic place.

These stories were of old design'd
As fables; but you have refin'd
The poets' mythologic dreams,
To real Muses, gods, and streams.
Who would not swear, when you contrive thus,
That you're Don Quixote Redivivus?

Beneath, a dry canal there lies,
Which only Winter's rain supplies.
Oh! couldst thou, by some magic spell,
Hither convey St. Patrick's well!
Here may it re-assume its stream*,
And take a greater Patrick's name!

If your expenses rise so high,
What income can your wants supply?
Yet still you fancy you inherit
A fund of such superior merit,
That you can't fail of more provision,
All by my *lady's* kind decision.
For, the more livings you can fish up,
You think you'll sooner be a bishop:
That could not be *my lord's intent*,
Nor can it *answer the event*.

* See Dr. Swift's verses on the drying-up of this well, in this volume, p. 79.

Most think what has been heap'd on you,
 To other sort of folk was due :
 Rewards too great for your flun-flams,
Epistles, riddles, epigrams.

Tho' now your depth must not be sounded,
 The time was, when you'd have compounded
 For less than Charley Grattan's school :
 Five hundred pound a year 's no tool !

Take this advice then from your friend :
 To your ambition put an end.
 Be frugal, Pat : pay what you owe,
 Before you *build* and you *bestow*.
 Be modest ; nor address your betters
 With begging, vain, familiar letters.

A passage may be found*, I've heard,
 In some old Greek or Latian bard,
 Which says, ' Would crows in silence eat
 ' Their offals, or their better neat,
 ' Their generous feeders not provoking
 ' By loud and unharmonious croaking ;
 ' They might, unhurt by Envy's claws,
 ' Live on, and stuff to boot their maws.'*

* Hor., Lib. I. Ep. xvii.

A LIBEL

ON

THE REV. DR. DELANY

AND

HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET.

1729.

DIVIDED Mortals ! whom the great
 Choose for companions *tête-à-tête*;
 Who, at their dinners *en famille*,
 Get leave to sit whene'er you will,
 Then boasting tell us where you din'd,
 And how his Lordship was so kind ;
 How many pleasant things he spoke,
 And how you laugh'd at ev'ry joke ;
 Swear he's a most facetious man,
 That you and he are cup and cann :
 You travel with a heavy load,
 And quite mistake preferment's road.

Suppose my Lord and you alone,
 Hint the least int'rest of your own,
 His visage drops, he knits his brow,
 He cannot talk of bus ness now :
 Or mention but a vacant post,
 He'll turn it off with, Name your toast :

Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint.

For as, their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pump to bring a wench:
So men of wit are but a kind
Of panders to a vicious mind;
Who proper objects must provide
To gratify their lust of pride,
When weary'd with intrigues of state,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then should you dare to ask a place,
You forfeit all your patron's grace
And disappoint the sole design
For which he summon'd you to dine.

Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days;
While Montague*, who claim'd the station
To be Mecænas of the nation;
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept:
Himself, as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy, tho' they wanted shoes;
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair,
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to party-zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his latter scene;

* Earl of Halifax.

Took proper principles to thrive,
And so might ev'ry dunce alive.

Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails
Withdrew to starve and die in Wales.

Thus Gay, the Hare with many Friends,
Twice seven long years the court attends;
Who, under Tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a princely youth;
Who paid his courtship with the crowd
As far as modest pride allow'd;
Rejects a servile Usher's place,
And leaves St. James's in disgrace.

Thus Addison, by Lords caress'd,
Was left in foreign lands distress'd;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A trav'ling tutor to a 'squire;
But wisely left the Muses' hill,
To bus'ness shap'd the poet's quill;
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himself the courtier's trade,
And, grown a minister of state,
Saw poets at his levee wait.

Hail, happy Pope! whose gen'rous mind
Detesting all the statesman kind,
Contemning courts, at courts unseen,
Refus'd the visits of a queen.
A soul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
By sages, priests, or poets, taught ;

Whose filial piety excels
 Whatever Grecian story tells ;
 A genius for all stations fit,
 Whose meanest talent is his wit ;
 His heart too great, tho' fortune little,
 To lick a rascal statesman's spittle ;
 Appealing to the nation's taste,
 Above the reach of want is plac'd ;
 By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
 Which Homer never could alive ;
 And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
 Desprising slaves that cringe for bread.

True politicians only pay
 For solid work, but not for play ;
 Nor ever choose to work with tools
 For'd up in colleges and schools :
 Consider how much more is due
 To all their journeymen than you.
 At table you can Horace quote,
 They at a pinch can bribe a vote :
 You shew your skill in Grecian story,
 But they can manage Whig and Tory :
 You, as a critic, are so curious
 To find a verse in Virgil spurious ;
 But they can smoke the deep designs,
 When Bolingbroke with Pultney dines.

Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
 That you have got a place already ;
 An office for your talents fit,
 To flatter, carve, and shew your wit ;

To snuff the lights, and stir the fire,
And get a dinner for your hire.
What claim have you to place or pension?
He overpays in condempnion.

But, rev'rend Doctor! you, we know,
Could never condescend so low;
The Viceroy, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend;
Nor will in you those gifts despise,
By which himself was taught to rise:
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Altho' it might have pleas'd the nation.

This may be true—submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worse?
He comes to drain a beggar's purse;
He comes to tie our chains on faster,
And shew us England is our master;
Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his traps,
Or bring his vermin in, but scraps?
The offals of a church distress,
A hungry vicarage at best,
Or some remote inferior post,
With forty pounds a-year at most?

But here again you interpose;
Your fav'rite Lord is none of those

Who owe their virtues to their stations,
 And characters to dedications;
 For keep him in, or turn him out,
 His learning none will call in doubt;
 His learning, tho' a poet said it
 Before a play, would lose no credit;
 Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
 Altho' to praise it Phillips writ.
 I own he hates an action base,
 His virtues battling with his place;
 Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
 Betwixt a true and spurious merit;
 Can sometimes drop a voter's claim,
 And give up party to his fame.
 I do the most that friendship can;
 I hate the Viceroy, love the man.

But you, who till your fortune's made,
 Must be a sweet'ner by your trade, [†]
 Should swear he never meant us ill,
 We suffer sore against his will;
 That if we could but see his heart,
 He would have chose a milder part;
 We rather should lament his case,
 Who must obey, or lose his place.

Since this reflection slipt your pen,
 Insert it when you write again;
 And, to illustrate it, produce
 This simile for his excuse.

' So, to destroy a guilty land,
 ' An angel sent by Heav'n's command*,
 ' While he obeys almighty will,
 ' Perhaps may feel compassion still,
 ' And wish the task had been a-sig'n'd
 ' To spirits of less gentle kind.'

But I, in politics grown old,
 Whose thoughts are of a different mould;
 Who from my soul sincerely hate
 Both K—— and ministers of state;
 Who looks on courts with stricter eyes
 To see the seeds of vice arise,
 Can lend you an allusion fitter,
 Tho' flatt'ring knives may call it bitter;
 Which, if you durst but give it place,
 Would shew you many a statesman's face:
 Fresh from the tripod of Apollo
 I had it in the words that follow:
 ('Take notice, to avoid offence,
 I here except his Excellence:)
 ' So, to effect his monarch's ends,
 ' From hell a viceroy devil ascends,
 ' His budget with corruptions cram'd,
 ' The contributions of the damn'd,
 ' Which with unsparing hand he strows
 ' Thro' courts and senates as he goes,

* So when an angel by divine command.

Addison's Campaign,

‘ And then at Beelzebub’s black hall
 ‘ Complains his budget was too small.’
 Your smile may better shine
 In verse, but there is truth in mine;
 For no imaginable things
 Can differ more than gods and k——s;
 And statesmen by ten thousand odds
 Are angels, just as k——s are gods.



TO DR. DELANY,

ON THE LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM.

....Tanti tibi non fit opaci
 Omnis arena Tagi.

Juv.

As some raw youth in country bred,
 To arms by thirst of honour led,
 When at skirmish first he hears
 The bullets whistling round his ears,
 Will duck his head aside, will start,
 And feel a trembling at his heart,
 Till ‘scaping oft’ without a wound,
 Lessens the terror of the sound,
 I’ly bullets now as thick as hops,
 He runs into a cannon’s chops:
 An author thus, who pants for fame,
 Begins the world with fear and shame :

When first in print you see him dread
 Each popgun levell'd at his head:
 The lead you' critic's quill contains
 Is destin'd to beat out ~~his~~ brains:
 As if he heard loud thunders roll,
 Cries, Lord have mercy on his soul!
 Concluding that another shot
 Will strike him dead upon the spot:
 But when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
 He cannot see one creature dropping,
 That missing fire, or missing aim,
 His life is safe, I mean his fame,
 The danger past, takes heart of grace,
 And looks a critic in the face.

Tho' splendour gives the fairest mark
 To poison'd arrows from the dark,
 Yet in yourself when smooth and round*,
 They glance aside without a wound.

'Tis said the gods try'd all their art
 How Pain they might from Pleasure part;
 But little could their strength avail;
 Both still are fasten'd by the tail.
 Thus Fame and Censure with a tether
 By Fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
 In wit before the common herd,
 And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
 To pay the penalty annex'd?

* In seipso totus teres atque rotundus.

'Tis eminence makes envy rise,
 As fairest fruits attract the flies
 Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
 You soon a remedy may find,
 Lie down obscure, like other folks,
 Below the lash of snarlers' jokes
 Then faction is five hundred adds,
 For ev'ry coxcomb lends them rods,
 And sneers as leniently as they,
 Like females o'er their morning-tea

You say the Muse will not contain,
 And write you must, or break a vein
 Then if you find the terms too hard,
 No longer my advice regard,
 But raise your fancy on the wing;
 The Irish senate's praises sing,
 How jealous of the nation's freedom!
 And for corruptions, how they weed 'em!
 How each the public good pursues,
 How far their hearts from private views!
 Make all true patriots, up to shoe-boys,
 Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys*
 Thus grown a member of the club
 No longer dread the rage of Grub.

How oft' am I for rhyme to seek!
 To dress a thought I toil a week!
 And then how thankful to the Town,
 If all my pains will earn a crown!

* The Irish parliament sat at the Blue-boys' Hospital, while the new parliament-house was building.

Whilst every critic can devour
 My work and me in half an hour.
 Would men of genius cease to write,
 The rogues must die for want and spite;
 Must die for want of food and raiment,
 If scandal did not find them payment.
 How cheerfully the hawkers cry
 A Satire! and the gentry buy;
 While my hard-labour'd poem pines
 Unsold upon the printer's lines.

A genius in the rev'rend gown
 Must ever keep its owner down;
 'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
 And spoils the credit of the function.
 Round all your brethren cast your eyes;
 Point out the surest men to rise;
 That club of candidates in black,
 The least deserving of the pack,
 Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
 With grace and learning unequ'd,
 Can turn their hands to ev'ry job,
 The fittest tools to work for Bob*;
 Will sooner coin a thousand lies
 Than suffer men of parts to rise;
 They crowd about Preferment's gate,
 And press you down with all their weight;
 For, as of old mathematicians
 Were by the vulgar thought magicians;

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

So academic dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit Freethinkers.

Wit, as the chief of Virtue's friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble ends;
Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
Oppress us in corrupted times;
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Shew reason, grammar, truth, or sense?
For tho' the Muse delights in fiction,
She ne'er inspires against conviction.
Then keep your virtues still unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt;
By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
Tho' it would make you England's Primate:
First learn the science to be dull,
* You then may soon your conscience lull;
If not, however seated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.

When Jove was from his teeming head
Of Wit's fair goddess brought to-bed,
Thence follow'd at his lying-in
For after-birth a sooterkin,
Which, as the nurse pursu'd to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill,
There in the soil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
From hence the critic-vermin sprung,
With harpy claws and pois'nous tongue,
Who fatten on poetic scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.

Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe ;
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Dévours your geese, the wolf your flocks.
Thus Envy pleads a nat'ral claim
To persecute the Muses' fame,
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.

Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmost rage defies,
That safe behind the wainscot lies.
Say, did you ever know by sight
In cheese an individual mite?
Shew me the same numeric flea
That bit your neck but yesterday;
You then may boldly go in quest
To find the Grub-street poets' nest ;
What spunging-house, in dread of jail,
Receives them while they wait for bail ;
What alley they are nestled in,
To flourish o'er a cup of gin ;
Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they starve to-day.
Suppose you had them all trepann'd,
With each a Libel in his hand,
What punishment would you inflict?
Or call 'em rogues, or get 'em kickt ?
These they have often try'd before ;
You but oblige 'em so much more :

Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.

You have been libell'd——Let us know
What fool officious told you so?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who, in his titles, always lies?
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says
It might be something in your praise;
And praise bestow'd on Grub-street rhymes
Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till critics blame and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric.
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto and my fate.

ON BURNING A DULL POEM.

1729.

AN ass's hoof alone can hold
That pois'nous juice which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No vessel but an ass's head
Such frigid fustian could contain—
I mean the head without the brain.

The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like stupifying draughts:
I found my head began to swim,
A numbness crept thro' ev'ry limb:
In haste, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire;
When, who could think; tho' cold as ice,
It burnt to ashes in a trice.

How could I more enhance its fame?
Tho' born in snow it dy'd in flame.

TO JANUS, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

1729.

TWO-FAC'D Janus, god of Time,
Be my Phœbus while I rhyme:
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a New-year's gift:
She has got but half a brace.
Janus! since thou hast a face,
To my Lady once be kind;
Give her half thy face behind.

God of Time! if you be wise,
Look not with your future eyes:
What imports thy forward sight?
Well if you could lose it quite.

Can you take delight in viewing
 This poor isle's* approaching ruin,
 When thy retrospection vast
 Sees the glorious ages past?

Happy nation! were we blind,
 Or had only eyes behind.

'Drown your morals,' Madam cries;
 'I'll have none but forward eyes;
 'Prudes decay'd about my tack,
 'Strain their necks with looking back;
 'Give me Time when coming on,
 'Who regards him when he's gone?
 'By the Dean tho' gravely told
 'New years help to make me old,
 'Yet I find a New-year's lace
 'Burnishes an old year's face.
 'Give me velvet and quadrille,
 'I'll have youth and beauty still.'

TO DEAN SWIFT.

BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON.

Good cause have I to sing and vapour,
 For I am landlord to the Drapier:
 He that of every ear's the charmer,
 Now condescends to be my farmer,

• Ireland.

Q 3

And grace my villa with his strains.
Lives such a bard on British plains?
No ; not in all the British court ;
For none but wittlings there resort,
Whose names and works (tho' dead) are made
Immortal by the Dunciad ;
And, sure as monument of brass,
Their fame to future times shall pass,
How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
Of brazen knight they vainly sung :
A subject for their genius fit ;
He dares defy both sense and wit.
What dares he not ? He can, we know it,
A laureat make that is no poet ;
A judge, without the least pretence
To common law, or common sense ;
A bishop that is no divine ;
And coxcombs in red ribands shine :
Nay, he can make, what's greater far,
A middle-state 'twixt peace and war ;
And say, there shall, for years together,
Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
Happy, O Market-hill ! at least,
That court and courtiers have no taste :
You never else had known the Dean,
But, as of old, obscurely lain ;
All things gone on the same dull track,
And Drapier's-hill* been still Drumlack ;

* The Dean gave this name to a farm called Drumlack, which he rented of Sir Arthur Acheson, whose seat lay between that

But now your name with Penshurst vies,
And wing'd with fame shall reach the skies.

DRAPIER'S HILL.

1729.

WE give the world to understand,
Our thriving Dean has purchas'd land ;
A purchase which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a-year.
Provided, to improve the ground,
He will but add two hundred pound,
And from his endless hoarded store
To build a house five hundred more.
Sir Arthur*, too, shall have his will,
And call the mansion Drapier's Hill ;
That when a nation, long enslav'd,
Forgets by whom it once was sav'd ;
When none the Drapier's praise shall sing,
His signs aloft no longer swing ;

and Market-Hill, and intended to build an house upon it, but afterwards changed his mind. F.

* Sir Arthur Acheson, from whom the purchase was made.

His medals and his prints forgotten,
 And all his handkerchiefs are rotten*;
 His famous Letters made waste paper,
 This Hill may keep the name of Drapier;
 In spite of envy flourish still,
 And Drapier's vie with Cooper's Hill.

THE DEAN'S REASONS

FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S-HILL.

I WILL not build on yonder mount:
 And, should you call me to account,
 Consulting with myself, I find
 It was no levity of mind.
 Whate'er I promis'd or intended,
 No fault of mine, the scheme is ended:
 Nor can you tax me as unsteady,
 I have a hundred causes ready;
 All risen since that flattering time,
 When Drapier's-hill appear'd in rhyme,
 I am, as now too late I find,
 The greatest cully of mankind:
 The lowest boy in Martin's school
 May turn and wind me like a fool.

* Medals were cast, many signs hung up, and handkerchiefs
 with devils on them, were distributed under the name of
 Drapier.

How could I form so wild a vision,
To seek, in deserts, Fields Elysian?
To live in fear, suspicion, variance,
With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians?

But here my Lady will object :
Your Deanship ought to recollect,
That, near the Knight of Gosford plac'd,
Whom you allow a man of taste,
Your intervals of time to spend
With so conversable a friend,
It would not signify a pin
Whatever climate you were in.

'Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a usurer's plumbs;
Tho' I should see him twice a day,
And am his neighbour cross the way ;
If all my rhetoric must fail
To strike him for a pot of ale?

Thus, when the learned and the wise
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And from deserving friends with-hold
Their gifts, as Misers do their gold ;
Their knowledge to themselves confin'd
Is the same avarice of mind ;
Nor makes their conversation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's Knight,
Who keeps his wisdom out of sight ;
Whose uncommunicative heart
Will scarce one precious word impart :

Still lost in speculations deep,
 His outward senses fast asleep;
 Who, while I talk, a song will hum,
 Or, with his fingers, beat the drum;
 Beyond the skies transports his mind,
 And leaves a lifeless corpse behind.

But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,
 To understand Malebranche or Cambray;
 Who send my mind (as I believe) less
 Than others do, on errands sleeveless;
 Can listen to a tale humdrum,
 And with attention read Tom Thumb;
 My spirits with my body propping,
 Both hand in hand together jogging;
 Sunk over head and ears in matter,
 Nor can of metaphysics smatter;
 Am more diverted with a quibble,
 Than dream of worlds intelligible;
 And think all notions too abstracted
 Are like the ravings of a crack'd head;
 What intercourse of minds can be
 Betwixt the Knight sublime and me,
 If when I talk, as talk I must,
 It is but prating to a bust?

Where friendship is by Fate design'd,
 It forms an union in the mind:
 But here I differ from the Knight
 In every point, like black and white:
 For none can say that ever yet
 We both in one opinion met;

REASONS FOR NOT BUILDING, &c.

Not in philosophy, or ale;
In state affairs, or planting ale;
In rhetoric, or picking straws;
In roasting larks, or making laws;
In public schemes, or catching flies;
In parliaments, or pudding-pies.

The neighbours wonder why the Knight
Should in a country life delight,
Who not one pleasure entertains
To cheer the solitary scenes:
His guests are few, his visits rare;
Nor uses time, nor time will spare;
Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;
But, seated in an easy chair,
Despises exercise and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns:
Here poor Pomona sits on thorns;
And there neglected Flora settles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.

Those thankless and officious cares
I us'd to take in friends' affairs,
From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain;
From these I am recover'd quite,
At least in what regards the Knight.
Preserve his health, his store increase;
May nothing interrupt his peace!
But now let all his tenants round
First milk his cows, and after, pound

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Let every cottager conspire
To cut his hedges down for fire :
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and sloes may freely pillage :
He still may keep a pack of knaves
To spoil his work, and work by halves :
His meadows may be dug by swine,
It shall be no concern of mine.
For why should I continue still
To serve a friend against his will ?

THE

GRAND QUESTION DEBATED,

WHETHER HAMILTON'S BAWN* SHOULD BE TURNED
INTO A BARBACK OR A MALTHOUSE?

Written in the year 1729.

PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH EDITION.

The author of the following Poem is said to be Dr. J.S.D., S.P.O., who wrote it, as well as several other copies & verses of the like kind, by way of amusement, in the family of an honourable gentleman in the north of Ireland, where he spent a Summer about two or three years ago.

* A bawn was a place near the house, enclosed with mud or stone walls to keep the cattle from being stolen in the night. They are now little used.

A certain very great person*, then in that kingdom, having heard much of this Poem, obtained a copy from the gentleman, or, as some say, the lady, in whose house it was written; from whence, I know not by what accident, several other copies were transcribed, full of errors. As I have a great respect for the supposed Author, I have procured a true copy of the Poem, the publication whereof can do him less injury than printing any of those incorrect ones which ran about in manuscript, and would infallibly be soon in the press, if not thus prevented.

Some expressions being peculiar to Ireland, I have prevailed on a gentleman of that kingdom to explain them, and I have put the several explanations in their proper places.

THUS spoke to my Lady the Knight†, full of care,
 ‘ Let me have your advice in a weighty affair,
 ‘ This Hamilton’s Bawn‡, whilst it sticks on my
 ‘ I lose by the house what I get by the land; [hand,
 ‘ But how to dispose of it to the best bidder, [sider.
 ‘ For a Barrack|| or Malthouse, we now must con-
 ‘ First, let me suppose I make it a Malthouse,
 ‘ Here I have computed the profit will fall t’us;
 ‘ There’s nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
 ‘ I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
 ‘ A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
 ‘ Three dishes a-day, and three hogsheds a-year.
 ‘ With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be
 stor’d,
 ‘ No little scrub joint shall come on my board;

* John Lord Carteret, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, afterwards Earl of Granville, in right of his mother.

† Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat it was written.

‡ A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur Acheson’s seat.

§ The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings over the whole kingdom, called Barracks.

' And you and the Dean no more shall combine
 ' To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
 ' Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
 ' A stone and a quart^e of beef from my sirloin.
 ' If I make it a Barrack, the crown is my tenant;
 ' My dear! I have ponder'd again and again on't;
 ' In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent;
 ' Whatever they give me I must be content,
 ' Or join with the court in ev'ry debate,
 ' And rather than that I would lose my estate.'

Thus ended the Knight; thus began his meek
 wife;

' It must and it shall be a Barrack, my life!
 ' I'm grown a mere mopu; no company comes
 ' But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums*.
 ' With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
 ' I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.
 ' But if you will give us a Barrack, my dear!
 ' The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here:
 ' I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
 ' For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
 ' Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
 ' Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
 ' That men of his coat should be minding their
 pray'rs,
 ' And not, among ladies to give themselves airs.'
 Thus argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain;
 The Knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.

* A song used in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.

But Hannah*, who listen'd to all that was past,
 And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
 As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
 Cry'd, ' Madam, why surely my master's possess'd !
 ' Sir Arthur the Maltster ! how fine it will sound !
 ' I'd rather the Bawn were sunk under ground.
 ' But, Madam, I guess'd there would never come
 good,
 ' When I saw him so often with Darby and
 Wood†.
 ' And now my dream's out ; for I was a-dream'd
 ' That I saw a huge rat ; O dear ! how I scream'd,
 ' And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes ;
 ' And Molly she said I should hear some ill news.
 ' Dear Madam ! had you but the spirit to tease,
 ' You might have a Barrack whenever you please :
 ' And, Madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
 ' That for twenty denials you would not give out.
 ' If I had a husband like him, I purtest,
 ' Till he gave me my will I would give him no rest ;
 ' And rather than come in the same pair of sheets
 ' With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets.
 ' But, Madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
 ' And worry him out till he gives his consent.
 ' Dear Madam ! where'er of a Barrack I think,
 ' As I were to be hang'd I can't sleep a wink :
 ' For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
 ' I can't get it out, tho' I'd never so vain.

* My Lady's waiting woman.

† Sir Arthur's manager.

- ' I fancy already a Barrack contriv'd
 ' At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
 ' Of this, to be sure, Sir Arthur has warning,
 ' And waits on the Captain betimes the next morning.
 ' Now see when they meet how their honours behave:
 ' Noble Captain! your servant—Sir Arthur! your slave.
 ' You honour me much—The honour is mine—
 ' 'Twas a sad rainy night—but the morning is fine—
 ' Pray how does my Lady?—My wife's at your service—
 ' I think I have seen her picture by Jarvis—
 ' Good-morrow, good Captain!—I'll wait on you down—
 ' You sha'n't stir a foot—You'll think me a clown—
 ' For all the world, Captain, not half an inch further—
 ' You must be obey'd—Your servant, Sir Arthur;
 ' My humble respects to my Lady unknown—
 ' I hope you will use my house as your own.'
 " Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate;
 " Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
 ' Pray, Madam, be quiet; what was it I said?—
 ' You had like to have put it quite out of my head.

- ' Next day, to be sure, the Captain will come
 ' At the head of his troop, with trumpet and
 drum.
 ' Now, Madam, observe how he marches in state;
 ' The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate :
 ' Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow ;
 ' Tantara, tantara ; while all the boys holloo.
 ' See now comes the Captain all daub'd with gold
 lace :
 ' O law ! the sweet gentleman ! look in his face ;
 ' And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
 ' With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his
 hand ;
 ' And his horse, the dear *créter* ! it prances and
 rears
 ' With ribands in knots at its tail and its ears.
 ' At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
 ' Drawn up in our court ; when the Captain cries,
 Stand.
 ' Your Ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,
 ' (For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen,)
 ' The Captain, to shew he is proud of the favour,
 ' Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver ;
 ' (His beaver is cock'd, pray Madam, mark that,
 ' For a Captain of Horse never takes off his hat,
 ' Because he has never a hand that is idle,
 ' For the right holds the sword, and the left holds
 the bridle,)
 ' Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
 ' As a compliment due to a lady so fair ;

' (How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt!)

"Then he low'rs down the point, and kisses the hilt.

' Your Ladyship smiles, and thus you begin;

' Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.

' The Captain salutes you with congee profound,

' And your Ladyship curtsies half-way to the ground.

' Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us;

' I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us:

' And, Captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,

' And take a short dinner here with us to-day:

' You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,

' You come in the very worst time of the year:

' If I had expected so worthy a guest——

‡ Lord! Madam! your Ladyship surais in jest;

' You banter me, Madam: the kingdom must grant——'

' *You officers, Captain, are so complaisant.*'

"Hist, hussy! I think I hear somebody coming——"

' No, Madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.

' To shorten my tale, (for I hate a long story,)

' The Captain at dinner appears in his glory:

' The Dean and the Doctor* have humbled their pride,

‡ For the Captain's entreated to sit by your side;

* Doctor Jenny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

' And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first;

' The parsons for envy are ready to burst :

' The servants, amaz'd, are scarce ever able

' To keep off their eyes as they wait at the table;

' And Molly and I have thrust in our nose

' To peep at the Captain in all his fine clo'es.

' Dear Madam ! be sure he's a fine spoken man ;

' Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran.'

" And, Madam," says he, " if such dinners you give,

" You'll never want parsons as long as you live ;

" I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose,

" But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes.

" G—d d—me, they bid us reform and repent,

" But, z—a, by their looks they never keep Lent.

" Mister Curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid

" You cast a sheep's eye on her Ladyship's maid ;

" I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand

" In mending your cassock and smoothing your band :

" (For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,

" That the Captain suppos'd he was curate to Jenny;)

" Whenever you see a cassock and gown,

" A hundred to one but it covers a clown,

- " Observe how a parson comes into a room,
 " G—d d—me, he hobbles as bad as my groom.
 " A scholar, when just from his college broke
 louse,
 " Can hardly tell how to cry Bo to a goose.
 " Your Noveds, and Bluturks, and Omurs*, and
 stuff,
 " By G— they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
 " To give a young gentleman right education,
 " The army's the only good school in the nation.
 " My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
 " But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school.
 " I never could take to my book for the blood
 o'me,
 " And the puppy confess'd he expected no good
 o'me.
 " He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
 " But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my
 life;
 " So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
 " The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G—d.
 " Now, Madam, you'll think it a strange thing to
 say,
 " But the sight of a book makes me sick to this
 day."
 " Never since I was born did I hear so much
 wit,
 " And, Madam, I laugh'd, till I thought I should
 split :

* Ovids, Plutarchs, Hémers. See Essay on Modern Education.

‘ So then you look’d scornful, and snift at the
Dean,

‘ As who should say, Now, am I Skinny and
Lean*?

‘ But he durst not so much as open his lips,

‘ And the Doctor was plaguily down in the hips.’

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, ‘ Will your Ladyship
walk??

Her Ladyship answers, ‘ I’m just coming down!

Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,

Altho’ it was plain in her heart she was glad,

Cry’d, ‘ Hussy! why, sure the wench is gone mad:

‘ How could these chimceras get into your brains?—

‘ Come hither, and take this old gown for your
pains.

‘ But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,

‘ Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:

‘ For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye,

‘ Give me but a *Barrack*, a fig for the *clergy*.’

DIRECTIONS

FOR MAKING A BIRTH-DAY SONG.

1729.

To form a just and finish’d piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,

* Nicknames for my Lady.

Whose godships are in chief request,
 And fit your present subject best ;
 And should it be your hero's case 5
 To have both male and female race,
 Your bus'ness must be to provide
 A score of goddesses beside.

Some call their monarchs Suns of Saturn,
 For which they bring a modern pattern, 10
 Because they might have heard of one
 Who often long'd to eat his son ;
 But this, I think, will not go down,
 For here the father kept his crown.

Why, then, appoint him son of Jove, 15
 Who met his mother in a grove.
 To this we freely shall consent,
 Well knowing what the poets meant,
 And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
 It may be literally true. 20

Next, as the laws of verse require,
 He must be greater than his sire,
 For Jove, as ev'ry schoolboy knows,
 Was able Saturn to depose :
 And sure no Christian poet breathing 25
 Would be more scrup'lous than a Heathen ;
 Or if to blasphemy it tends,
 That's but a trifle among friends.

Your hero now another Mars is,
 Makes mighty armies turn their a—s ; 30
 Behold his glitt'ring falchion mow
 Whole squadrons at a single blow,

While Victory, with wings outspread,
 Flies like an eagle o'er his head.
 His milk-white steed upon its haunches, 35
 Or pawing into dead men's paunches,
 As Overton has drawn his sire,
 Still seen o'er many an alehouse fire.
 Then from his arm hoarse thunder rolls,
 As loud as fifty mustard bowls; 40
 For thunder still his arm supplies,
 And lightning always in his eyes;
 They bought are cheap enough in conscience,
 And serve to echo rattling nonsense:
 The rumbling words march fierce along, 45
 Made trebly dreadful in your song.

Sweet Poet ! hir'd for birth-day rhymes,
 To sing of wars choose peaceful times.
 What tho', for fifteen years and more,
 Janus hath lock'd his temple-door, 50
 Tho' not a coffee-house we read in
 Hath mention'd arms on this side Sweden,
 Nor London Journals, nor the Postmen,
 Tho' fond of warlike lies as most men,
 Thou still with battles stuff thy head full, 55
 For must thy hero not be dreadful ?

Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
 Your conqu'ror is become Apollo:
 That he's Apollo is as plain as .
 That Robin Walpole is Mecænas: 60
 But that he struts and that he squints,
 You'd know him by Apollo's prints.

Old Phœbus is but half as bright, For yours can shine both day and night. The first, perhaps, may once an age Inspire you with poetic rage ; Your Phœbus Royal ev'ry day Not only can inspire but pay. Then make this new Apollo sit Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.	65
' How from his altitude he stoops ' To raise up Virtue when she droops ! ' On Learning how his bounty flows ! ' And with what justice he bestows ! ' Fair Isis ! and ye banks of Cam ! ' Be witness if I tell a sham. ' What prodigies in arts we drain, ' From both your streams in G—'s reign, ' As from the flow'ry bed of Nile ;'— But here's enough to shew your style.	70
Broad innuendos, such as this, If well apply'd can hardly miss ; For when you bring your song in print, He'll get it read, and take the hint, (It must be read before 'tis warbled, The paper gilt and cover marbled,) And will be so much more your debtor, Because he never knew a letter ; And as he hears his wit and sense (To which he never made pretence,)	75
Set out in hyperbolic strains, A guinea shall reward your pains ;	80

- For patrons never pay so well
 As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.
 Next call him Neptune : with his trident 95
 He rules the sea ; you see him ride in't ;
 And if provok'd, he soundly firsks his
 Rebellious waves with rode, like Xerxes.
 He would have seiz'd the Spanish plate,
 Had not the fleet gone out too late, 100
 And in their very ports besiege 'em,
 But that he would not disoblige them ;
 And made the rascals pay him dearly
 For those affronts they give him yearly.
 'Tis not deny'd, that when we write 105
 Our ink is black our paper white,
 And when we scrawl our paper o'er,
 We blacken what was white before :
 I think this practice only fit
 For dealers in satiric wit. 110
 But you some white-lead ink must get,
 And write on paper black as jet ;
 Your int'rest lies to learn the knack
 Of whit'ning what before was black.
 Thus your encomium, to be strong, 115
 Must be apply'd directly wrong.
 A tyrant for his mercy praise,
 And crown a royal dunce with bays :
 A squinting monkey load with charms,
 And paint a coward fierce in arms. 120
 Is he to avarice inclin'd ?
 Extol him for his gen'rous mind :

And when we starve for want of corn,
 Come out with Amalthea's horn.
 For all experience this evinces 125
 The only art of pleasing princes ;
 For princes love you should descant
 On virtues which they know they want.
 On compliment, I had forgot,
 But songsters must omit it not ; 130
 I freely grant the thought is old :
 Why, then your hero must be told
 In him such virtues lie inherent,
 To qualify him God's vicegerent,
 That, with no title to inherit, 135
 He must have been a king by merit.
 Yet be the fancy old or new,
 'Tis partly false and partly true ;
 And, take it right, it means no more
 Than G—e and W—m claim'd before. 140
 Should some obscure inferior fellow,
 Like Julius, or the youth of Pella,
 When all your list of gods is out,
 Presume to shew his mortal snout,
 And as a deity intrude, 145
 Because he had the world subdu'd,
 Oh ! let him not debase your thoughts,
 Or name him but to shew his faults.
 Of gods I only quote the best,
 But you may look in all the rest. 150
 Now Birth-day Bard ! with joy proceed
 To praise your empress and her breed.

First, of the first, to vouch your lies,
 Bring all the females of the skies ;
 The Graces and their mistress Venus 155
 Must venture down to entertain us :
 With bended knees, when they adore her,
 What dowdies they appear before her !
 Nor shall we think you talk at random,
 For Venus might be her great-grandam ; 160
 Six thousand years has liv'd the goddess,
 Your heroine hardly fifty odd is.
 Besides, you songsters oft' have shown
 That she hath Graces of her own ;
 Three Graces, by Lucina brought her, 165
 Just three, and ev'ry Grace a daughter.
 Here many a king his heart and crown
 Shall at their snowy feet lay down ;
 In royal robes they come by dozens
 To court their English-German cousins, 170
 Besides a pair of princely babies,
 That five years hence will both be Hebes.
 Now see her seated in her throne
 With genuine lustre all her own :
 Poor Cynthia never shone so bright, 175
 Her splendour is but borrow'd light,
 And only with her brother linkt
 Can shine, without him is extinct ;
 But C——a shines the clearer
 With neither spouse nor brother near her ; 180
 And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
 Tho' G—— is gone a thousand miles.

Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
 Attended by her heav'uly race,
 And sees a sou in ev'ry god, 185
 Unaw'd by Jove's all-shaking nod.

Now sing his little Highness * * * *,
 Who struts like any king already:
 With so much beauty, shew me any maid
 That could resist this charming Ganymede, 190
 Where Majesty with sweetness vies,
 And, like his father, early wise.
 Then cut him out a world of work,
 To conquer Spain and quell the Turk;
 Foretel his empire crown'd with bays, 195
 And golden times and halcyon days,
 And swear his line shall rule the nation
 For ever—till the conflagration.

But now it comes into my mind
 We left a little D—e behind, 200
 A Cupid in his face and size,
 And only wants to want his eyes.
 Make some provision for the younger,
 Find him a kingdom out to conquer;
 Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er, 205
 Make Gulliver his Commodore,
 Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,
 Will soon subdue the realm of Lilliput.

A skilful critic justly blames
 Hard, tough, crank, gutt'ral, harsh, stiff names: 210
 The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
 But smooth your words to fit the tune.

Hanover may do well enough,
 But George and Brunswick are too rough :
 Hesse Darmstadt makes a rugged sound, 215
 And Guelp the strongest ear will wound.
 In vain are all attempts from Germany
 To find out proper words for harmony;
 And yet I must except the Rhine,
 Because it clicks to Caroline. 220
 Hail! Queen of Britain! Queen of Rhymes!
 Be sung ten hundred thousand times!
 Too happy were the poets' crew,
 If their own happiness they knew.
 Three syllables did never meet 225
 So soft, so sliding, and so sweet;
 Nine other tuneful words like that
 Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
 Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
 With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand, 230
 In concord here for ever fixt,
 No jarring consonant betwixt,
 May C———e continue long,
 For ever fair and young!—in song.
 What tho' the royal carcass must, 235
 Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to dust?
 Those elements her name compose,
 Like atoms, are exempt from blows.
 Tho' C———e may fill your gaps,
 Yet still you must consult your maps; 240
 Find rivers with harmonious names,
 Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Britannia long will wear like steel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel,
And patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic lion roar. 245

Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia soundly maul;
Restore the ships by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to save his bacon. 250
Nassau, who got the name of Glorious,
Because he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.

To Walpole you might lend a line, 255
But much I fear he's in decline;
And if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out you share his fate,
And bear the new successor's frown,
Or whom you once sang up, sing down. 260

Reject with scorn that stupid notion
To praise your hero for devotion,
Nor entertain a thought so odd,
That princes should believe in God;
But follow the securest rule, 265
And turn it all to ridicule:

'Tis grown the choicest wit at court,
And gives the maids of honour sport;
For since they talk'd with Dr. Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark: 270
That sound divine the truth hath spoke all,
And pawn'd his word hell is not local,

This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains sold or meanings double.

Supposing now your song is done, 275
To Mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to some Italian tune ;
Then print it in the largest letter,
With capitals, the more the better ; 280
Present it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee. 282

ON THE IRISH CLUB. 1729.

YE paltry underlings of state !
Ye s——rs ! who love to prate ;
Ye r——ls of inferior note,
Who for a dinner sell a vote !
Ye pack of pensionary P——rs,
Whose fingers itch for poets' ears !
Ye bishops ! far remov'd from saints,
Why all this rage ? why these complaints ?
Why against printers all this noise ?
This summoning of blackguard boys ?
Why so sagacious in your guesses ?
Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *ars*, and *esses* ?
Take my advice ; to make you safe
I know a shorter way by half.
The point is plain ; remove the cause,
Defend you liberties and laws,

Be sometimes to your country true,
 Have once the public good in view;
 Bravely despise Champagne at court,
 And choose to dine at home with Port :
 Let Pr——s, by their good behaviour,
 Convince us they believe a Saviour,
 Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
 This country, nor their own, for nought.
 Ne'er did a true satiric Muse
 Virtue or innocence abuse,
 And 'tis against poetic rules
 To rail at men by nature fools :
 But * * * * *
 * * * * *

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES *

A BITCH, that was full pregnant grown
 By all the dogs and curs in town,
 Finding her teeming time was come,
 And litter ripen'd in her womb,
 Went here and there, and every where,
 To find an easy place to lay her.
 At length to Music's† house she came,
 And begg'd like one both blind and lame :

* This poem was wrote in the year 1718, on an attempt to repeal the Test Act.

† Music alludes to the Church of England.

' My only Friend ! my Dear ! said she,
 ' You see that mere necessity
 ' Hath sent me to your house to whelp ;
 ' I'm dead if you deny your help.'
 With fawning whine and rueful tone,
 With artful sigh and feigned groan,
 With canting voice and doleful tale,
 Smooth Bawty* did so far prevail,
 That Music gave her leave to litter,
 (But mark what followed)—faith she bit her.
 Whole baskets full of bits and scraps,
 And broth enough to fill her paps ;
 For well she knew her num'rous brood
 For want of milk would suck her blood.

But when she thought her pains were done,
 And now 'twas high time to be gone,
 In civil terms—' My Friend !' said she,
 ' My house you've had on courtesy ;
 ' And now I earnestly desire
 ' That you wou'd with your cubs retire ;
 ' For should you stay but one week longer,
 ' I shall be starv'd with cold and hunger.'

The guest reply'd --' My Friend ! your leave
 ' I must a little longer crave ;
 ' Stay till my tender cubs can find
 ' Their way—for now you see they're blind ;
 ' But when we've gather'd strength I swear
 ' We'll to our barn again repair.'

* Bawty (which is the name of a bitch in Scotch,) alludes to the bitch.

The time pass'd on, and Music came
 Her kennel once again to claim ;
 But Bawty, lost to shame and honour,
 Set all her cubs, at once upon her ;
 Made her retire and quit her right,
 And loudly cry'd—A bite, a bite.

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Trojan wooden horse
 Conceal a fatal armed force ;
 No sooner brought within the walls,
 But Ilium's lost and Priam falls.

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM*.

1730.

FIVE hours (and who can do it less in ?)
 By haughty Celia spent in dressing,
 The goddess from her chamber issues,
 Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.

* No charge has been more frequently brought against the Dean, or indeed more generally admitted, than that of coarseness of delicacy, of which this Poem is always produced as an instance. Here, then, it is but justice to remark, that whenever he offends against delicacy he teaches it; he stimulates the mind to sensibility, to correct the faults of habitual negligence; as physicians, to cure a lethargy, have recourse to a blister. And though it may reasonably be supposed that few English ladies leave such a Dressing-room as Celia's, yet many may have given sufficient cause for reminding them, that very soon after dinner has been gratified, the utmost delicacy becomes necessary to prevent disgust. *Blackia.*

Strephon, who found the room was void,
 And Betty otherwise employ'd,
 Stole in, and took a strict survey
 Of all the litter as it lay;
 Whereof, to make the matter clear,
 An inventory follows here.

And, first a dirty smock appear'd,
 Beneath the arm-pits well besmear'd;
 Strephon the rogue, display'd it wide,
 And turn'd it round on ev'ry side.
 In such a case few words are best,
 And Strephon bids us guess the rest;
 But swears how damnably the men lie
 In calling Celia sweet and cleanly.

Now listen, while he next produces
 The various combs for various uses,
 Fill'd up with dirt so closely fixt,
 No brush could force a way betwixt;
 A paste of composition rare,
 Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
 A forehead-cloth, with oil upon't,
 To smooth the wrinkles on her front.
 Here alum-flour, to stop the steams
 Exhal'd from sour unsex'ry steams;
 There night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
 Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she dy'd;
 With puppy-water, beauty's help,
 Distill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.
 Here galley-pots and vials plac'd,
 Some fill'd with washes, some with paste;

Some with pomatums, paints, and slops,
 And ointments good for scabby chops.
 Hard by a filthy bason stands,
 Foul'd with the scourging of her hands;
 The bason takes whatever comes,
 The scrapings from her teeth and gums :
 A nasty compound of all hues,
 For here she spits and here she spues.

But, oh ! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
 When he beheld and smelt the towels,
 Begum'd, bematter'd, and beslum'd
 With dirt, and sweat, and ear-wax, grim'd.
 No object Strephon's eyes escapes ;
 Here petticoats in frouzy heaps ;
 Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
 All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot.
 The stockings why should I expose,
 Stain'd with the moisture of her toes ?
 Or greasy coifs, or pinners reeking,
 Which Celia slept at least a week in ?
 A pair of tweezers next he found,
 To pluck her brows in arches round,
 Or hairs that sunk the forehead low,
 Or on her chin like bristles grow.

The virtues we must not let pass
 Of Celia's magnifying glass :
 When frighted Strephon cast his eye on't,
 It shew'd the visage of a giant ;
 A glass that can to sight disclose
 The smallest worm in Celia's nose.

And faithfully direct her nail
To squeeze it out from head to tail ;
For catch it nicely by the head,
It must come out alive or dead.

Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest ?
And must you needs describe the chest ?
That careless wench ! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner,
But leave it standing full in sight,
For you to exercise your spight ?
In vain the workman shew'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem, in this disguise,
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Resolv'd to go thro' thick and thin :
He lifts the lid ; there needs no more ;
He smelt it all the time before.

As from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
A sudden universal crew
Of human evils upward flew,
He still was comforted to find
That Hope at last remain'd behind ;
So Strephon lifting up the lid,
To view what in the chest was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent ;
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the pan to grope,
And soul his hands in search of Hope.

Oh ! ne'er may such a vile machine
 Be once in Celia's chamber seen !
 Oh ! may she better learn to keep
 Those secrets of the hoary deep !

As mutton cutlets, prime of meat,
 Which tho' with art you salt and beat
 As laws of cookery require,
 And roast them at the clearest fire,
 If, from adown the hopeful chops
 The fat upon a cinder drops,
 To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
 Pois'ning the flesh from whence it came,
 And up exhales a greasy stench,
 For which you curse the careless wench ;
 So things which must not be exprest,
 When plumpt into the reeking chest,
 Send up an excremental smell,
 To taint the parts from whence they fell,
 The petticoats and gown perfume,
 And waft a stink round every room.

Thus finishing his grand survey,
 The swain, disgusted, slunk away,
 Repeating in his am'rous fits,
 ' Oh ! Celia, Celia, Celia sh—— !'

But Vengeance, goddess never sleeping,
 Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping :
 His foul imagination links,
 Each dame he sees with all her stinks ;
 And if unsav'ry odours fly,
 Conceives a lady standing by.

All women his description fits,
And both ideas jump like wits,
By vicious fancy coupled fast,
And still appearing in contrast.

I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of woman-kind.
Should I the Queen of Love refuse,
Because she rose from stinking ooze ?
To him that looks behind the scene
Statira's but some pocky queen.
When Celia all her glory shows,
If Strephon would but stop his nose,
Who now so impiously blasphem'es
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her washes, slops, and every clout,
With which he makes so foul a rout,
He soon will learn to think like me,
And bless his ravish'd eyes to see
Such order from confusion sprung ;
Such gaudy tulips rais'd from dung.

THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

A FABLE.



BY DR. DELANY.

1730.

-----" Quis iniquum

"Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se? JUV.

In ancient times, as bards indite,
(If clerks have conn'd the records right,)
A Peacock reign'd, whose glorious sway
His subjects with delight obey :
His tail was beauteous to behold,
Replete with goodly eyes and gold,
(Fair emblem of that monarch's guise,
Whose train at once is rich and wise).
And princely rul'd he many regions,
And statesmen wise, and valiant legions.

A Pheasant Lord*, above the rest,
With every grace and talent blest,
Was sent to sway, with all his skill,
The sceptre of a neighbouring hill†.
No science was to him unknown,
For all the arts were all his own :
In all the living learned read,
Though more delighted with the dead :

* Lord Carteret, lord-lieutenant of Ireland,
† Ireland.

For birds, if ancient tales be true,
 Had then their Popes and Homers too,
 Could read and write in prose and verse,
 And speak like ***, and build like Pearce*.
 He knew their voices, and their wings;
 Who smoothest soars, who sweetest sings;
 Who toils with ill-fledg'd pens to climb,
 And who attain'd the true sublime:
 Their merits he could well descry,
 He had so exquisite an eye;
 And when that fail'd, to shew them clear,
 He had as exquisite an ear.
 It chanc'd, as on a day he stray'd,
 Beneath an academic shade,
 He lik'd, amidst a thousand throats,
 The wildness of a woodlark's† notes;
 And search'd, and spy'd, and seiz'd his game,
 And took him home. and made him tame;
 Found him on trial true and able,
 So cheer'd and fed him at his table.

Here some shrewd critic finds I'm caught,
 And cries out ' Better fed than taught'—
 Then jests on *game* and *tame*, and reads
 And jests; and so my tale proceeds.

Long had he study'd in the Wood,
 Conversing with the wise and good;
 His soul with harmony inspir'd,
 With love of truth and virtue fir'd:

* A famous modern architect.

† Dr. Delany.

His Brethren's good and Maker's praise
 Were all the study of his lays ;
 Were all his study in retreat,
 And now employ'd him with the great.
 His friendship was the sure resort
 Of all the wretched at the court ;
 But chiefly merit in distress
 His greatest blessing was to bless.—

 This fix'd him in his patron's breast,
 But fir'd with envy all the rest ;
 I mean that noisy craving crew,
 Who round the court incessant flew,
 And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and dozens,
 To fill the maws of sons and cousins ;
 ' Unmov'd their heart, and chill'd their blood,
 ' To every thought of common good,
 ' Confining every hope and care'
 To their own low contracted sphere.
 These ran him down with ceaseless cry,
 But found it hard to tell you why,
 Till his own worth and wit supply'd
 Sufficient matter to deride :
 ' 'Tis Envy's safest, surest rule,
 ' To hide her rage in ridicule :
 ' The vulgar eye she best beguiles,
 ' When all her snakes are deck'd with smiles ;'
 Sardonic smiles, by rancour rais'd !
 ' Tormented most when seeming pleas'd !'
 Their spight had more than half expir'd,
 Had he not wrote what all admir'd ;

What morsels had their malice wanted,
But that he built, and plann'd, and planted !
How had his sense and learning griev'd them,
But that his charity reliev'd them !

‘ At highest Worth dull Malice reaches,
‘ As slugs pollute the fairest peaches ;
‘ Envy defames, as harpies vile
‘ Devour the food they first defile.’

Now ask the fruit of all his favour—

‘ He was not hitherto a saver—
What then could make their rage run mad ?
‘ Why what he *hop’d*, not what he had.
‘ What tyrant e’er invented ropes,
‘ Or racks, or rods, to punish hopes ?
‘ Th’ inheritance of Hope and Fame
‘ Is seldom Earthly Wisdom’s aim ;
‘ Or, if it were, is not so small,
‘ But there is room enough for all.’

If he but chance to breathe a song
(He seldom sang, and never long)
The noisy, rude, malignant crowd,
Where it was high, pronounc’d it loud :
Plain Truth was Pride ; and what was sillier,
Easy and friendly was familiar.

Or, if he tun’d his lofty lays,
With solemn air to Virtue’s praise,
Alike abusive and erroneous,
They call’d it hoarse and unharmonious :
Yet so it was to souls like theirs,
Tuneless as Abel to the bears !

A Rook * with harsh malignant caw
 Began, was follow'd by a Daw †
 (Though some, who would be thought to know,
 Are positive it ~~was~~ ^{was} a Crow) ;
 Jack Daw was seconded by Tit,
 Tom Tit ‡ could write, and so he writ ;
 A tribe of tuneless praters follow,
 The Jav. the Magpie, and the Swallow ;
 And twenty more their throats let loose,
 Down to the witless waddling Goose.

Some 'ck'd at him, some flew, some flutter'd,
 Some hiss'd, some screa 'd, and others mutter'd.
 The Crow, on carrion wont to feast,
 The Carrion Crow condemn'd his taste :
 The Rook in earnest too, not joking,
 Swore all his singing was but croaking.

Some thought they meant to shew their wit,
 Might think so still—' but that they writ'—
 Could it be spight or envy ?—' No—
 ' Who did no ill, could have no foe.'—
 So Wise Simplicity esteem'd,
 Quite otherwise True Wisdom deem'd ;
 This question rightly understood,
 ' What more provokes than doing good ?
 ' A soul ennobled and refin'd
 ' Reproaches every baser mind :
 ' As strains exalted and melodious
 ' Make every meaner music odious.'—

* Dr. T——r. † Right Hon. Rich. Tighe. ‡ Dr. Sheridan.

At length the Nightingale* was heard,
For voice and wisdom long rever'd,
Esteem'd of all the wise and good,
The Guardian Genius of the wood :
He long in discontent retir'd,
Yet not obscur'd, but more admir'd ;
His brethren's servile souls disdaining,
He liv'd indignant and complaining :
They now afresh provoke his choler
(It seems the Lark had been his scholar,
A favourite scholar always near him,
And oft' had wak'd whole nights to hear him):
Enrag'd he canvasses the matter,
Exposes all their senseless chatter,
Shews him and them in such a light,
As more inflames, yet quells their spight.
They hear his voice and frighted fly,
For rage had rais'd it very high :
Sham'd by the wisdom of his notes,
They hide their heads, and hush their throats.

ANSWER TO DOCTOR DELANY'S FABLE

OF THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK. 1730.

IN ancient times the wise were able
In proper terms to write a fable ;

• Dean Swift.

Their tales would always justly suit
The characters of ev'ry brute ;
The ass was dull, the lion brave,
The stag was swift, the fox a knave ;
The daw a thief, the ape a droll,
The hound would scent, the wolf would prowl ;
A pigeon would, if shown by Æsop,
Fly from the hawk, or pick his pease up.
Far otherwise a great divine
Has learn'd his Fables to refine ;
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather :
You see him first the Peacock bring,
Against all rules to be a king ;
That in his tail he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wise.
Now, pray, observe the Doctor's choice,
A Peacock chose for flight and voice !
Did ever mortal see a Peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock ?
And for his singing, Doctor, you know
Himself complain'd of it to Juno.
He squalls in such a hellish noise,
It frightens all the village boys.
This Peacock kept a standing force
In regiments of foot and horse ;
Had statesmen too of ev'ry kind,
Who waited on his eyes behind ;
(And this was thought the highest post,
For rule the rump you rule the roast.)

The Doctor names but one at present,
And he of all birds was a Pheasant.
This Pheasant was a man of wit,
Could read all books were ever writ,
And when among companions privy,
Could quote you Cicero and Livy.
Birds as he says, and I allow,
Were scholars then, as well as now,
Could read all volumes up to folios,
And feed on fricassees and olios.
This Pheasant, by the Peacock's will,
Was viceroy of a neighb'ring hill,
And as he wander'd in his park,
He chanc'd to spy a clergy Lark,
Was taken with his person outward.
So prettily he pick'd a cow-t—d ;
Then in a net the Pheasant caught him,
And in his palace fed and taught him.
The moral of the tale is pleasant,
Himself the Lark, my Lord the Pheasant :
A Lark he is, and such a Lark
As never came from Noah's ark ;
And tho' he had no other notion
But building, planning, and devotion ;
Tho' 'tis a maxim you must know,
Who does no ill can have no foe ;
Yet how shall I express in words
The strange stupidity of birds !
This Lark was hated in the wood,
Because he did his brethren good.

At last the Nightingale comes in,
 To hold the Doctor by the chin ;
 We all can find out whom he means,
 The worst of disaffected Deans,
 Whose wit at best was next to none,
 And now that little next is gone ;
 Against the court is always blabbing,
 And calls the Senate-house a Cabin ;
 So dull, that but for spleen and spite,
 We ne'er should know that he could write ;
 Who thinks the nation always err'd,
 Because himself is not preferr'd ;
 His heart is thro' his Libel * seen,
 Nor could his malice spare the Q—n,
 Who, had she known his vile behaviour,
 Would ne'er have shown him so much favour.
 A noble Lord † hath told his pranks,
 And well deserves the nation's thanks.
 O would the Senate deign to show
 Resentment on this public foe !
 Our Nightingale might fit a cage,
 There let him starve, and vent his rage ;
 Or would they but in fetters bind
 This enemy of human kind.
 Harmonious Coffee ‡ ! shew thy zeal,
 Thou champion for the common-weal !
 Nor on a theme like this repine
 For once to wet thy pen divine ;

* Vide a Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret.

† Lord Allen, the same who is meant by Traulus.

‡ A Dublin Gazetteer.

Bestow that libeller a lash,
 Who daily vends seditious trash;
 Who dares revile the nation's wisdom,
 But in the praise of virtue is dumb:
 That scribbler lash, who neither knows
 The turn of verse nor style of prose;
 Whose malice, for the worst of ends,
 Would have us lose our English friends;
 Who never had one public thought,
 Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
 One clincher more and I have done,
 I end my labours with a pun.
 Jove send this Nightingale may fall,
 Who spends his day and night in gall.
 So Nightingale and Lark adieu!
 I see the greatest owls in you
 That ever screech'd or ever flew.

THE POWER OF TIME. 1730.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand
 The mortal force of Time's destructive hand:
 If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
 And less'ning rivers moun their fountains dry;
 When my old cassoc (said a Welsh divine)
 Is out at elbows, why should I repine?

THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL.

1730.

FROM distant regions Fortune sends
 An odd triumvirate of friends :
 Where Phœbus pays a scanty stipend,
 Where never yet a codling ripen'd,
 Hither the frantic goddess draws
 Three sufferers in a ruin'd cause :
 By faction banish'd, here unite
 A Dean*, a Spaniard†, and a Knight‡ ;
 Unite, but on conditions cruel,
 The Dean and Spaniard find it too well :
 Condemn'd to live in service hard,
 On either side his honour's guard ;
 The Dean, to guard his honour's back,
 Must build a castle at Drumlack§ ;
 The Spaniard, sore against his will,
 Must raise a fort at Market-hill ;
 And thus the pair of humble gentry
 At north and south are posted centry,
 While in his lordly castle fix'd
 The Knight triumphant reigns betwixt,
 And what the wretches most resent,
 To be his slaves must pay him rent ;

* The Author.

† Col. Harry Leslie, who served and lived long in Spain.

‡ Sir Arthur Acheson.

§ The Irish name of a farm the Dean took, and was to build on, but changed his mind. He called it Drapier's Hill. *See* the poem so called.

Attend him daily as their chief,
 Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
 Oh, Fortune! 'tis a scandal for thee
 To smile on those who are least worthy :
 Weigh but the merits of the three,
 His slaves have ten times more than he.

Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia !
 The Dean and Spaniard must reproach ye :
 Of their two fames the world enough rings ;
 Where are thy services and suff'rings ?
 What if for nothing once you kiss'd,
 Against the grain, a monarch's fist ?
 What if among the courtly tribe
 You lost a place and sav'd a bribe ?
 And then in surly mood came here
 To fifteen hundred pounds a-year,
 And fierce against the Whigs harangu'd ?
 You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
 How dare you treat your betters thus ?
 Are you to be compar'd with us !
 Come, Spaniard ! let us from our farms
 Call forth our cottagers to arms ;
 Our forces let us both unite,
 Attack the foe at left and right.
 From Market-hill's exalted head,
 Full northward let your troops be led ;
 While I from Drapier's Mount descend,
 And to the south my squadrons bend,
 New-river Walk, with friendly shade,
 Shall keep my host in ambuscade,

While you, from where the bason stands,
Shall scale the rampart with you bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan she wears;
Then, lest upon our first attack
Her valiant arm should force us back,)
And we of all our hopes depriv'd,
I have a stratagem contriv'd :
By these embroider'd high-heel'd shoes
She shall be caught, as in a noose ;
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She'll not have pow'r to stir an inch :
These gaudy shoes must Hannah * place
Direct before her Lady's face ;
The shoes put on, our faithful portress
Admits us in to storm the fortress,
While tortur'd Madam bounds remains,
Like Montezume in golden chains ;
Or like a cat with walnuts shod,
Stumbling at ev'ry step she trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle,
To catch a monkey by a wile
The mimic animal amuse ;
They place before him gloves and shoes,
Which, when the brute puts awkward on,
All his agility is gone :

* My Lady's waiting-maid.

In vain to frisk or climb he tries ;
The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.

But let us on our first assault
Secure the larder and the vault.
The valiant Dennis * you must fix on,
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon † ;
Then if we once can seize the key,
And chest that keeps my Lady's tea,
They must surrender at discretion :
And soon as we have gain'd possession
We'll act as other conqu'rors do,
Divide the realm between us two.
Then (let me see) we'll make the Knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write ;
But must not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer ‡, to wear his hat :
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
May serve to wait on Mrs. Leslie ;
But lest it might not be so proper
That her own maid should overtop her,
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches low'r.

For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
Twill be our int'rest to get rid of her ;
And when we execute our plot,
•Tis best to hang her on the spot ;

* The butler. † The housekeeper. ‡ The agent.

As all your politicians wise
Dispatch the rogues by whom they rise.

TRAULUS.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM AND ROBIN.

THE FIRST PART. 1730.

TOM.

SAY, Robin, what can Traulus mean
By bell'wing thus against the Dean?
Why does he call him pultry Scribbler,
Papist, and Jacobite and Libeller?
Yet cannot prove a single fact.

ROBIN. Forgive him, Tom, his head is crack'd.

TOM. What mischief can the Dean have done him.
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why must he sputter, spawl, and slaver it,
In vain against the people's fav'rite?
Reville that nation-saving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier?

ROBIN. Why Tom, I think the case is plain;
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.

TOM. Such Friendship never man profess'd,
The Dean was never so caress'd;
For Traulus long his rancour nurs'd,
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.

That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?

ROBIN. I own appearances are bad,
Yet still insist the man is mad.

TOM. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to distinguish friends from foes ;
And tho' perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He still has gratitude and sap'ence,
To spare the folks that give him ha'pence,
Nor in their eyes at random pisses,
But turns aside, like mad Ulysses,
While Trulus all his ordure scatters,
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence come these inconsistent fits ?

ROBIN. Why Tom the man has lost his wits.

TOM. Agreed ; and yet when Towzer snaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps,
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To say he's mad will not avail :
The neighbours all cry, ' Shoot him dead ;
' Hang, drown, or knock him on the head !'
So Trulus, when he first harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd ;
For of the two, without dispute,
Towzer's the less offensive brute.

ROBIN. Tom, you mistake the matter quite ;
Your barking curs will seldom 'bite ;
And tho' you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as fast as he can utter.

He prates in spite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he said he meant ;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words and out they come.
He calls you rogue ; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute :
Begs leave to rail, but, d—n his blood,
He only meant it for your good :
His friendship was exactly tim'd,
He shot before your foes were prim'd.
By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,
By G— I'll bring you off as clean——
Then let him use you ere so rough,
'Twas all for love, and that's enough.
But tho' he sputter thro' a session,
It never makes the least impression :
Whate'er he speaks for madness goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.

ROM. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack
Can set the mastiff on your back.
I own his madness is a jest,
If that were all ; but he's possess'd,
Incarnate with a thousand imps,
To work whose ends his madness pimps,
Who o'er each string and wire preside.
Fill ev'ry pipe, each motion guide,
Directing ev'ry vice we find
In Scripture to the devil assign'd ;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him Legion.

Of brethren he's a false accuser,
 A sland'rer, traitor, and seducer;
 A fawning, base, trepanning liar,
 The marks peculiar of his sire.
 Or grant him but a drone at best,
 A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
 The Dean hath felt their stings before,
 And must their malice ne'er give o'er?
 Still swarms and buz about the nose?
 But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted fogs.
 A patriot is a dang'rous post,
 When wanted by his country most;
 Perversely comes in evil times,
 Where virtues are imputed crimes:
 His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant,
 A traitor to the vices regnant.

What spirit, since the world began,
 Could always bear to strive with man?
 Which God pronounc'd he never wou'd,
 And soon convinc'd them by a flood.
 Yet still the Dean on freedom raves;
 His spirit always strives with slaves:
 'Tis time at last to spare his iuk,
 And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

TRAULUS.

THE SECOND PART.—1730.

TRAULUS, of amphibious breed,
 Motley fruit of mongrel seed,
 By the dam from lordlings sprung,
 By the sire exhal'd from dung;
 Think on ev'ry vice in both,
 Look on him, and see their growth.

View him on the mother's side,
 Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride;
 Positive and over-bearing,
 Changing still, and still adhering;
 Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
 Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
 When his friends he most is hard on,
 Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
 Reputation ever tearing,
 Ever dearest friendship swearing;
 Judgment weak, and passion strong;
 Always various, always wrong;
 Provocation never waits,
 Where he loves or where he hates;
 Talks what'er comes in his head,
 Wishes it were all unsaid.

Let me now the vices trace
 From the father's scoundrel race.

Who could give the looby such airs?
 Were they masons, were they butchers?
 Herald, lend the Muse an answer
 From his *atavus* and grandsire ;
 This was dext'rous at his trowel,
 That was bred to kill a cow well.
 Hence the greasy clumsy mien
 In his dress and figure seen ;
 Hence the mean and sordid soul,
 Like his body, rank and foul ;
 Hence that wild suspicious peep,
 Like a rogue that steals a sheep ;
 Hence he learn'd the butchers guile,
 How to cut your throat and smile ;
 Like a butcher doom'd for life
 In his mouth to wear his knife ;
 Hence he draws his daily food
 From his tenants' vital blood.

Lastly, let his gifts be try'd
 Borrow'd from the mason's side.
 Some perhaps may think him able
 In the state to build a Babel ;
 Could we place him in a station
 To destroy the old foundation.
 True, indeed, I should be gladder
 Could he learn to mount a ladder.
 May he at his latter end
 Mount alive, and dead descend !

In him tell me which prevail,
 Female vices most, or male ?

What produc'd him can you tell ?
Human race, or imps of hell ?

TO BETTY THE GRIZETTE.

1730.

QUEEN of Wit and beauty, Betty !
Never may the Muse forget ye :
How thy face charms ev'ry shepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard !
And thy freckled neck display'd,
Envy breeds in ev'ry maid ;
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow,
Or a tawney speckled pippin
Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping.

And, thy beauty thus dispatch'd,
Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.

Set of phrases, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue supply ;
And thy memory is loaded
With old scraps from plays exploded ;
Stock'd with repartees and jokes
Suited to all christian folks ;
Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,
Blunder'd out a-thousand times,

Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,
 Which can ne'er be worse for wearing,
 Picking wit among collegians,
 In the playhouse' upper regions,
 Where, in eighteen-penny gall'ry,
 Irish nymphs learn Irish ra'll'ry;
 But thy merit is thy failing,
 And thy raillery is railing.

Thus with talents well endu'd
 To be scurrilous and rude,
 When you pertly raise your snout,
 Fleer and gibe, and laugh, and flout,
 This among Hibernian asses
 For sheer wit and humour passes;
 Thus indulgent Chloe bit,
 Swears you have a world of wit,

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY, BUT EXTREMELY

LEAN,—1730.

DEATH went, upon a solemn day,
 At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
 The phantom, having humbly kist
 His grisly monarch's sooty fist,

Presented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto observing, since the peace,
The burial-article decrease,
And vex'd to see affairs miscarry,
Declar'd in council Death must marry ;
Vow'd he no longer could support
Old bachelors about his court ;
The int'rest of his realm had need
That death should get a num'rous breed ;
Young Deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might stock around
His large dominions under ground.

A consult of coquettes below,
Was call'd to rig him out a beau.
From her own head Megara takes
A periwig of twisted snakes,
Which in the nicest fashions curl'd,
(Like toupées of this upper world)
With flour of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his shoulders fell,
An adder of the sable kind,
In line direct hung down behind ;
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat ;
His coat an us'rer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto corpse and all ;
But, loath his person to expose,
Bare, like a carcass pick'd by crows ;

A lawyer o'er his hands and face
 Stuck artfully a parchment case;
 No new-flux'd rake shew'd fairer skin,
 Nor Phillis after lying in.
 With snuff was fill'd his ebon box,
 Of shin-bones rotted by the pox;
 Nine spirits of blaspheming fops
 With aconite anoint his chops,
 And give him words of dreadful sounds,
 G—d d—n his blood, and b—d and w—ds.
 Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train
 To take a house in Warwick-Lane:
 The Faculty, his humble friends,
 A complimental message sends;
 Their president in scarlet gown
 Harrangu'd and welcom'd him to Town.
 But Death had bus'ness to dispatch;
 His mind was running on his match;
 And hearing much of Daphne's fame,
 His Majesty of Terrors came,
 Fine as a col'nel of the Guards,
 To visit where she sat at cards.
 She, as he came into the room,
 Thought him Adonis in his bloom,
 And now her heart with pleasure jumps,
 She scarce remembers what is trumps;
 For such a shape of skin and bone
 Was never seen except her own:
 Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
 Her pocket-glass drew slyly out,

And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As just the counter part of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the first advance;
Was of her beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not to win the swain;
Nothing she thought, could sooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She ask'd about her friends below,
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau;
Whether some late-departed toasts
Had got gallants among the ghosts?
If Chloe were a sharper still,
As great as ever, at Quadrilie?
(The ladies there must needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books.)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom she hang'd herself above?
How oft' a-week was kept a ball
By Proserpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied those Elysian shades
The sweetest place for masquerades,
How pleasant on the banks of Styx
To troll it in a coach and six!

What pride a female heart inflames!
How endless are Ambition's aims!
Cease, haughty Nymph! the Fates decree
Death must not be a spouse for thee;
For when by chance the meagre shade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,

Thy hand, as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial spirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp;
Away the frightened spectre scuds,
And leaves my Lady in the suds.

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